The Saturday Evening
POST
July 20, 1957 – 15¢

JUL 16 '57

WE WERE TRAPPED BY THE RADIOACTIVE FALLOUT

By Dr. JOHN C. CLARK

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The wrap that's best for protection is now the easiest to use!

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Pull out as much as you need

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It's always ready to pull and tear again!

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FAMILY INSURANCE PLAN

Covers you, your wife, your children—all in just one policy with a low monthly premium

Modern as the minute, this new insurance offers "family plan" convenience and economy. Taken out on your own life, the same single policy insures your wife and children as well—even covers children born later. If your family qualifies, here's the protection *each unit* of New York Life's Family Insurance provides:

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*All expiration dates occur on policy anniversary nearest age shown.

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SAE 10W-30
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It's Actually 3 Grades of Motor Oil in One
SAE 10W For cold starts, it's a light-grade oil that gives full power fast.
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New thermostatic motor oil automatically adjusts to protect under all engine temperatures!

Flows freely when cold, yet resists thinning out under the highest engine temperatures

Prevents sludge which makes engines noisy and sluggish

Neutralizes acid action—the major cause of engine wear

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Then, as your engine becomes half-warm from short-trip driving, X-100 Premium acts as a medium-grade oil. Finally, when cruising at highway speeds, your engine really runs hot. Now X-100 Premium acts as a heavy-grade oil ... resists thinning out at the highest engine temperatures.

What's more, alkaline X-100 Premium neutralizes acid action ... prolongs engine life. And it has special properties which keep valve lifters from sticking.

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Change to the oil in the new white can

SHELL

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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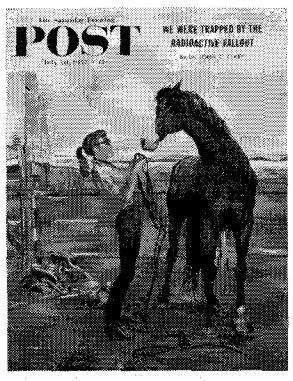

THE COVER

It seems that Mary Dudey, of New York, who is medium good at steering a livery-stable charger along the Central Park bridle path, has risen in the dawn's early light with the idea of taking a spin on Pinto Paintface, of New Mexico. Pinto is discontented, perhaps because he has never before been approached by such a frightful set of eyes, and Mary doesn't go for Pinto's eyes either. George Hughes, who owns and rides a couple of horses (he doesn't ride both at the same time), says it would be useful to Mary in trying to get her steed ready to ride if she could put a halter on him first; but since she is now preparing to put that bridle on backward, maybe she'd better lasso and hog-tie him first. If Cookie doesn't call her to breakfast pretty quick, this is going to be some rodeo.

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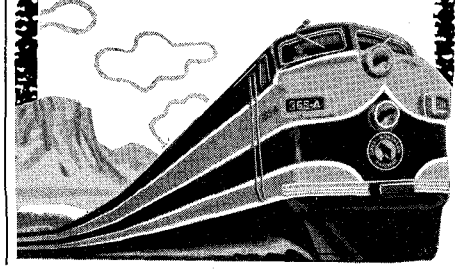

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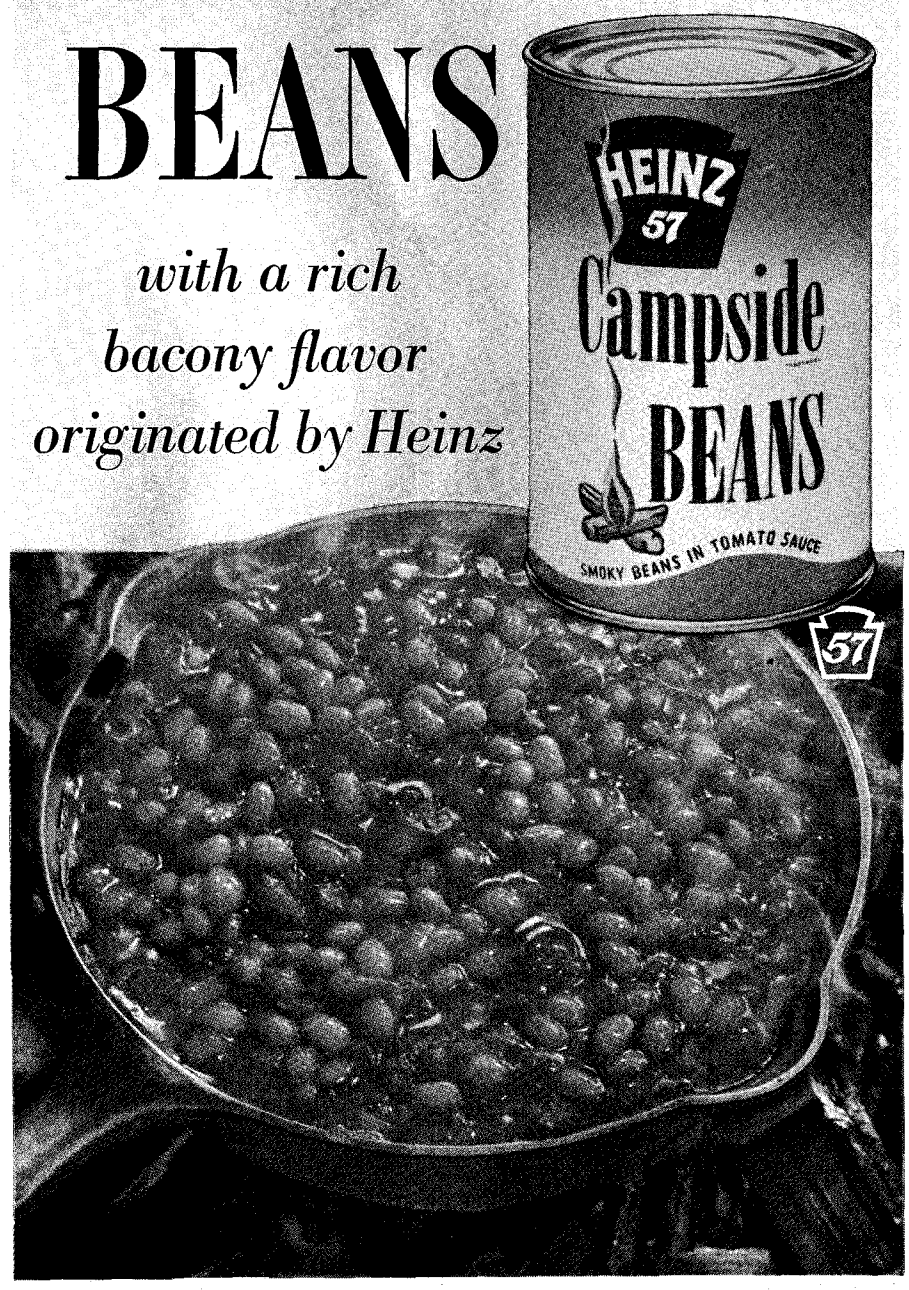
NEW CAMPSIDE BEANS

with a rich bacony flavor originated by Heinz



TENDER COOKED in a rich bacony sauce, new Campside Beans are the most satisfying beans you ever set fork to.

● **You've never tasted beans** like these, unless you have simmered bacon and beans in an iron skillet over a campfire or had the good luck to share a real chuck-wagon meal. The bacon sauce is so rich and different you won't want to add a thing. For there's no need to "doctor" new Campside Beans. Just heat 'em and eat 'em!

You know it's good because it's Heinz!

Now there are 5 kinds of Heinz Beans to choose from

Letters

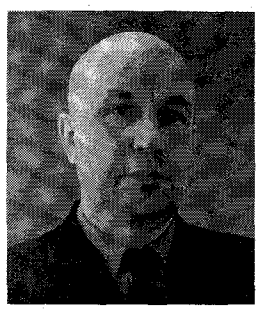
Soviet Bosses

Dear Sirs:

You tell us about the Russian industrial executives (How They Meet Payrolls in Russia, by Joseph Alsop, June 15) but you don't show us their pictures. What do they look like?

MARTHA SMITH
Chicago, Ill.

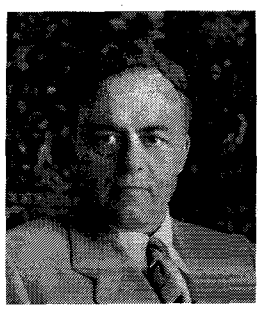
● *Here they are.—ED.*



P. F. Lukyanov: Chief, Technical Dept. of Coal Combine "Kuzbass."

V. I. Kominov: Director of the Kemerovo Coking Plant.

P. I. Kokorin: Director of the Kemerovo State Mining Institute.



V. I. Muravlenko: Director of the Kuibyshev Oil Trust.

A. I. Vasiliev: Director of the 4th State Ball-Bearing Factory.

Dear Sirs:

The American people are being intimidated by repetitive emphasis upon Soviet nuclear and aerial productive strength, whereas, in fact, there is no evidence to prove that they have even approached the United States in these aspects of power.

BERNARD MC CABE
Dorchester, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

My husband and I . . . enjoyed reading How They Meet Payrolls in Russia very much. We appreciate Joseph Alsop's reporting of the facts.

MRS. FRANKLIN MACHLER
Hackensack, N.J.

● *For more of Alsop on Russia, see page 25.—ED.*

Agonizing Choice

Dear Sirs:

You are indeed to be congratulated for . . . Alexander Saxton's poignant and realistic story The Choice [June 1].

GERTRUD B. LAWLEY
Bishop, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I am so moved I feel I must write to thank you. . . .

Our second child, a daughter, was born mentally retarded and we finally made the terrible decision after our fourth child was two years old. I cannot say how much this thing affected our little family. I only know that we noticed our two younger boys for the first time and were amazed to see they were lovely children, not chores. I think all parents who decide an institution is the place for these children feel at times they did the wrong thing, and need to be reassured every so often. This story has helped me more than you can ever know.

MRS. JAMES A. WILSON
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I read The Choice . . . with mixed emotions. I was at first surprised that the retarded child was just like mine. . . .

I cannot say if parents are wrong to place such children in an institution. . . .

My child is now 8½ years old. My two teen-agers . . . have missed out on several things—birthday parties, having friends run in and out as often as they'd like and I'd like. But . . . if anything, their few small sacrifices have increased their understanding of this world. . . .

Thanks for the story.

MRS. E. H. TRAMMELL
Sand Springs, Okla.

On Minding Manners

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial A Regrettable Lapse From Old Dominion Good Manners, June 15, is indeed regrettable. No Virginia gentleman would condone the ill manners of the Virginia Chamber of Commerce. Neither is any native son of the Old Dominion contented with the ignorance of you Yankees. The social precedent you mention is completely wrong. It was not a Negro slave woman, it was a Negro man. The man did not curtsy, he tipped his hat. It was not George Washington to whom he tipped his hat, it was Robert E. Lee.

CLARENCE H. SPAIN
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I admit that a bad blunder was made when the

(Continued on Page 6)

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Brightest, smartest refrigerator idea in America!

TODAY'S HOTPOINT IS RICH IN COSTLY ALUMINUM...

BECAUSE ALUMINUM SERVES YOU BEST !

Strong, beautiful, so easy to keep shining bright, aluminum neither rusts nor tarnishes. And it gives you a much more *efficient* refrigerator too.

YOU KNOW, from experience, how much better aluminum is than other materials. That's why our designers insist so much aluminum be used for Hotpoint Refrigerators —

IN SHELVES, for strength and rustproof cleanliness.

IN DOOR SHELVES, for beauty and lasting durability.

IN FREEZER AND COILS, for 4-times-faster cooling.

IN TRIM, inside and out, for ever-new gleaming beauty.

No wonder these Hotpoint Refrigerators *keep* their beauty under the hardest use. No wonder they keep your food so fresh and appetizing. No wonder they are so easy to keep shining clean.

Every newest convenience feature, too, including the Light-Touch *Safety* Latch. Look into Hotpoint now. You'll find it rich in aluminum everywhere aluminum *counts*. This extra aluminum is an important HOTPOINT DIFFERENCE.

Hotpoint

Refrigerators • Food Freezers • Air Conditioners • Ranges • Automatic Washers • Clothes Dryers • Customline • Dishwashers
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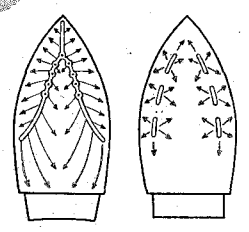
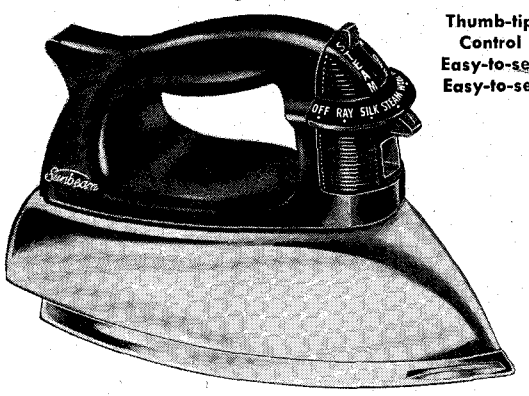
Now you can enjoy an entirely new and better way of ironing with the SUNBEAM Steam or Dry Iron. Makes every ironing job easier, faster and assures better results. Make sure you get the Steam or Dry Iron that gives you an all-over cushion of rolling steam—SUNBEAM!





The perfect weight for perfect ironing—weighs only 3 lbs.—net. Faster heating—hot in 30 seconds. You'll finish faster feeling fresher.

NEW! Sunbeam DRY IRONMASTER

for easier, faster, better ironing

The finest quality iron at a

Low Price!

and you get all these advantages

NEW! Easy-to-set thumb-tip control—select correct temperature for any fabric.

NEW! Faster heating. Hot in 20 seconds.

NEW! Weighs only two lbs. So easy to handle.

Sunbeam

MARK OF QUALITY

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

list was made out, but after the invitations had been sent I would have gone through "hell and high water" before I would have had the bad manners to recall them. . . . I feel sure that I speak for a large number of my fellow Virginians when I say that we deplored the action of the Chamber of Commerce. . . .

When I was a little boy, one of the constant admonitions of my Negro Mammy was "mind your manners, boy." I feel the world would be a much happier place if all of us "minded our manners."

CHILDREY SCOTT
Richmond, Va.

● *The editorial chided the Virginia Chamber of Commerce for inviting a long list of distinguished sons to a banquet; then "disinviting" some of them because they turned out to be Negroes.—ED.*

Kelland is Back

Dear Sirs:

Delighted to see the story by C. B. Kelland [THE ARTLESS HEIRESS, June 1–July 20]. Cannot see too many of them. His story telling is beyond words.

MRS. C. R. KEMPER
Newtonville, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I wish to point out a rather amusing error regarding . . . "Prof. Artemus Thumb, a member of the faculty of Columbia, at present devoting my sabbatical to preparing a thesis for my master's degree." Those of us in academic life will chuckle when we see the day that a lad working for a master's degree will hold a professorship at Columbia University, and will have already qualified for a sabbatical leave! . . .

How could a man of such worldly wisdom as Kelland pull a boner like this?

JOHN O. CORLISS, PH.D.
Champaign, Ill.

● *By now Reader Corliss has discovered that "Professor Thumb" was unmasked in installment four.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I am often intrigued, when reading magazine stories, by the inconsistency between the text and the illustrations. . . .

For instance—in the first installment of THE ARTLESS HEIRESS . . . the *very first* thing Columbine did when left alone in the apartment was to open her big suitcase, but the illustration shows her partially disrobed. . . .

My, my! Did the illustrator feel the picture would have more "kick" that way?

MRS. M. W. BUCKLEY
Stockton, Ill.

Bang! Bang!

Dear Sirs:

Please accept my sincere appreciation for your story I CALL ON WYATT EARP, by Pete Martin (June 15th). It is more than gratifying to be included in the roster of people whom Mr. Martin has profiled for the Post.

HUGH O'BRIAN
Beverly Hills, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Pete Martin's "solid-rubber balls" of muscle are obviously in his head. His smart-aleck observations and stupid questions made a very disappointing story for anyone who follows the Wyatt Earp series and enjoys the acting and integrity of Hugh O'Brian.

MRS. R. K. ALLEN
San Diego, Cal.

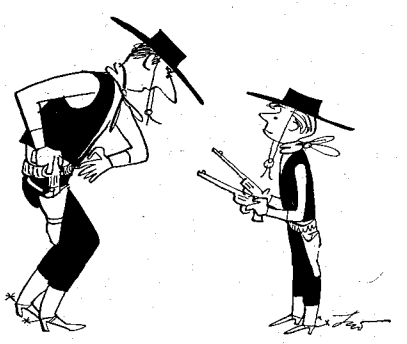
Dear Sirs:

Of all the egotistical fools of the day, I think Hugh O'Brian takes the cake.

OLGA C. SWAIN
Charleston, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

Pete Martin's excellent article on Hugh O'Brian and the fast draw reminds me of a time in a Los Angeles theater



when I was showing the fast draw. Afterwards, my son, who was in the audience, said, "Pa, that was mighty fancy—but can you hit anything?"

FRED (RED RYDER) HARMAN
Albuquerque, N.M.

Lovable Bandits

Dear Sirs:

Thanks to you and to author Era Zistel for that heart-warming, beautifully expressed and touching story, OUR LOVABLE LITTLE BANDITS [June 1].

Just reading about her experience makes one want to do better and to exercise more tolerance and appreciation of the fine things of nature.

GEORGE MCK. ROBERTS
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

We need to hear all we can from such true stewards of the works of the Creator to muffle the noise of the shotguns coming from the immature and cruel at heart who plunder and destroy life. Love for all life as evidenced in Era Zistel's article can bring peace to the world.

M. H. HARRIS
Washington, D.C.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Birnback Publishing Company. • 17–U. S. Air Force, Ollie Atkins. • 18–Wide World, two from U. S. Air Force. • 19–United Press. • 20, 21–Austin Briggs. • 22, 23–Frank Ross, George Lazarnick. • 24–Lynn Buckham. • 25–International. • 26, 27–Jacob Lofman. • 28, 29–Robert Moore. • 30–Ollie Atkins. • 31–Sam Bates. • 32, 33–Ivan Dmitri. • 34, 35–Joern Gerdts. • 36, 37–Amos Sewell. • 43–Robert Meyers. • 64–Ollie Atkins. • 89–George Lazarnick. • 96–Jon Corbino, anonymous, John Bickel, anonymous, Sid Avery.

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PROVED NEW TIRE REMOVES FEAR OF MIDNIGHT PUNCTURES!

Proved—not even the slashing cuts from knives thrown by "Tex" Allen, famous circus performer, could make the Seiberling Sealed-Aire Tire lose air! Competitive puncture-sealing tires went flat during this test.

A new Seiberling tubeless tire invention, "bulkhead" construction, gives the Sealed-Aire positive puncture-protection. The Seiberling Sealed-Aire tubeless tire has the proven ability to seal gashes and punctures of dangerous size as well as offer protection against ordinary nail holes. The Sealed-Aire removes fear of midnight flats.

For a truly wise investment in safety, see your Seiberling Dealer for safer Sealed-Aire Tires.

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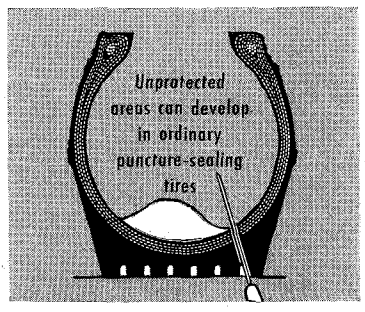
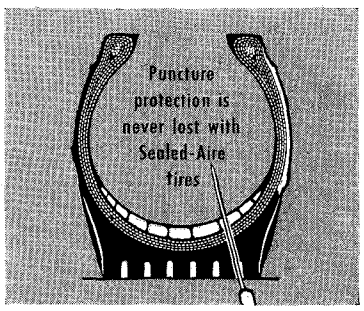


Nothing holds the soft sealing-gum in place. Tire heat and centrifugal *force can cause the gum to* slide and lump up. Result: Loss of both puncture-protection and tire balance.



"Bulkheads" in Sealed-Aire tires keep the soft sealing-gum in protective position across the full tread width. Result: Lifetime puncture-protection and lifetime balance.

SEIBERLING

SEALED-AIRE NYLON TIRE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST TIRES IN EVERY PRICE RANGE!

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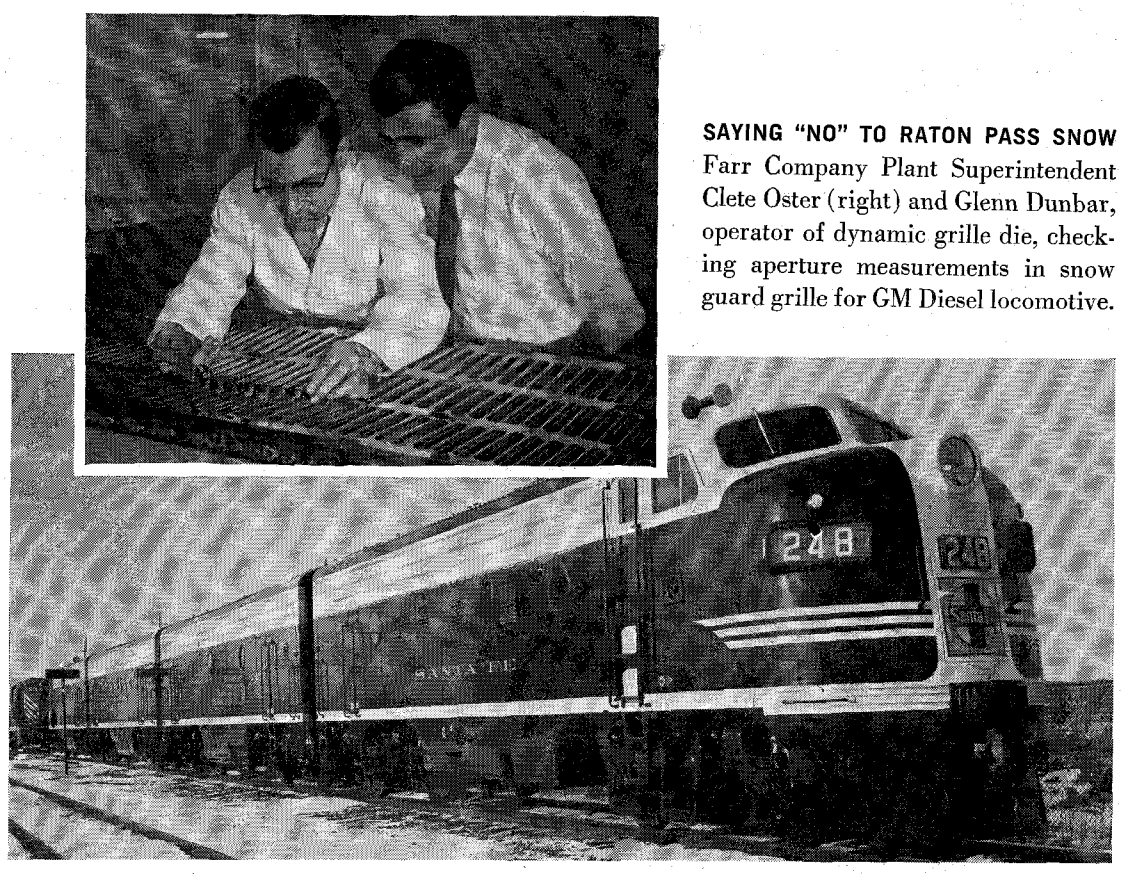

SAYING "NO" TO RATON PASS SNOW
Farr Company Plant Superintendent Clete Oster (right) and Glenn Dunbar, operator of dynamic grille die, checking aperture measurements in snow guard grille for GM Diesel locomotive.

Utah family builds California business on $150—and air

Talk about "small business"!

It would be mighty hard to find one smaller than California's Farr Company—when it started.

Capital? A borrowed $150. Plant? Part of a tumble-down rookery, obtained rent free. Management? Two young Utah graduates of the University of Southern California and their dad. Employes? The same.

Yet today the Farr Company is one of the best-known companies in the air filtration and evaporative cooling products field. All of which Dick and Spencer Farr attribute to their pioneering heritage (great-grandfather Lorin Farr founded Ogden, Utah), their U.S.C. training and their success at doing business with major outfits —including General Motors.

Not that they didn't have a sturdy little business going long before they got their first contract from GM.

Warplanes and Peacetime Locomotives

THEIR FIRST success was with evaporative air coolers for buildings. Their second—engine filters for planes. In fact, before the war was over, they were turning out a healthy percentage of all the engine filters used in America's World War II planes. Their third success was with their own-design air filters for the bodies of Diesel locomotives.

And that's where GM enters the picture. For when the experts at GM's Electro-Motive Division checked on the results the Santa Fe was having with Farr filters, they came through with the first of a series of contracts. Not only for body filters—but for locomotive grilles and Diesel engine filters.

This meant, as President Dick Farr tells it, "We were no longer just another little West Coast company. For when you can turn out products good enough to pass inspection at GM—have them for steady

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FAR WESTERN FARRS—Richard S. Farr, President, and M. Spencer Farr, General Manager, of the Farr Company, of El Segundo, with their families—California descendants of the Utah pioneers.

customers — your reputation is made. You're really in business."

Small Business and Research

THE LIST of their present customers from coast to coast supports Dick's statement. So do other facts—like the growth of their payroll from 33 employes, at the time they got that first GM order, to their present 200 — from their 10,000 square feet of plant space then to their 100,000 square feet now.

What's more, this small company has a score of graduate engineers working in a well-equipped laboratory under Sydney Duncan, former head of mechanical engineering at U.S.C.—busy researching new product ideas.

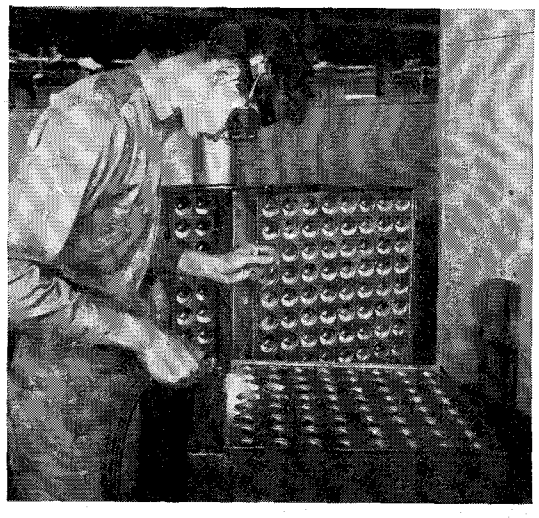
The Farr story is not too unusual. All over the country, local manufacturers have found that, if they meet delivery dates with quality products GM needs, at competitive prices, General Motors is interested in doing business with them. New business has flowed into their communities — and as a result, these communities in every state share in GM's success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside suppliers of materials and services receive, in total, close to 50¢ of every dollar General Motors takes in from the sale of its products.

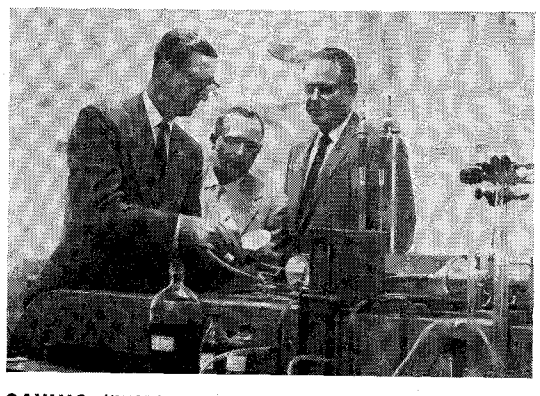
Small Business and General Motors

Fair Exchange of Ideas

Most of the 26,000 business firms supplying GM with goods and services are small businesses with less than 500 employes. In many cases, the specialized engineering and production knowledge of these firms has helped improve General Motors products. Again, in many cases, General Motors has made available to these suppliers ideas, methods and processes which have helped them increase their own efficiency.



SAYING "NO" TO SAUDI ARABIAN SAND — Larry LeBlanc welding a Farr fixed-vane centrifugal-type Diesel engine filter—originally designed for General Motors Electro-Motive locomotives built for use in Saudi Arabian desert.



SAYING "WHOA" TO SMOG—Sydney Duncan, former U.S.C. Professor — now head of Farr's new product research laboratory — researcher Allen Hardy, and Dick Esselman, head of Engineering and Production, inspecting equipment used in special "smog" research project.

GENERAL MOTORS — Good people to work for — Good people to deal with

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Editorials

It's Up to Congress to Salvage Our Security System

On August 1, 1950, the United States Court of Appeals, affirming the conviction of eleven top Communists in Judge Medina's New York courtroom the previous year, made this observation:

"The question before us, and the only one, is how long a government, having discovered such a conspiracy, must wait. When does the conspiracy become a 'present danger'? The jury has found that the conspirators will strike as soon as success seems possible, and obviously no one in his senses would strike sooner.

"Meanwhile they (the Communists) claim the constitutional privilege of going on indoctrinating their pupils, preparing increasing numbers to pledge themselves to the crusade and awaiting the moment when we may be so extended by foreign entanglements . . . that the chance seems worth trying. That position presupposes that the Amendment assures them freedom for all preparatory steps and in the end the choice of initiative, dependent upon that moment when they believe us, who must await the blow, to be worst prepared to receive it."

The Court of Appeals rejected the role of sitting duck for the United States and affirmed the convictions under the Smith Act.

But on June 17, 1957, the United States Supreme Court, in a six-to-one decision on a case dealing with the same kind of activity which resulted in the conviction of eleven Communists in Judge Medina's court, and arising under the same statute, upset the conviction of a group of California Communists.

The grounds for this extraordinary action were (1) that the district judge in California had not given the same charge to the jury that was given by Judge Medina in the New York case, and (2) that the statute of limitations had run on the "organization" of the Communist Party in 1945 and therefore the defendants could not be charged with a part in organizing it! Most people would assume that the indictment meant that the defendants had "organized" Communist cells and units, whether or not they were involved in the original "organization" of the party. Anyway, on these narrow grounds, these particular Communists were freed or granted new trials.

Such a narrow interpretation ignores the purposes of the Communist Party and its schedule for achieving them. It ignores the years of spade work: infiltration of government, press and education; establishment of summer camps for children; special courses in Communist subversion with post-graduate work at Lenin University; the "colonization" of labor unions and even some corporations; the forging of passports; the blackmailing and even murder of reluctant "recruits"; the expert smearing of former Communists and members of congressional committees. These are activities which the Smith Act is designed to discourage. The Supreme Court has made it difficult to enforce.

No wonder the former chairman of the Los Angeles Communist Party calls the court's decision "the greatest victory the Communist Party in America has ever received." Such jubilation is indeed justified. In other decisions the Supreme Court has excluded the states from a part in the fight against the Red conspiracy—as if the collapse of the nation were a matter of indifference to its forty-eight component parts. The Court has also decreed that the FBI must in certain circumstances open its files to Communists and their lawyers, thus effectively maiming the FBI.

Finally, having made things as difficult as possible to convict a Communist conspirator, the Court took a healthy swing at the efforts of Congress to find out how the conspirators operate. In the Watkins case the Chief Justice ruled that a witness could not be convicted of contempt for refusing to answer a question, because the chairman of an investigating committee was not sufficiently explicit in informing the witness as to the "legislative purpose" of the question asked.

All the Communists need do is ask what "legislative purpose" is behind a question and leave it up to the Court to decide, after a year or two, whether the committee chairman gave the right answer. With these rules in effect, Alger Hiss might have escaped prosecution for perjury simply by challenging the committee's authority.

How much of this damage can be repaired by Congress is a matter for speculation. Rep. Howard W. Smith, of Virginia, for whom the Smith Act is named, is pessimistic. He sees little use in amending the law so long as the statute becomes "whatever the present court interprets it to be." Nevertheless, something will have to be attempted to render judge-proof our defenses against internal Communist subversion. Surely the country cannot leave the last word on this vital matter to six or seven men in black robes whose understanding of the Communist conspiracy appears to have been derived from editorials in "liberal" weeklies.

Who Says England is More Immune Than the U.S.A. is to Racial Intolerance?

The English have ceased to revel in a feeling of immense moral superiority to us because of the treatment of Negroes in this country. They have learned that even a free-born Englishman can behave toward Negroes in the way that he formerly considered distinctively American.

The number of Negroes in England has greatly increased during the past three years. They come from places under the British flag in the West Indies and in Africa. Being British subjects, they can enter England at will. And with the increase in numbers, there has been discrimination against them. The appearance in England of Ku Klux Klan units in points as widely separated as London and Liverpool suggests that something new has been added to British tolerance.

As in certain areas in the United States, job competition is one reason for the bad feeling. In London and lesser cities there have been strikes and other vigorous acts by unions to prevent the hiring of Negroes. For example, when the transit authorities in Sheffield were faced with a labor shortage, they hired more than 100 Negroes; and the local union of the bus and streetcar employees retaliated by ordering its members to refuse to work overtime and on rest days. Another complaint of Negro newcomers in England is that they are generally barred from rooming houses.

There is now a British Association for the Advancement of Colored People, modeled on the organization of a similar name in this country, but, of course, much smaller. It has drawn up an antidiscrimination bill and has caused it to be introduced into Parliament.

The bill forbids hotels, rooming houses, restaurants, dance halls, theaters, and so forth, to exclude anyone because of "color, race or religion." Moreover, it outlaws discriminatory provisions in leases.

Thus it can be seen that similar causes tend to produce similar effects, in England as in America. But this does not mean that nothing can be done by the English to limit racial clashes. Experience here has shown the contrary.

There was a great race riot in Chicago after the first World War, and the main underlying reason was that large numbers of Negroes had come North and had taken jobs in the stock yards. But today the proportion of Negroes in such jobs is higher than ever, and yet they and their white co-workers get along with remarkably little difficulty.

The English, with their much smaller percentage of Negroes, can do at least as well. But it takes time and thought and diligent work. Meanwhile the English have learned that they are not immune to racial conflict, and that there was never any rational ground for supposing that they were morally superior to Americans in this regard. Despite all its faults, this country is the place where Negroes have made more progress than anywhere else.

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Are you ready for emergencies like these?

Now is the time to check your first-aid cabinet . . . for more accidents occur in the summer than in any other season of the year.

In fact, during the summer months there is a daily average of 280 accidental deaths . . . to say nothing of the almost endless number of burns, cuts, bruises and other injuries associated with outdoor life.

Regardless of how well equipped your first-aid cabinet is, it will not do you much good unless you really know how to give first-aid treatment properly. For example, it is important to know *what to do* and *what not to do* in situations ranging from minor scratches or cuts to more serious injuries such as broken bones.

To treat minor cuts: most cuts heal quickly if cared for promptly, but can become serious if infection develops. The first and most important thing to do is to wash the cut under warm running water. Then apply a mild antiseptic and sterile compress.

If iodine is used, remember that it becomes stronger with age and old solutions should not be applied.

To treat more serious injuries: falls cause many serious injuries, especially among young children and people age 65 and over. If you suspect a fall has caused a broken bone, do not move the victim unless absolutely necessary. Keep the patient as warm and comfortable as possible and get medical care promptly.

If an accident occurs and you cannot determine its extent or seriousness, call a doctor. Describe the injury, tell him where the victim is, what you have done and the victim's apparent condition. With your description, the doctor can offer suggestions, decide how urgently he is needed and foresee what equipment he should bring.

To help you give the right care at the right time, Metropolitan offers its new first-aid chart. It tells what to do for many common emergencies—burns, cuts, fainting, poisoning and others. *It also features, with illustrations, the new method of life-saving to apply when someone is nearly drowned.*

This handy first-aid chart may help you keep a minor injury from becoming serious—perhaps even save a life. For your free copy, just clip and mail the coupon below.

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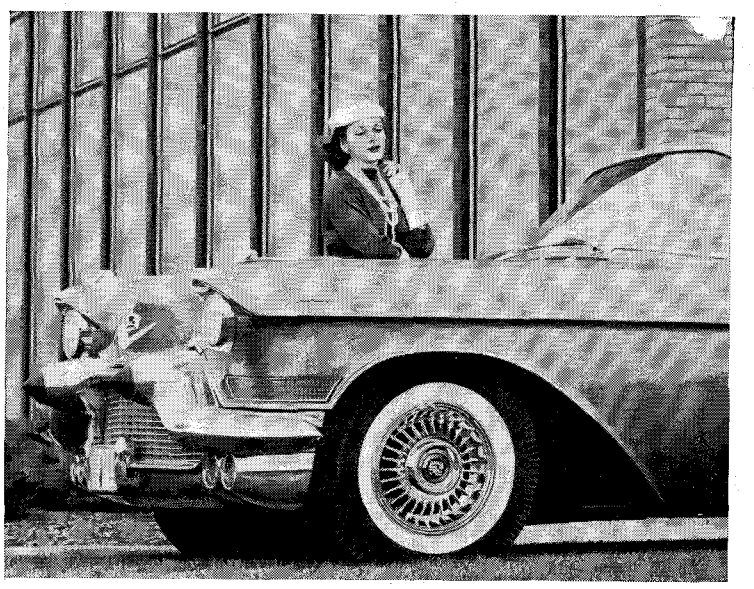
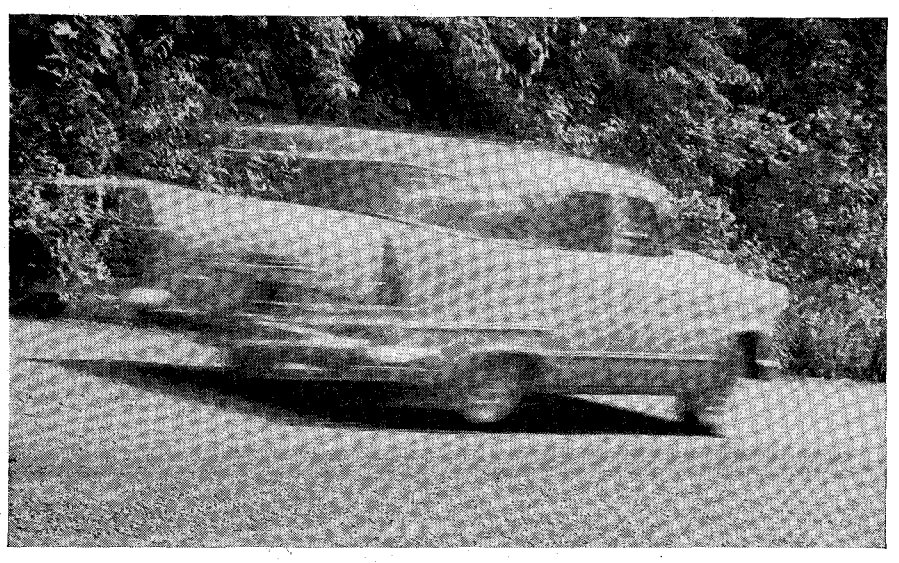
Why 99.2% of all new '57 cars rely on RAYON CORD TIRES

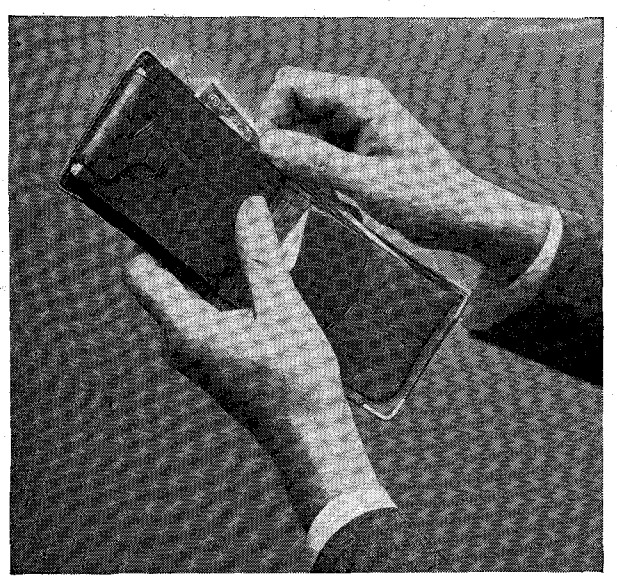


1 Yes, 238 out of 240 models of '57 cars—99.2%—ride on Super Rayon cord tires! Why? Because today's automotive engineers are out to give you high value and performance. That means tires of strong, long-lasting Super Rayon cord.



2 Super Rayon cord tires are *safer* at highway speeds. Because of friction heat, tires can roast right under you. *Super Rayon withstands heat better than any other tire cord at running temperatures* . . . assuring top all-around performance.

3 Super Rayon cord tires *last longer*—then give you better retreading! Super Rayon's tread wear bonus is 7 to 20%. Unlike other tire cord fibers, AVISCO Super Rayon doesn't "grow." That means no tread cracking, no "chunk outs," longer tire life.



4 Super Rayon cord tires are *economical.* The use of Super Rayon cord means low first cost, low operating costs and more miles for your dollar. *You pay no premium* for safety and performance chosen by 99.2% of all new 1957 cars!

5 Super Rayon gives you *quietest rides.* Super Rayon is 100% flexible. Doesn't soften or harden as temperature changes. No overnight flat spots. No tire thumping or bumpy riding. You and the entire family ride relaxed, in quiet comfort.

AVISCO®
TIRE
RAYON

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION
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That's why Super Rayon cord tires are your best buy at replacement time—for safe, long-lasting, quietest rides at low cost. 9 out of 10 tires on the road today are built with *Super Rayon* cord!

RIDE ON SUPER RAYON!

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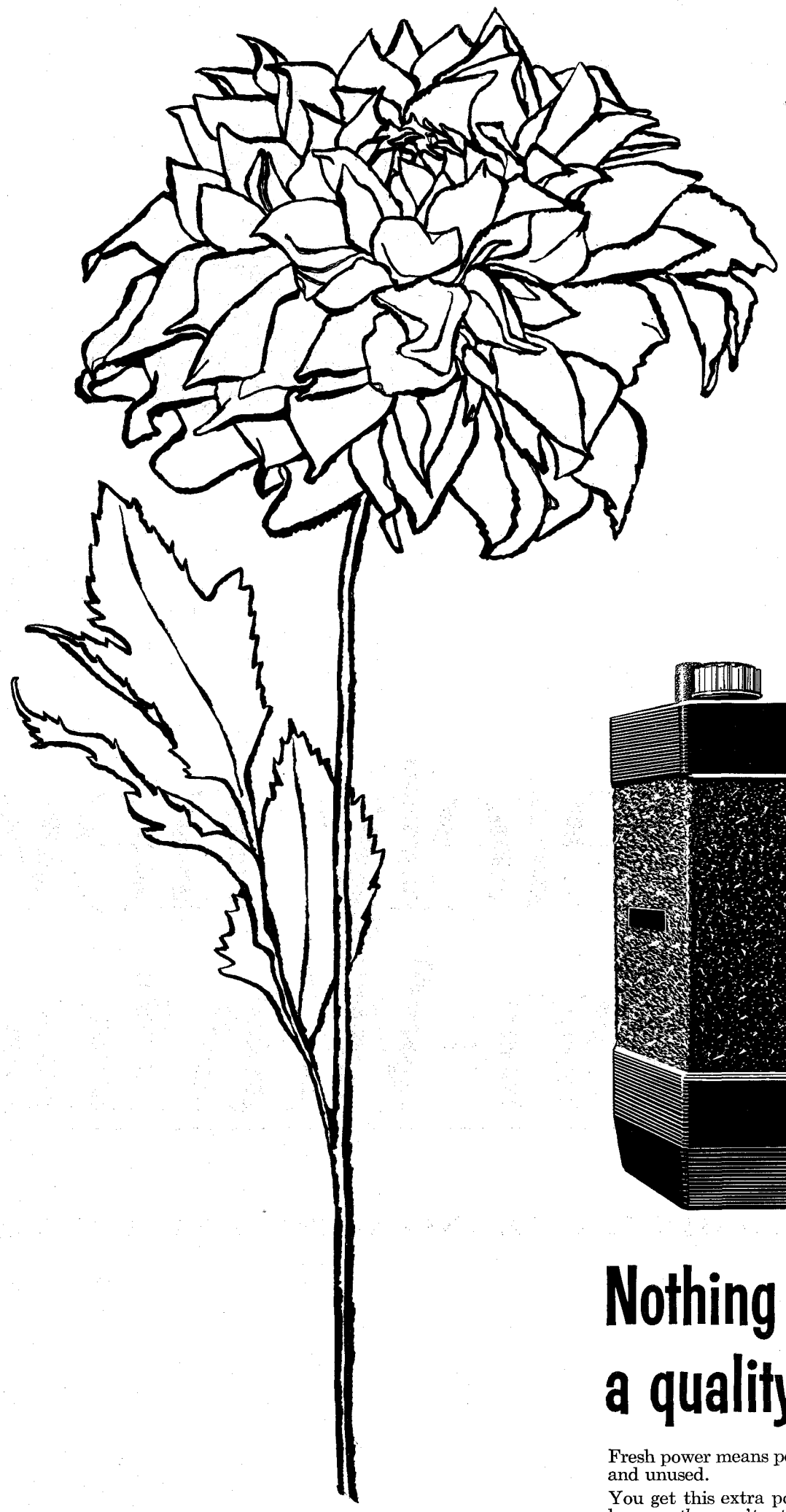
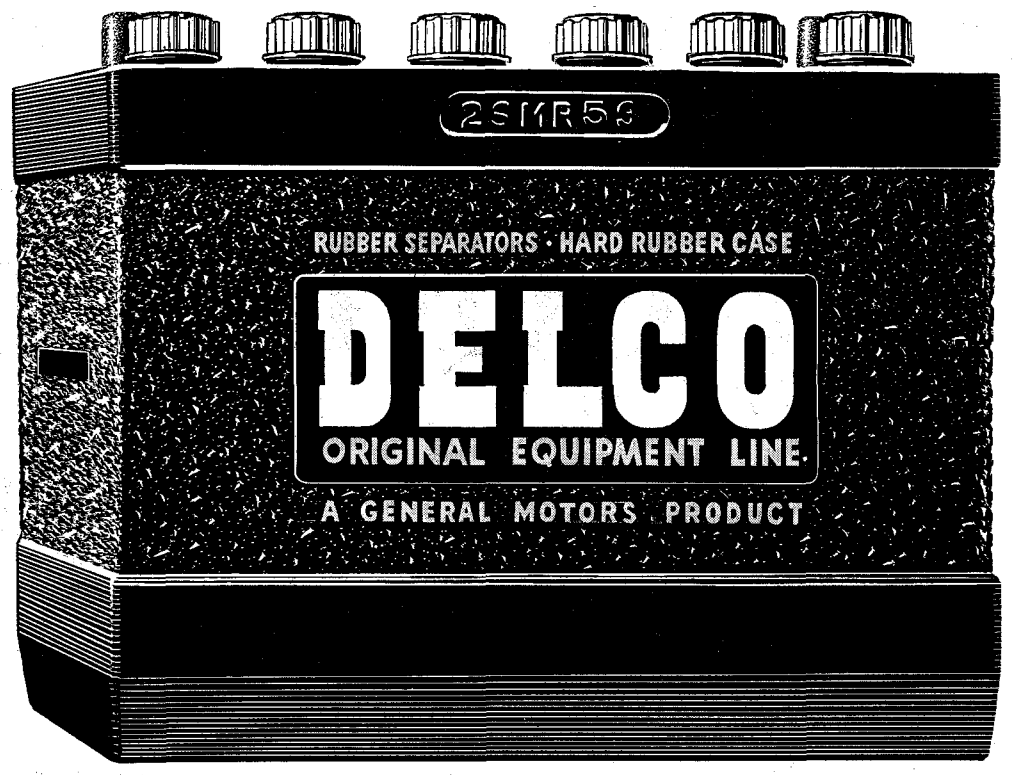


GENERAL MOTORS LEADS THE WAY . . .
STARTING WITH DELCO BATTERIES



Nothing in nature is fresher than a quality-built Delco Dry Charge

Fresh power means peak power . . . extra, *untouched* energy that comes to you unfaded and unused.

You get this extra power and freshness every time with Delco Dry Charge batteries because *they can't get old before they're sold!*

It doesn't matter where you buy them, or when. Your dealer always gets them bone dry, and keeps them that way till you need one. Then, he pours in fluid, and—*for the very first time*—it springs to life, giving you all the power you paid for—all the value that's made Delco America's No. 1 battery.

Delco Dry Charge batteries are backed by General Motors warranties, good all over the United States—and in Canada, too. There's a size and type priced to fit your needs. Distributed nationally by

GM GENERAL MOTORS U-M-S PARTS SALES
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LISTEN TO . . . The Lowell Thomas Newscast on CBS Radio Network—See local listings for time and station.

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ASSIGNMENT: DANGER

He had to prove to these tough oil riggers that he could handle the job, even though it might kill him to do it.

By ALICE LENT COVERT

The jalopy shivered to a halt beside the Lucky Boy II rig and a youth slid out from under the wheel. He stood looking at the derrick tower, rearing its light-spanned length against the night sky with a deceptive gaudiness. Like a carnival, he thought. Or a county fair.

He walked into the semishadow cast by the tool shed. A thick-bodied man in soiled overalls was squatting beside the trough, thrusting his hands deep into the scummy gray water and lifting them to sniff.

He looked up to say, without greeting, "You took your time. I sent you word two weeks ago I wanted to see you," and the kid's mouth tightened.

"I was busy. The close of a school term means work—or don't you remember?"

"I remember all I need to."

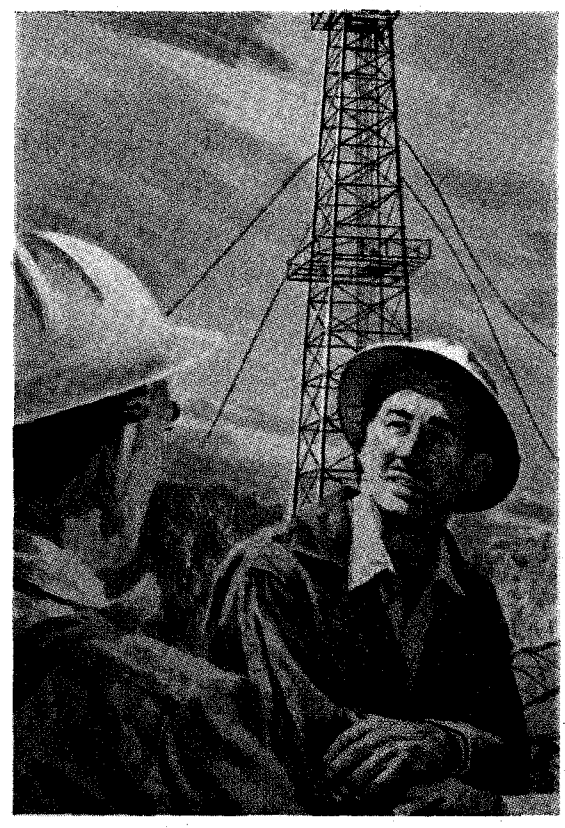
Unfriendliness lay like a tangible thing between them. "Don't quarrel with him, Johnny. After all, he is your brother." That was what Donna had said when he'd told her he was coming out to the Waukshe field to see Blackie. Her blue eyes had been wide and anxious, and Johnny had laughed a little and kissed her. "What's for us to fight about, honey? I haven't even seen him in a year!"

Donna had been his girl ever since they were kids together, right there in Three Falls. She was the reason he hadn't any girls at school. When a guy had someone like Donna Leith waiting for him back home, he wasn't bothered much with loneliness, not even when he was alone a great deal of the time. When he was out of school they'd be married. In the meantime, Donna was working in the Three Falls library.

When he had driven down from State College today he hadn't gone out to the old home place. There'd be no one there but Blackie's wife, Kate. Kate was O.K., he got on fine with her, but with ma gone, it was too lonely there.

All the way to the Waukshe, he'd kept wondering what Blackie wanted, and thinking about what Donna had said. "You're the only Wallaces left, you and Blackie. It's a pity you're so far apart."

The trouble was, to get along with someone, you need a little co-operation. If Blackie was glad to see him, he was hiding it good. Johnny squared his shoulders. "All right, I'm here now. What was it you wanted?"



Dill warned, "This is a job of work, not a cradle roll!"

Blackie Wallace was not one for softening preliminaries. He said bluntly, "School's closed for good, as far as any more help is concerned. The money ma left is all used up."

Johnny stared at him. He'd been in his third year of high school when ma died. He'd gone on and finished, and he'd been a year at college. "You're crazy," he said, tightly. "Ma told me there was enough."

"I just told you, kid. It's all gone."

"I'm going on and finish, just the same. I can always get a job."

Blackie snorted. "Doing what? Them hands of yours ain't trained to do nothing but turn the pages of a book."

"It could be I'm a little tougher than you think. Maybe you'd like to give me a vacation job and find out."

The sudden shout of laughter arose above the clamor of the rotary cable. "To do what? Roughneck?"

"Maybe I could," said Johnny stubbornly. "Maybe I just could!"

"Maybe you could spit a mile! You wouldn't last a day around a crew like this. You might be able to handle a supply truck if I gave you written directions, but I wouldn't clutter up my rig gang with you! I got roughnecks working for me, not a bunch of wet nurses!"

Johnny wet his lips. Anger against Blackie was futile, the impotent barrage of paper wads against the thick hide of an elephant. The old man had been like that too. Both he and Blackie had worried about Johnny, who was never quite so big or strong as Wallace men were rightly supposed to be. Blackie used to say, "Wait until you get in military training. They'll put some muscles on you in boot camp." Only when Johnny was called up for his physical, right after he got out of high school, he hadn't quite made it. It was nothing serious—a murmur in his heart or something. He'd likely grow out of it, they said.

"In an emergency, they'd take me. But they don't want me right now."

"Sure, sure," Blackie drawled, "and you hate that, don't you, kid?"

All right, so he didn't hate it. If they'd taken him, he'd have done his best, the way any guy would. If he was called up later, he'd give it all he had. Meanwhile he had time to do something about what he wanted to get out of his life and to put into it, and for that he was grateful. Not sheepish or apologetic, the way Blackie seemed to think he ought to be. Just grateful.

His eyes sought out the low-flung hills, thrusting their pine-clad shadows against a night sky pale with the lights of Waukshe field. His ears, attuned to beauty, could catch the whisper of breeze and the faint murmur of nocturnal life stirring beneath the raucous chatter of the rigs. His nostrils, disdaining the reek of distillate and hot metal, the vile stench of the slush pit, found the aroma of wind across sun-baked pines, the delicate tang of growing things. *Blackie hears the money-making chant of wheels turning, and I don't reckon black gold's got a dirty smell for him. That's how he is. And I'm like I am.*

As if he sensed the other's thoughts, Blackie said aggrievedly, "It ain't like you'd used your schooling for anything that amounted to a hang. A

(Continued on Page 44)

Illustrated by Robert Moore

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Jimmy watched the swaying pipe in frozen fascination. He had no time to move.

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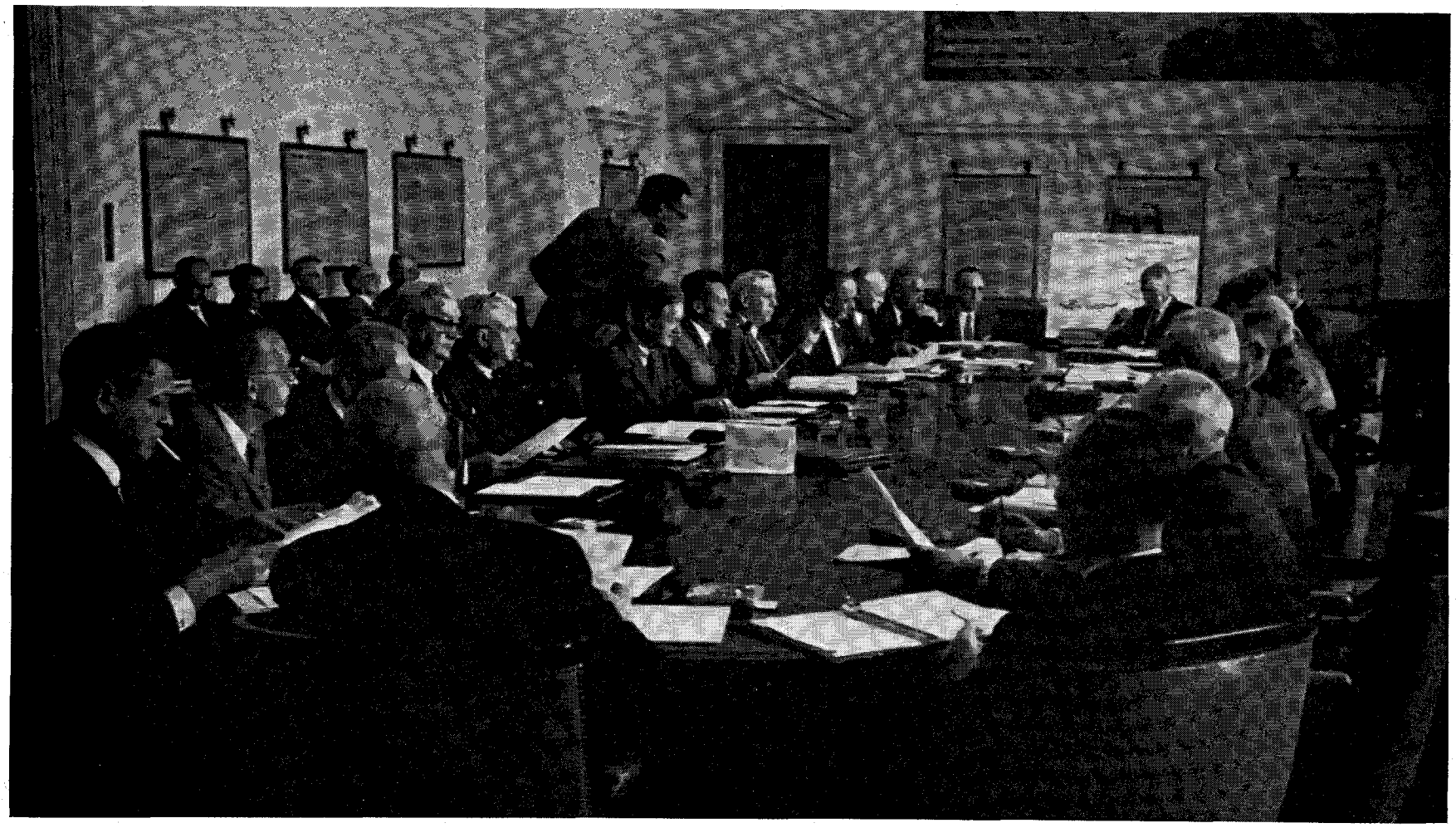

The Federal Reserve Board grapples with its triweekly problem: whether to pump some money into citizens' pockets, or siphon some out.

CAN WE STAY RICH? part two

THEY TURN THE MONEY ON AND OFF

Runaway inflation? Hair-curling depression? Or prosperity for keeps? The Federal Reserve Board warily watches the omens. Here is how this unique body tells your financial fortune.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Every three weeks, rain or shine, nineteen solemn gentlemen, wearing dark, conservative suits and faintly perplexed expressions, gather around a long mahogany table in one of Washington's most sedately beautiful buildings. The quiet high-ceilinged room in which they meet is the same one in which the Joint Chiefs of Staff once planned and directed the course of global war. The decisions made there now are guarded with equal secrecy. Attendants in uniform patrol the marbled corridors so that no outside ear may tune in on the discussions going on behind the tall, carved teakwood doors, and before each session, the walls, the draperies, the furniture and the chandeliers are searched for hidden microphones.

The gentlemen participating in these closely guarded sessions are neither military men planning global strategy nor diplomats shaping foreign policy, but the impact of their actions may be felt around the world. For their concern is with the United States economy and the things that they can do to keep it growing stronger at a healthy, steady pace. They are the seven members of the Federal Reserve System's governing board and the presidents of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks, scattered about the country, who periodically must meet to wrestle with an intellectual problem of brain-racking complexity—the problem of the nation's money supply and how it should be controlled.

Their heads, and their brief cases, as they gather around the long table in the white-marbled Federal Reserve Building, are stuffed with statistics, the ultimate meaning of which they can comprehend only dimly. Their task is to ponder on (Continued on Page 67)

Chairman William McChesney Martin, Jr. The Board's tight-money policy brings him howls of protest.

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By WILLIAM HEUMAN

I'm the Jealous Type

Even after twelve years of marriage, it's pretty upsetting when your wife starts making goo-goo eyes at another man....

You know how it is when you come home from the shop at night, and you're tired, and all you want to do is get your shoes off and put your feet up on a chair, and the first thing your wife says when you pop into the house is, "Let's go out tonight, Manny."

Not that we do it very often, but she keeps trying, and I'll give her credit for that, although I notice that lately she don't try so hard any more. When you're married twelve years, and you have two kids, and it means getting in a baby sitter or working on one of the neighbors, you begin to ask yourself if it's worth while.

It runs into dough, too, if you have to get a baby sitter, so you add them all up together, and most of the time you wind up watching TV, with your feet up on a chair.

Once in a while, though, I feel sorry for Mabel. You got two small kids running around a four-room apartment in Flatbush, Brooklyn, all day, and you work around in a kitchen where, if you take two, three steps in any direction you bump into a wall, and you've had it. In the summertime you add the heat to this, and three meals a day, with snacks thrown in for the kids; and you take the clothes to be washed and ironed, and the rooms to be kept clean, and every time you stick your head out the door you have to figure out first of all what you'll do with the kids. You take all this and you see why she likes to get away from it once in a while.

In the summertime when it's hot, she puts a little more heat on me too. So this night in the middle of August I come home from the shop, she says, "You don't want to take me out, Manny, I'll go out myself."

You know how it is? This is what you walk into when you come (Continued on Page 60)

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The Face of AMERICA

Hungry Harvesters

The sun stands at the zenith, and combines crawl to a halt in the boundless Kansas wheatfields. It's lunchtime, after a long morning's work cutting fields of ripe grain. Here in Logan and Gove counties, "the buckle of the wheat belt," is the 5200-acre ranch of Leonard and Alfred Swart, cousins. To the combine crew, Alfred's wife Barbara and various Swart children have brought a mountainous menu: Fried chicken, potato salad, coleslaw, baked beans, peas, beets, cottage cheese, sweet pickles, bread, rolls, jelly, four gallons of iced tea and cherry pie. To hard-working Kansans, such banquets are a daily token of the Great Plains' abundance, for from this land they reap the nation's richest harvest of wheat. Photograph by Ivan Dmitri

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Ellen laughed scornfully. "Is that the way you treated your Indian girls?"

California Passage

What had the girl learned that would make a man try to kill her?

By CLIFF FARRELL

Ellen Jessup bitterly resented the turn of fate that made her dependent on the services of Luke Storm. The mountain man's crudeness contrasted sharply with the life she had known in Baltimore before her strange journey to the West. Ellen told the trader, Menafee, she was bound for California to join her husband in the gold fields. But the trader knew from papers found on the body of a murdered detective, Dan Slater, that she was wanted for the murder of her fiancé in connection with a $200,000 bank embezzlement plotted by her father. Menafee now hoped she would lead him to the loot. The greedy caravan boss also suspected that Luke acted as her guide out of a similar motive. Luke, however, remained unaware of this danger. Now he could only puzzle at the trader's sudden insistence that the wagon train make new haste in its perilous trek.

IV

Disgruntled, Luke walked to Ellen's wagon. "I'll lead the way across this mud puddle!" he snorted. "Show 'em how it's done!" He picked up the goad and spoke to the oxen. "Hi—yah! Hike!"

The cattle bowed their necks and lifted the lightly laden wagon out of its tracks. Ellen, in the wagon, stared apprehensively at the descent to the stream. Suddenly she scrambled over the side and dropped to the ground. She had no faith in Luke either.

He drove past the waiting wagons. "If'n the rest o' you aim to be scared," he said derisively, "save it for this same Platte that I mentioned. But right now, mind how I handle this crick, an' do the same. Once you start down the slant keep them cattle stretched out on the chain. Use the brake. Some of the heavier ones better be chain-locked. There's a two-foot drop-off when you hit the water, an' if your wheels ain't in control they'll cramp an' maybe capsize you."

The popper on his whip exploded. "Hi—yah!" he yelled.

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The oxen broke into a lumbering trot and the wagon tilted down the slant. Oxen and wagon hit the stream with a splash. The team lurched ahead through the belly-deep water like beavers, prodded faster by the sound of the whip and Luke's voice.

Luke, wading to his waist, grinned back at Ellen, who was standing with Abbie, watching. With all the oxen pulling smoothly, he snaked the wagon across the stream and up the opposite ascent to level ground.

"After you've done that a hundred times," he yelled back to the others, "you'll begin to call yourselves bullwhackers!"

Luke returned to the stream to help the others. He waded back and forth with the churning wagons, his impatient voice barking directions. He gave them to understand that he had not the least faith in their ability to carry out even the simplest instructions.

Vance Cameron, on his black horse, was also in the stream, helping to keep the wagons moving. "Storm," Cameron finally said, whirling on Luke in exasperation, "don't treat us like children! I resent ——"

He broke off. The wagon owned by the father of little Honey Downs had just started down the slant to the ford. The child and her mother were in the wagon, huddled together apprehensively on a seat that had been built across the bow. Honey Downs had a doll in her arms, and was clinging to the forward bow with one small hand.

Her father was shouting at the oxen, and his uncertainty had communicated itself to the animals. George Downs had been a bookkeeper in a small Indiana town. He had decided to attempt this journey with his young wife and small child in the hope of making a real fortune in the gold mines. But he had no experience at handling oxen and a heavy wagon, and now the wagon and team were getting out of control.

Luke and Cameron saw the trouble coming. Cameron whirled his horse and spurred through the mud-churned water. Luke caught a stirrup and ran with long, splashing strides. George Downs' wagon was snaking from side to side. The cattle, suddenly going into a panic, tried to balk. The wagon overran them, shoving the animals ahead. The oxen at once swerved off the trail, crashing into the willow thickets. That cramped the wheels. The wagon veered sharply, and that abrupt movement sent little Honey Downs toppling from the seat. Her mother snatched at her and missed.

The child screamed as she pitched headlong to the ground. She landed directly in the path of the oncoming left front wheel. She would have been crushed at once, but, by a stroke of fortune, a heavy tree root stood exposed above the surface here, and her small body landed in its downslope shelter.

The wheel halted momentarily as it reached this obstruction. It paused there, looming almost over the stunned child's body as the weight of the wagon cramped the running gear in the opposite direction. Once this movement had reached its limit, then the wheel would be driven forward again over the tree root to drop upon the small girl and crush her.

Luke was first to arrive, for Cameron's horse had been impeded a moment by the brush. He dived among the plunging oxen and snatched at the child's limp form. But Honey Downs' *calico skirt was firmly caught by the wheel.* Before Luke could shift to balance himself to rip the dress free, he also found the weight of the wagon coming upon his shoulder as the wheel began to mount the obstruction. The child was almost directly beneath him.

He stood braced, attempting to halt the weight that crept impersonally upon the child. Then Cameron reached his side and also wedged himself beneath the juggernaut. Momentarily they stayed the progress of the wagon. But they could not last.

Then two feminine figures entered the danger zone in the wagon's path. Ellen and Abbie had arrived. Luke tried to order them away. He had no voice. Ellen seized the knife from his belt and slashed away the fold of calico that

Illustrated by Amos Sewell

The heavy blade struck Abbie in the back. The force of it drove her staggering forward.

had held Honey Downs trapped. Abbie dragged the child out of danger.

Luke and Cameron were driven back. The wheel descended on the spot where Honey Downs had lain. Neither had the strength to escape from the path of the vehicle. Their muscles were paralyzed. They would have been crushed. Then Abbie seized Cameron and yanked him clear. At the same instant Ellen caught Luke by his shoulders and hurled herself backward, bringing him with her by her own weight. They rolled aside. The wagon lunged onward down the descent, finally crashing into the brush and bringing up against a sycamore at the margin of the stream.

Luke got shakily to his knees. His lungs still wheezed agonizingly. Ellen was sitting up alongside him, but too spent to make any further effort at the moment. Cameron pulled himself to his knees, then got to his feet. He, too, was wheezing. Abbie stood with little Honey Downs in her arms. Honey now began to weep in terror.

Luke lifted Ellen to her feet. He was finally able to speak. "Don't you know any better'n to crawl under a wagon that's runnin' loose?" he fumed. He glared at Abbie and Cameron. "That goes for all o' you!" he raged. "You might have been squashed like tumblebugs!"

Cameron and the girls looked at each other, astounded. Abbie grew angry. "You ungrateful person!" she blazed at Luke. "You ought to thank Mrs. Jarrett and Mr. Cameron from the bottom of your heart, instead of ——"

Ellen touched her arm, halting her. "Never mind, Abbie," she said. "It doesn't matter. He doesn't matter. It's his pride that's hurt because mere greenhorns had to come to his help. What really matters is that Honey Downs is safe."

Luke saw Menafee and Al Thorne in the background. With them were the other members of their crew who had left their wagons to run to the scene of the excitement.

"A brave deed, Storm," Menafee said in a loud, praising voice. "You deserve reward. I'll take up a collection for you tonight in camp and start it with a gold piece of my own."

"Sure," Luke said evenly. "An' I'll ram every coin that's collected right down the throat of the man that gives it, includin' your own, Tracy."

Menafee turned to the others and shrugged. "I only thought it would be a way of showing our appreciation."

Luke, his voice sharp and intolerant, prodded the wagon people into action. The Downs wagon was double-teamed out of its position and moved across the stream. It had sustained only minor damage that could be taken care of later.

Luke seethed inwardly. Ellen had told the truth. It hurt his pride and shook his sense of self-sufficiency to have to admit that two young females and a soft-voiced greenhorn had saved him. Worse yet, he was now deeper in debt to Ellen Jessup. For the second time she had intervened to help him out of a predicament that might have cost him his life. And he was now indebted almost equally to Cameron.

And to Abbie Wallace, also, though there was less injury to his self-esteem in this respect, for he felt that he understood the impulsive, warm-eyed missionary girl. There would be no aura of obligation or debt in anything Abbie did for him or any other member of this wagon train. But he did not understand Ellen Jessup. Why would a person accused of being a party to murder face the risk of mangling and agonizing death to save him or even to save a child?

And Cameron? There were several reasons why he might be here, hovering always in Ellen Jessup's vicinity. The one possibility that stood out above all others was that he might be expecting her to lead him eventually to the whereabouts of the stolen two hundred thousand dollars.

The caravan camped when the long twilight began to deepen. Luke outspanned the oxen from Ellen's wagon and turned the animals into the stock herd. Tracy Menafee called the men together and counted off the crews which would stand stock guard in shifts. Menafee was acting as captain, and apparently intended to remain in that capacity during the entire trip.

Luke offered no challenge, for Menafee was an experienced (Continued on Page 73)

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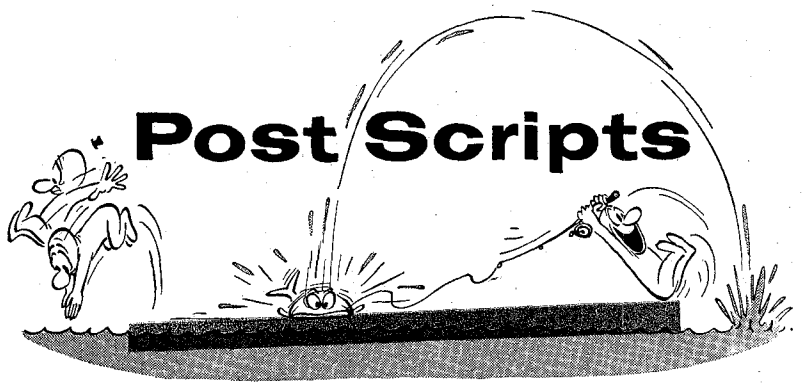


When Silence is Golden

"Now here's that genuine African-bongo-drum record I wanted you to hear. H'm-m. What's wrong with this thing? I can't get a sound out of it."

"It has been moved that the club members each be assessed twenty-five dollars to install individual dressing tables in the ladies' locker room. Do I hear a second?"

"It's just a small cavity, but holler if I hit a nerve."

"If anyone can beat a pair of nines, speak up."

"Dear. Listen. I think I hear someone moving around downstairs."

"Who wants to see the movies Junior and I took of our trip to Yellowstone?"

LOYD ROSENFIELD

Lesson

Parents are we who've been put to the test
And here is the truth to the letter:
Once we complacently thought we knew best—
Now we know better!

MAY RICHSTONE

The Lady Tackles the Housewares Department

"And what can I do for you, ma'am?"

"Well, I was looking for a saucepan."

"And here you are, ma'am! First choice of gourmet chefs around the world! The genuine ——"

"That isn't what I ——"

"The genuine old-fashioned cooking pot, ma'am, your choice of modern or provincial motifs, hand-painted by quaint old French craftsmen on everlasting enamel over cast iron—the very same cast iron used by the quaint old French peasants for their *pot au feu!*"

"Their what?"

"Soup. Heft it, ma'am! Feel that pull on the shoulder muscles?"

"Say, that's a load all right. But really, I just wanted a ——"

"And think of the versatility, ma'am! Just plug in the electric trivet, alternating or direct current, precision-crafted by quaint old electrical engineers in Cleveland, Ohio, and there you are! Chafing-dish cookery for those *intime* dinners!"

"Those what?"

"Intimate. Intimate dinners."

"Oh. Well, ours are intimate enough anyhow. I mean, we usually eat in the breakfast nook, unless we have company, and there's the kids and the dog and —— But I'd really rather do the cooking in the kitchen. You know. Keep the mess where it belongs."

"Then here's your answer, ma'am! The Supersonic, Turbojet, Self-cleaning Saucepan with its own detergent supply built right into the bottom; converts to a waffle iron at a mere flick of the finger!"

"Well, it's a funny thing; we just don't seem to eat waffles much any more. I mean, John's trying to watch his waistline, and then Junior gets his big bowl of Whoopsies every morning, because he's saving the box tops for his space suit, and I told him if he didn't eat the stuff I'd —— Well, and, of course, Sis won't touch syrup. You know how girls are about their complexions, and ——"

"But, ma'am, your Supersonic Turbojet does everything! Raise the sides and it's a turkey roaster!"

"I've already got a turk——"

"Drop the sides and it's a cooky sheet!"

"I've already got a cooky —— Look. I just need a pan to cook spuds in. The thing is, my husband's going on a fishing trip and——"

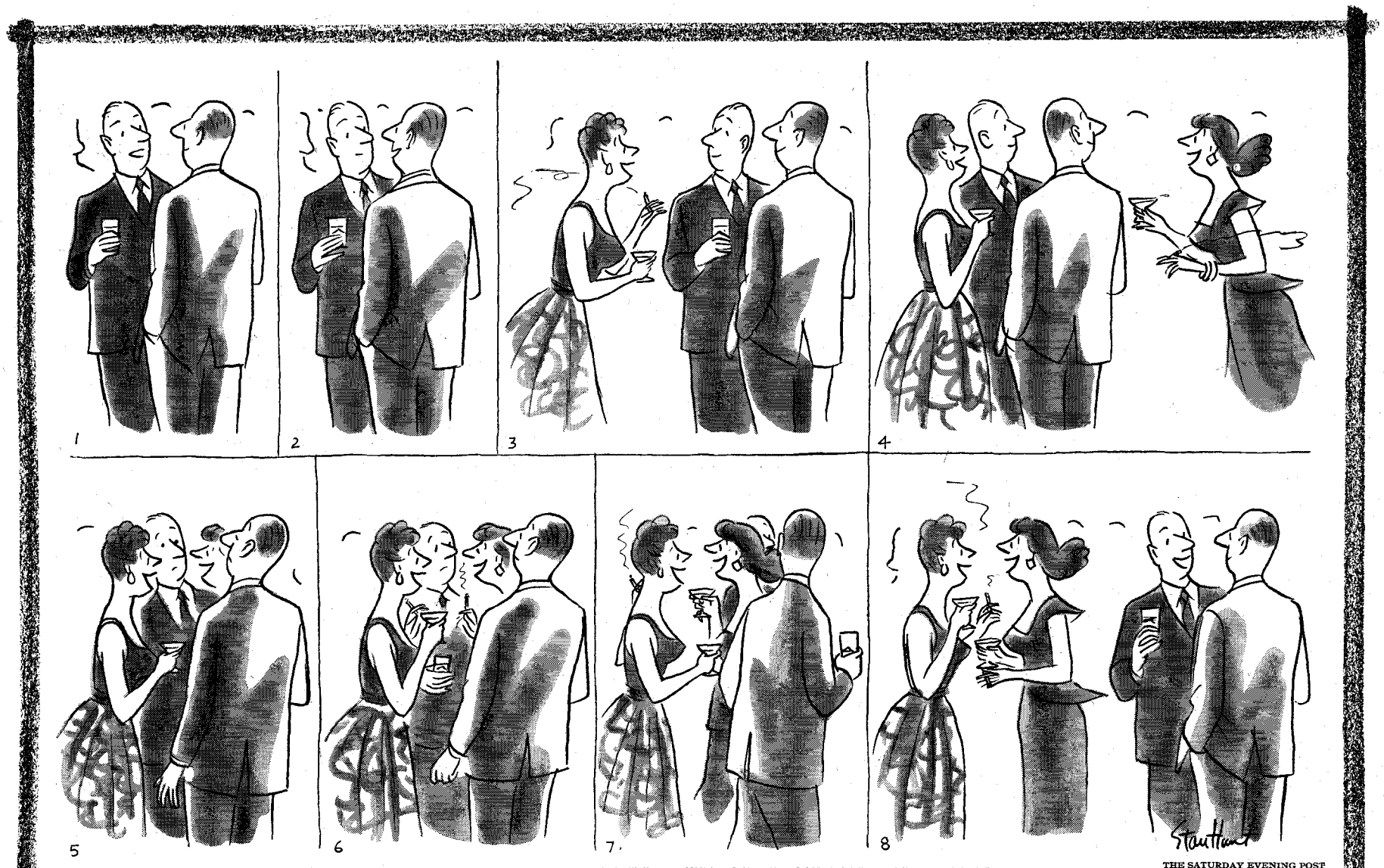
"Or possibly you'd —— Fishing trip? Did you say fishing trip? Listen, honey, if your husband's like my husband, you'd never recognize that pan, even if he did bring it back. Don't waste your cash. Now I tell you what you do. You know that junk shop down on First, next to the rendering plant? You just go in there, and for fifteen cents, maybe ten, you can ——"

PEG BRACKEN

Objection Overruled

I can firmly say "no,"
But I sadly confess
That somebody else
Can more firmly say "yes."

STEPHEN SCHLITZER



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Soup and a sandwich for a guy and his gal!

Somebody likes *his* sandwich big.

Somebody else likes *her* sandwich small!

And so they have a Soup-Plate Lunch—each with a different sandwich, but the same great soup — Campbell's Tomato Soup.

For there's just no disagreeing about Campbell's Tomato Soup. Who doesn't like soup with a sandwich! Like its color . . . that bright red glory-of-the garden color! Like its *flavor . . . smooth, rich, glowing with the* goodness of the soil and the sun!

There are vitamins, minerals and proteins in this soup. Add milk and you add all of milk's goodness.

And when you fill big comfortable mugs with piping-hot Tomato Soup — then you have something *souper-special!*

Why don't you have good hot soup and a sandwich often! There are 21 Campbell's Soups—and every single one makes a good sandwich taste better!

SOUP-AND-SANDWICH FAVORITES

TOMATO SOUP—ham and cheese and mayonnaise sandwich

CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP—egg-salad sandwich

VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP—peanut-butter sandwich

VEGETABLE SOUP—hamburger sandwich

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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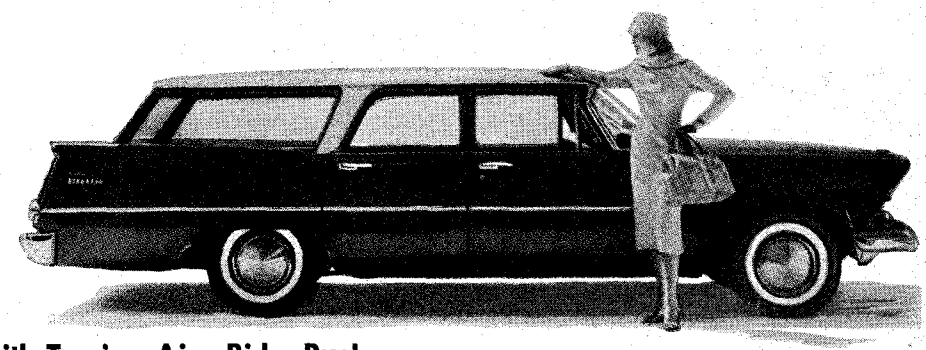
Enter Gleem's $100,000 Contest now...you may

WIN $15,000 IN CASH

OR ONE OF THESE THRILLING PRIZES...

25 PLYMOUTH CUSTOM SUBURBANS



Imagine! A New Plymouth V-8 Suburban—with Torsion-Aire Ride, Push Button Automatic Transmission, Flight-Sweep Styling and a host of other 3-year-ahead features . . . for each of the 25 Second Prize winners!

JUST CHECK BELOW WHAT YOU SEE IN THIS PICTURE

OFFICIAL CHECK LIST

Place a ☑ in the box in front of the items which you can identify in the large picture on opposite page.

☑ Tent	☐ Flies	☐ Bug Light	☐ Bottle Opener
☐ Trailer	☐ Waders	☐ Trivet	☐ Water Skis
☐ Grill	☐ Minnow Net	☐ Double Broiler	☐ Birch Logs
☐ Hutch Table	☐ Box Kite	☐ Cruet	☐ Life Preserver
☐ Pine Tree	☐ Movie Camera	☐ Basketball	☐ Flashlight
☐ Spider	☐ Captain's Chair	☐ Tire Pump	☐ Cowbell
☐ Archery Target	☐ Toaster	☐ Sausages	☐ "Skotch Kooler"
☐ Claw Hammer	☐ Money Belt	☐ Underwater Goggles	☐ Quiver
☐ Crossbow	☐ Mittens	☐ Gas Lamp	☐ Nutcracker
☐ Brick Wall	☐ Pliers	☐ Clay Pigeon	☐ Fire Extinguisher
☐ Wicker Basket	☐ Bugle	☐ 22 Calibre Rifle	☐ Spatula
☐ Fly Rod	☐ Canteen	☐ Hatchet	☐ Pitcher
	☐ Parka	☐ Lettuce	

THE NUMBER OF ITEMS CHECKED IS_____

Mail to:
GLEEM
$100,000 CONTEST
P. O. Box 44, Dept. S
Cincinnati 99, Ohio.

I am enclosing both end-flaps from a Gleem carton.

My Name is:_____
(Please Print Plainly)

Street Address:_____

City:_____

Zone:_____ State:_____

Dealer's Name_____

Entries must be postmarked before midnight October 15, 1957

So easy! Everything you need to enter this exciting $100,000 contest is right here on these two pages (except for the end-flaps from a carton of Gleem Toothpaste)!

So much fun! Just look at the picture on the page opposite—in it are many objects, some of which are listed in the "Check List" on the Entry Blank *at left*. Then simply put a check (✓) in the box beside each item you find—*but be careful* . . . read the simple rules below and follow them exactly!

Don't delay—get your entries in right away! Think what you could do with $15,000 in cash—think how happy your family would be with one of the thrilling Plymouth Suburbans! So, come on!

SIMPLE RULES MAKE IT FUN

1. *Study the official contest picture on the opposite page.* This is the *large* picture showing a typical American family on vacation in a situation where they can't brush after every meal.

In the Entry Blank at left, there is a Check List. Some of the items on the Check List appear in the picture. Others do not. Put a check (✓) beside those items on the Check List which you can identify in the picture.

When you have completed the puzzle, add up the total number of items checked and place this total in the box at the bottom of the Check List. This number must agree with the number of items checked. Print your name and address in the space provided on the official Entry Blank at left.

As an example, we have checked the word "tent" because a tent appears in the picture. When you add up your total number of items, be sure to include "tent".

2. *Mail your official Entry Blank* together with both end-flaps from a carton of Gleem to "Gleem $100,000 Contest, P. O. Box 44, Dept. S, Cincinnati 99, Ohio." Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, October 15, 1957, and must be received no later than October 30, 1957. You may submit as many entries as you wish, provided each entry is on an official Entry Blank and accompanied by both end-flaps from a Gleem carton. Additional Entry Blanks are available where you normally buy Gleem.

3. *Prizes will be awarded* on the basis of the number of items correctly identified. In determining the winners, the judges will penalize entries containing items checked which do not appear in the picture.

4. Ties: In case of ties, which are probable, tying contestants will be required to complete a statement dealing with Gleem. No proof of purchase will be required with a tie-breaking entry, and statements will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties in statements judged.

5. *Entries limited* to residents of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii, except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies and their families. Government regulations apply.

6. *The judges' decisions will be final.* Except for incidental help from family and friends, entries must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entry is submitted, and will be disqualified for professional or compensated help. The purpose of this rule is to disqualify entries prepared in whole or in part by professional or compensated contest writers, schools, or services. Only one prize will be awarded to any person. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for any and all purposes. The winners or tying entrants will be notified by mail about 8 weeks after all entries are received.

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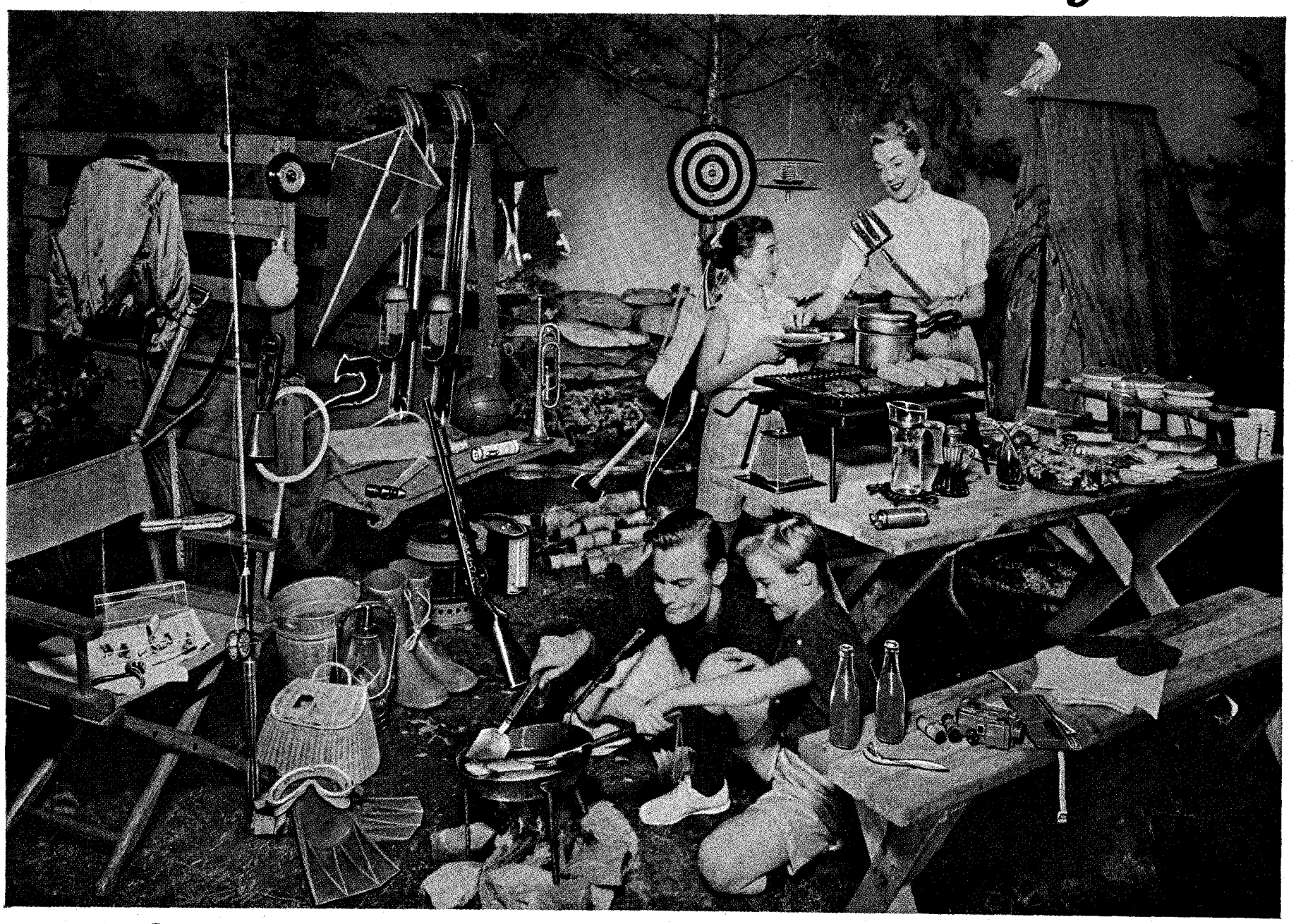
Here's why you and <u>your</u> family should start the day with

GLEEM... *the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST <u>ONE</u> BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

ONLY GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

When *your* family's out having fun like this—can they always brush after meals? Then make sure they start their day with the one and only Gleem—to get added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day*. Gleem with exclusive GL-70 completely destroys most bacteria with just *one* brushing. And you'll discover youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much it's easy to get them to brush regularly. So if your family can't always brush after meals, even though it's best—use Gleem, it meets this modern problem!

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor, means a sweeter good-night kiss! So start *your* day with Gleem.

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You'll find it a

good idea

to have your new

Plymouth

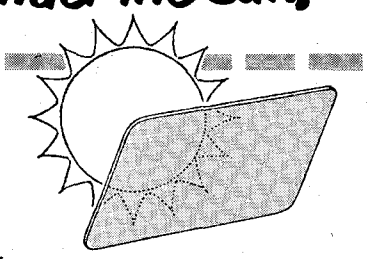
SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

equipped with

SOLEX®

SAFETY GLASS

"the best glass under the sun!"



When you have Solex Safety Glass installed as basic equipment in your new 1957 Plymouth, you'll experience a new thrill in driving pleasure. And motoring will be more comfortable and safer, too. That's because Solex has a soft greenish tint which reduces eyestrain and driving fatigue. With Solex there is an appreciable reduction in the amount of bright sunlight entering your car. And Solex absorbs at least 50% of the total solar heat.

Give your fine new Plymouth the additional advantages offered by Solex. Get more fun out of driving. Make sure that you insist upon Solex for your windshield, as well as for the side windows and backlight. And the cost is moderate, too.

SOLEX

IS A PRODUCT OF

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

Assignment: Danger

(Continued from Page 28)

schoolteacher, for Pete's sake! If you want to be one of them white-collar guys, why not a lawyer or a doctor or a scientist—something with a little guts to it? Schoolteaching, that's for a dame!"

Johnny stared at him through a sudden haze of anger. "Listen!" He took a step forward, a thin forefinger stabbing at Blackie's shoulder. "I can come nearer living in your world than you could in mine!"

"Like hell! It don't take much muscle to lift a book."

"I can get a job in your lousy oil field, and what's more, I can hold it!"

Blackie grinned derisively. "You kidding? I got a hundred bucks says you can't get a job on a rig in the Waukshe and hold it until the well's finished. But when you lose, how you figure to pay me? I'll tell you, kid; here's how we'll bet: You lose, you go to work for me and I take the hundred out of your hide."

For one sick, clear-seeing minute Johnny hesitated, thinking, *He's rigging a booby trap for you. Don't call it. Back off and let him laugh; he's laughed at you before.* But he heard his own voice saying stonily, "You got a bet!"

Donna was disturbed and uneasy when he told her. "I don't like it, Johnny. It isn't the work, nor even that I don't believe you can do it. It's your reason for it—resenting Blackie, wanting to show him. It—it's like taking a detour for no good reason. There are other jobs. Maybe you could find something at State and go to summer school, like you wanted."

"This, first." Johnny held her small, warm hand tightly in his own. "I hoped you'd understand."

After a little, she said gently, "Maybe I do understand, a little. It's all right, Johnny. If it's what you feel you've got to do, it's all right with me."

They were sitting on the porch swing. It was late, and in the neighboring houses the lights had gone out. Everything was as he remembered it—the houses, the drowsy summer night, Donna's warm, sweet nearness. Peaceful. Nothing in Three Falls had ever really changed, not in years—except that outside the rushing world was a little smaller, a little nearer, and moving more swiftly. A kid who plunged into that torrent from the quiet backwaters of Three Falls and places like it had to be taught how to swim before he plunged in. Or maybe he'd go under.

There it was—what he wanted to do with his life. He'd been lucky. For him there had been someone to understand how he felt about things, and sort of guide him. A teacher. Old man Rand, who was kindly and wise and took time to care about a kid. All his life, Johnny was going to remember things old man Rand had taught him, he would use them daily. But how could he explain it to Blackie, that maybe what mattered most to him was to be to some other kid what old man Rand had been to him?

Rationalizing it was no good any more. Blackie's contempt for him was a thing that rankled deep, pinched his pride in a tender spot. It had for a long time, and now he felt like doing something about it. What was there he could do, except prove he could do Blackie's version of a man's job, and thus free himself once and for all to do what he chose?

It rankled, too, being obliged to stay at the home place, but until he could get a job and make a payday, he had little choice. Kate made him welcome in her quiet way. She thought little enough of his going to work in the Waukshe, and she said as much to Blackie. "That's no kind of a place for the boy!"

Blackie laughed. "Don't fret about it, Kate. It won't be for long!"

Dill Blake, the driller on the day tour, thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets with an air of belligerence. "So I got a vacant spot on my shift and no men on the call board. I can make out until someone shows, and I don't need to take on no half-baked, nineteen-year-old kid! Why don't Blackie take him?"

Ace Priddy, the head driller, said calmly, "Don't get so steamed up. Blackie's got a full crew. Anyhow, the kid came to me on his own. Blackie didn't ask me to spot him."

Dill's normally good-natured face was creased with anger. "He steered the kid to you, that's a cinch! He don't want him on that man-killer crew of his, because he'd have to slow down or cripple him! I don't kill guys, and Blackie knows it, that's why I get the kid."

Dill had hated Blackie ever since his nephew, Cliff, had got maimed on Blackie's night crew, a year or so ago. Cliff had been a big kid, strong as a bull and capable of taking care of himself, and it was down on the report as an unavoidable accident, the day the kid lost an arm, but Dill would never have it that way. Cliff was greasing the traveling block, his right arm thrust deep into the wheels, when Blackie started up the works. There was a roar of gears, an agonized scream, and Cliff was sprawled on the derrick floor minus an arm.

Nobody blamed Blackie, really. He had told the kid to do the job a good two hours earlier, and the kid forgot. He goofed off and forgot, and then he didn't want to risk a chewing-out from Blackie, so he'd gone back to do the job without saying anything.

Dill said, "Maybe that's how it happened, but that don't make it right! How long does it take to look and see everything's clear? Anybody in the Waukshe knows there ain't a damn thing matters to Blackie but speed and his rep as a top driller!" Maybe he wasn't being logical, but logic wouldn't make the boy whole again, and he needed something to vent his anger against.

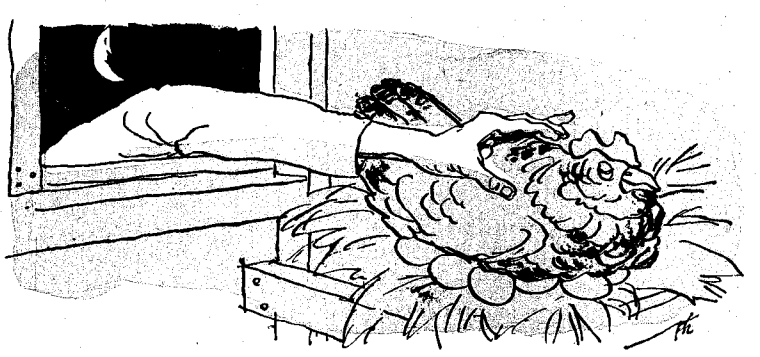
Now they were sending him this kid, this baby; just because they were shorthanded he was supposed to take a spindly Wallace leftover that Blackie wouldn't even have around. Sudden laughter came from deep within Dill, an unpleasant sound to hear.

"All right," he said, "send me this Johnny boy."

Ace regarded him speculatively. "Let me warn you about something, Dill. Don't ride this kid. He's no part of your grudge against Blackie."

"Ride him?" Dill's voice went softly reproachful. "Why, hell, Ace, I wouldn't think of it. I got the easiest push in the Waukshe, you know that. He'll have a snap!"

On the first day, Dill said, "I only tell a man once when I want something done, and I only tell him once how to do it. The other men won't have time to chaperon you, so watch (*Continued on Page 46*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Rufe, a superlative chicken thief, stole not only his neighbor's setting hen but her nest with a dozen eggs in it. Soon after the eggs hatched at his place, the sheriff nabbed him. State law fixed the penalty for stealing property worth less than five dollars at thirty days, and for thefts of more than five dollars at one year. To Rufe's surprise and dismay, he was charged with the major offense.

"Clearly, what Rufe stole was worth more than five dollars," the prosecutor argued. "The hen may have been worth only three dollars, but a dozen chicks at the going rate of thirty cents each are worth $3.60 more, total, $6.60. So give him a year, your honor."

"Thirty days at most, please," Rufe pleaded. "I'll grant you that I stole a hen worth three dollars. But I didn't steal chicks. I took eggs worth only seventy-five cents a dozen. That adds up to $3.75, not $6.60."

If you were the judge, would you give Rufe thirty days or one year?

• •

Rufe got off with thirty days. The court ruled that stolen property must be valued as of the time that it is taken, not as of some later date. It said that "considering eggs as chickens . . . violates the old adage that one must not count one's chickens before they are hatched."

Based upon a 1943 Kentucky decision.

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ENJOY GREAT TV ENTERTAINMENT FROM PLYMOUTH! The laugh and love hit of the year, "DATE WITH THE ANGELS," with Betty White, and Lawrence Welk's "TOP TUNES AND NEW TALENT."

"We don't mind how *rough* it is...what's the *shortest* road?"

One of the great thrills in driving your new Plymouth is discovering that *you're* the master of where you're going . . . not the road!

The reason is Plymouth's new *Torsion-Aire Ride*—exactly the same luxury suspension system you get in cars costing $6000 and up! Plymouth *Torsion-Aire* puts bumps out of business . . . floats you easily over the country's roughest roads . . . lets you glide around turns without sidesway or lean . . . stop without nose-dive or dip.

It's a ride that's made for roaming. Free forever from bounce or jounce, you'll find yourself exploring new roads . . . ranging colorful, traffic-free byways on vacation trips!

And *only* Plymouth brings you *Torsion-Aire* comfort in the low-price 3! Your Plymouth dealer invites you to go out on the meanest road you know and try this 3-years-ahead advance today! Compare "all 3." Join the thousands who've picked a winner in Plymouth!

Today... try Plymouth Torsion-Aire... the ride that's 3 years ahead

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(*Continued from Page 44*) yourself. This is a job of work, not a cradle roll!"

Johnny's dark eyes were a little puzzled. The big fellow had clearly made up his mind he didn't like him, without giving him a chance.

The crew knew what was eating Dill, and they sided with him out of loyalty. They had nothing against Johnny Wallace, but they had been fond of Cliff. If none of them could really blame Blackie, still he was a rawhide-tough man who expected his crew to be the same, and a slave driver like that was apt to be less careful of the men under him than he should rightly be.

Dill was no easy teacher. He told once, and his way was curt. Like: "We're making a trip today," he said, and when Johnny asked blankly, "You mean we're moving the rig?" Dill's wrath exploded above the sudden laughter of the crew, "You stupid knothead, I thought you came from an oil family!"

Johnny said patiently, "Just tell me once, Dill."

"We're going to change the bit. Come over here and let's see if you can get it through your head without I have to draw you pictures!"

Johnny followed Dill's instructions with infinite care. He stood beside the kelly, swerving the ends of the ninety-foot lengths of drill pipe as they left the mainline, so the man high on the derrick could rack them in orderly rows. When the bit was changed, he again controlled the pipe, catching it quickly into the rathole for the cable to be securely latched before the pipe again descended into the mainline hole. The pipe was heavy and quick-moving, and once, without warning, the ropes on the cathead—the big spool driven by the draw works to lift the pipe—crossed and snarled. Instantly the lines tautened and the cathead began to jerk.

Johnny stood by helplessly until Dill roared at him, "The clutch, you fool!" Then he scrambled to throw the cathead clutch and the jerking ceased.

Dill snarled, "There are some things even you shouldn't have to be told once!"

Johnny made no reply, but there were beads of sweat along his upper lip.

When the trip was finished, the rest of the crew lounged about, the rig shut down. Johnny sat a bit apart, silent.

Dill ordered, "Take the gun up and grease the crown."

Johnny glanced quickly aloft, but without a word he arose. The men on the ground watched the slim figure going slowly up the rigging, the grease gun dangling from a rope about his waist.

They glanced uneasily at one another, and Joe Rivers, the mechanic, drawled, "Ain't you carrying it a little far, Dill? The kid ain't never gone high before."

"Seen it done often enough. How's he going to learn if he don't go up hisself?"

Johnny looked down, and knew it was a mistake. His stomach betrayed him, turning him sick, and he clung to a steel upright, praying that he wasn't going to be violently, actively ill.

Below, the watching crew could see the white face of Johnny, and Dill shouted irately, "Look up, you fool!"

Joe Rivers burst out, "Dammit, Dill, the kid is tired! You'd better call him down!"

They saw the kid free the grease gun from its rope, saw it slip as suddenly terrified hands clutched for safety. Dill yelled, "Headache!" and the crew scattered as the gun came hurtling down to smash against the derrick floor where Joe Rivers had stood a moment before.

A livid Dill shouted, "O.K., come down!"

When Johnny's feet touched the floor all the others were busy at self-appointed tasks. Dill was waiting, raging mad. Johnny's face was white and his fatigue showed in a thin pale line around his mouth, but he took a deep breath and looked squarely at Dill. "I'm sorry."

"You're sorry! You drop a three-pound grease gun ninety feet on top of a bunch of men, and you're sorry! That's decent of you! Go get the solvent bucket and wash the grease off the draw works!" His grin was unpleasant. "That's a nasty job but at least if you drop something it can't hurt anybody!"

If any members of the crew expected Dill to let up, they were wrong. It was funny, not in a laughable way, but kind of spooky, what was going on. As if it were Dill's battle now to subdue this quiet, level-eyed kid. They'd known Dill for a fair man, but now he seemed motivated purely by the unreasoning antagonism of a strong man for a weaker one he cannot break; and he got so he drove the crew as hard as he drove the kid. His tour was no longer a push.

Johnny fell into bed nights with his body one weary mass of aches. His hands and legs stung with weevil bites—cuts, bruises, rope burns. He had nightmares where catheads toppled and bleeder valves stuck and objects fell from the top of the derrick and hurtled downward, straight at him, and he would awaken with a yell of fright.

Because he needed a defense against Dill's constant riding, he began to derive a sort of satisfaction in foreseeing Dill's orders and keeping a jump ahead of them. Sometimes he went without needed rest to stay and watch the afternoon crew. He could observe and learn from them without risking sarcastic comment from Dill and as the word had got around, the other crew began to side with the scrappy kid, and they took a delight in coaching him. He learned to go high without that crushing sickness, to handle the tongs deftly and clamp the drill pipes without a slip. He learned to mark the kelly, oil splashes which indicated the depth of drilling, at given intervals; to clean draw works, rack pipe, greasing the traveling block quickly and expertly. All the menial little chores he learned to make casual routine, so that he might never again need be told.

He saw Blackie only rarely, working opposite tours as they did. Once when he stayed late in the afternoon, he was leaving the rig as Blackie's crew came on.

Blackie came over to the jalopy. "Hi, punk. They tell me you're tearing up hell on Dill's shift." The faint derisiveness in his glance was shadowed by something else—curiosity maybe.

Johnny shrugged. "I'm doing O.K. Be around one of these days to collect."

Blackie laughed. "Don't get too cocky, boy! The well ain't in yet."

He didn't get to see Donna very often. Evenings when he could manage to stay awake long enough to drag himself over to see her, he was dull company. She was worried, and a time or two she cried over his bruised hands and his thinness.

"I wish I was sure," she said forlornly, "what it is you're trying to prove!"

When he had been on the job for five or six weeks he won a major victory. When the crew made its first drill test, he was ready for it, because he had watched it done. The test was to ascertain whether the mainline hole was traveling straight down. The kelly was disconnected, the drill pipe left in the hole. A small glass tube containing a virulent acid was placed in a steel cylinder and fed down the pipe at the end of thousands of feet of fine steel wire, the distance of descent gauged by a meter. The tube was left at the bottom level for several minutes, then reeled out. If the hole was straight, the acid mark on the bottle lay at a parallel about the glass; if it angled, the marks indicated that the bottle had lain over on its side at whatever degree might be. Johnny memorized the procedure and he anticipated Dill's orders, depriving him of the privilege of giving them. He knew the crew was laughing up its sleeve at Dill now. Dill knew it too. It made Johnny feel strangely happy.

The crew was with him now, against Dill. Their attitude, which showed little outward change, was plain in subtler ways. They watched out for him, taking the more impossible burdens from him, covering his inevitable mistakes. In retaliation Dill flogged them all verbally, nagging, bullying, inventing tasks until he ran them all ragged. It was Joe Rivers who stopped it at last.

"I got a bellyful, Dill," the old mechanic said coldly. "That kid's got plenty of what it takes, and I'm sick of watching you make a fool of yourself."

"I'll boss this layout, Joe." Dill's eyes were blue slits in his angry face. "I can't fire the kid, but if he don't like my way of doin', let him quit!"

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Joe laughed. "I'm damned if I think he'd know how to quit! It's been a good show, Dill, but it ain't pretty any more. One thing is for sure: Blackie Wallace never deliberately rode Cliff. If you got any more to get out of your system, why not tackle Blackie hisself? You scared you couldn't lick him in a fair fight?"

Dill's big hands balled themselves into fists. "You think I'm scared, Joe?" he asked softly, and the mechanic grunted.

"Wouldn't know," he said curtly. "You sure ain't been able to lick his little brother."

"Listen." Dill's voice went ragged. "Company rules say I can fire the guys I hire. You better ——"

"You go to hell, Dill," said Joe Rivers calmly. "I don't much want to work for you, anyhow." He started to walk away, and Dill said hoarsely, "Now wait a minute. Let's not you and me ——"

"You keep the job." Joe went on walking. "I don't want it."

They doubled up that day, and the next there was a new mechanic in Joe's slot. Word went around, and they expected Johnny would catch it hot and heavy now but they were wrong. Dill did an about-face. He ignored the kid completely, never gave him an order. Sometimes he made a chore unfairly heavy for another man by it, and Johnny would pitch in to help, but entirely on his own. As far as Dill was concerned, he might as well not have been on the rig. It went on like that for a week or more, and tempers strained to the popping point. Something was bound to give.

Johnny came to work one morning with a headache. His throat felt raw and dry and his temples throbbed. His breakfast didn't stay put, and all morning the field seemed to be closing in on him, shutting out the hills and woods, silencing the music of the wind that was like faint, high violin notes in the treetops. The stench of the field was in his nose and in his mouth and in his clothing, and he could taste it in the innumerable drinks of water he must have.

Plenty went wrong that day. They lost a bit. The tube stuck during a drill test and the wire broke, forcing them to fish for it. The tower man dropped a pair of pliers from the crown and they struck a roustabout on the head, making a deep dent in his metal helmet and knocking him silly. One might have expected vitriolic outbursts from Dill, but he was apathetic. His best efforts brought forth only weary profanity. No one was fooled. The crew waited uneasily for the storm. When it came, it would be a heller.

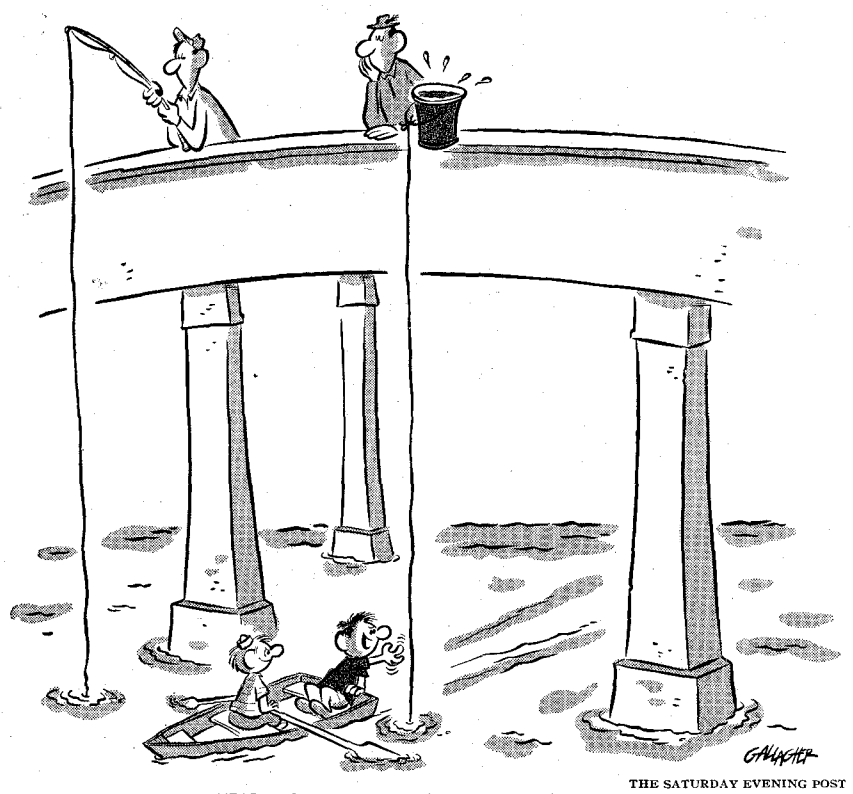
Dill was feeling sick too. In his mind. Dill Blake, who had handled hundreds of rough, tough men, licked by a slim kid who didn't have sense enough to know when he'd had it. Cold sweat was on the palms of his hands. All over the Waukshe guys were laughing about it—how Dill Blake had a punk he couldn't get rid of, a gutsy little devil who took sheer grit and won a tougher battle than Blackie had ever fought with his fists. He had deliberately set out to rawhide the kid off the job, and he hadn't been able to do it. He wanted to quit now, and he didn't know how.

They made a trip, and Dill issued his first order to Johnny in days, sending him aloft to help the tower man. Up on the derrick the air was sweet and cool and he could look out over the valley. The woods hid the unsightly clutter at the foot of the rigs, and the hills lay smoky blue in the distance. He could see the silver Waukshe River and the yellow roadway beside it, the black dots that were cars scurrying along like bugs, kicking up mushrooming spurts of dust. Up here, the sights and sounds were blended into a symphony in dynamic color, woven against a tapestry of woods and hills and towers. He was aware of these things as he worked, and they comforted him vaguely.

He reached for the nearest pipe in the rack and began to move it. There was a warning yell from below as the roughneck who was feeding the butt ends into the mainline slipped and stumbled. His arm lost its grip on the pipe and the free end thudded to the derrick floor. The upper end was jerked from the tower man's hold and the pipe began to sway.

Johnny watched in frozen fascination, and the tower man shouted, "For Pete's sakes, kid, watch yourself!"

He had no time to move. The whipping end of the pipe crashed into the upright, pinning his arm between steel. Then the men below had the section in a firm grip and the tower man reached out to latch it, glancing (*Continued on Page 50*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Watch me give this guy a thrill."

Happy sound... the telephone

Right now there is someone, somewhere who would like to hear your voice

It might be your daughter. Or grandmother. Your son. Or mother and father.

Whoever it is, one thing is certain. A telephone call would mean a lot. And wherever they live, you'll find it costs but little to call them.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Station-to-Station Calls

For example:	First 3 Minutes	Each Added Minute
Cincinnati to Indianapolis	40¢	10¢
Seattle to Portland, Ore.	50¢	15¢
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These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

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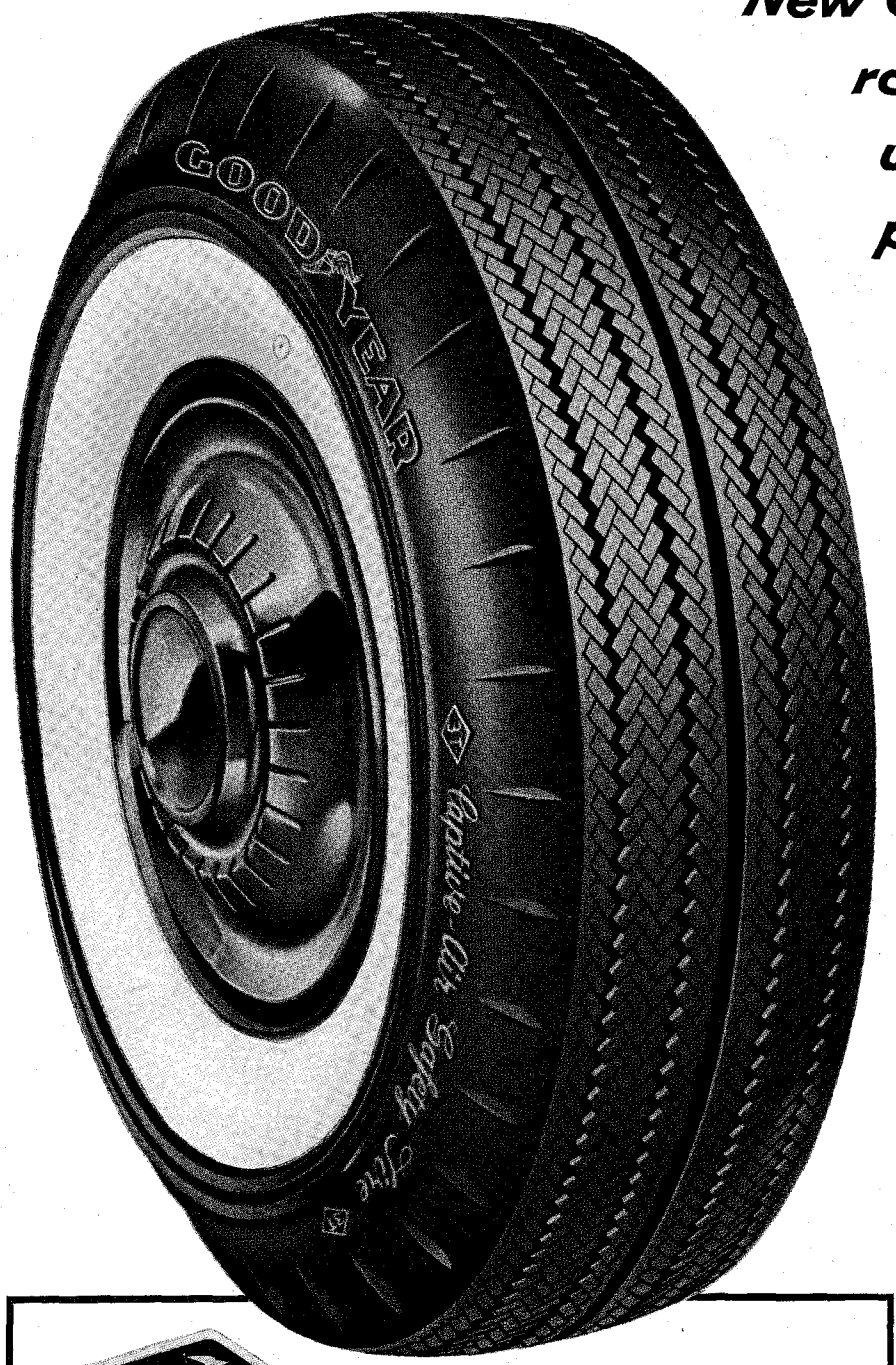
MIAMI TO TAMPA

311 miles...on four blown-out tires!

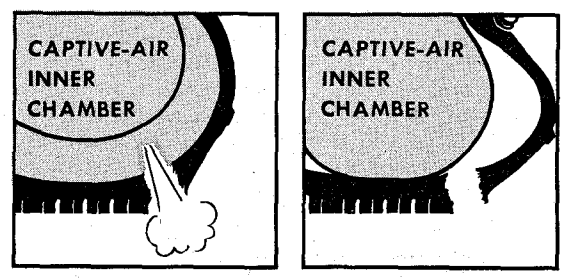
New Goodyear tire makes roadside tire changes unnecessary after punctures or blowouts!



Goodyear's new 3-T Nylon Captive-Air Safety tire actually has a *spare* right inside it.

This latest safety development virtually frees you, your wife and your children from the danger and inconvenience of roadside tire changing.

Here's how Captive-Air works



Only the air in the outer chamber escapes when the Captive-Air tire is cut, torn or blown out.

Reserve air in the built-in spare supports the car—lets you drive on for 100 miles or more at normal speeds.

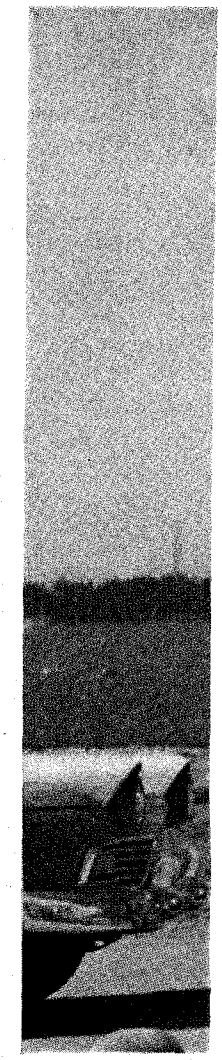
3-T Nylon makes it possible!

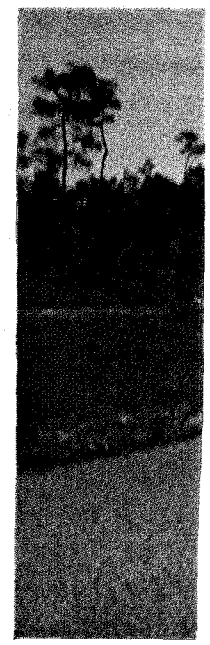
Only Goodyear has the Captive-Air because only Goodyear has a tire body made with triple-tempered 3-T Nylon Cord to give you a first line of defense against blowouts and punctures.

The built-in spare is made of brawny nylon to carry you safely and comfortably until you can stop conveniently and have the tire repaired. And all the while you drive, the two fully independent treads of the new Twin-Grip design give you up to 24% quicker stops . . . up to 24% surer starts.

The Captive-Air Safety tire—tested and proved in Detroit—is now standard or optional equipment on some of America's finest cars.

See the amazing new 3-T Nylon Captive-Air Safety tire at your Goodyear dealer's this week. Liberal trade-in allowance for your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.





Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms. And ask about our Lifetime Guarantee.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

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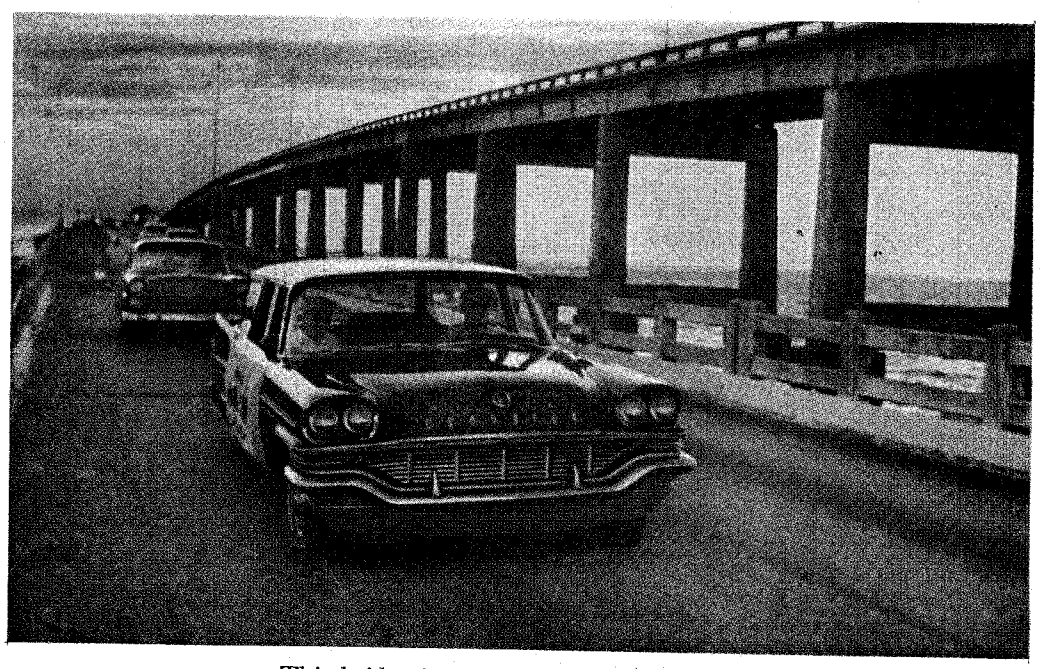
Tampa or bust—on four blown-out tires! A few minutes ago a power drill chewed ¼" holes in all four of our tires. Now we're practically bumper to bumper on the bustling MacArthur Causeway—but we're safe—cruising along in traffic. That's the miracle of Captive-Air—these multi-ply nylon "inner tires" keep you going at normal driving speed. Now *you* pick the place for repairs . . . not your tires!

Everglades country! How'd you like to change a tire out here? No need to with Goodyear's new Captive-Air Safety tires! Our tough rugged nylon "spares" keep us rolling merrily on our way to Tampa. No stopping. No inconvenience. No danger.



311 MILES LATER

This bridge is no place to change a tire—but we made it safely on into Tampa. No damage to the "inner tires"... no damage to the outer tires other than the drill holes we made back in Miami. Aren't these the tires for you—especially if your *wife* drives?

Only Goodyear has CAPTIVE-AIR...the safety tire with the built-in spare!

GOODYEAR

Captive-Air T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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(*Continued from Page 47*) apprehensively toward Johnny. The latter leaned against the upright, staring at his hand. It felt queer and numb, and a red sickness was spreading through his body. Across the backs of his fingers blood was smeared and the flesh was beginning to swell with a dark, congested look. Gingerly he tried to flex his fingers, and white-hot pain shot through his hand and arm.

The tower man demanded, "Get your arm, kid?"

"Yeah." Johnny drew a deep breath against the sickening dizziness which assailed him. "I—think I'd better go down." But he continued to cling tightly to the crossframe with his good arm. From seemingly far away, hands reached to steady him and he heard the tower man's dim, frenzied voice shouting, "Dill, get somebody up here to help me!" He was fumbling with a rope, trying to lash Johnny fast to the steel, cursing steadily at him. "You pass out on me, kid, I'll paste you one, so help me!" and Johnny muttered, "Don't intend—pass out," as hills, woods and towers wheeled slowly past him, then disappeared from view. He never knew when they trussed him up like a Christmas goose and lowered him with ropes to the ground.

The wrist was broken. A clean break, the doctor said, and it would knit readily. The mashed fingers would be painful and troublesome, but they would mend too. His temperature was a hundred and three, his injuries not responsible for that. Hadn't he known he was too sick to be working?

Johnny growled at him. He was woozy with the shot the doctor had given him, and he wished half a million of them would go away and let him sleep. All except Donna—when Dill Blake had brought Johnny home, Kate had been scared out of her wits. She had rousted Blackie from a sound slumber and then gone tearing into Three Falls after Donna, scaring her to death in turn. Donna had cried, and there were still tear streaks on her face as she sat beside his bed.

Blackie, sleep-flushed and rumpled, stood at the foot of the bed. Dill Blake was sitting on a window sill, his own face sort of white and sick under the grime.

All of a sudden, Johnny was mad again. It seemed to him as if he'd been mad a lot lately. It made his head ache worse. He looked at Blackie and Dill, and said, in a voice which he tried to make loud and clear, but which came out sounding a little fuzzy, "He was a better man than both of you. Put together. Old man Rand was."

"That's O.K., kid," said Blackie. "You just take it easy. Everything is going to be O.K."

They thought he was delirious. That made him even madder. "You ought to feel good," he said. "Real good. You saved your hundred bucks."

"Sure," said Blackie, and his voice sounded funny. "I feel great. Just great!"

Donna got to her feet suddenly. "You ought to be ashamed!" Her voice was plenty loud and clear, although Johnny was not sure whom she was talking to. "What were you trying to do? He's a better man than either of you too. Johnny is. And I—I hate you both!"

Johnny tried to see her clearly, so he could take her hand. "Let it go, honey," he said; "it doesn't matter. You were right; it was just a detour."

"It does so matter! You listen to me, Blackie Wallace, and you, Mr. Blake! Everybody in the Waukshe knew there was bad blood between the two of you, and they knew why! Do you know why Johnny put up with so much from you to hold onto his job, Mr. Blake? Well, do you? Because his brother bet him a hundred dollars he couldn't get a job in the field and hold it, and Johnny needed that money for school! Blackie knew right along how you were riding him, because you hated him. Do you know what I'd have done, Blackie, if it had been a brother of mine? You bet Johnny he couldn't do the work, not that he couldn't take a—a hazing from a man so full of hate he hadn't any sense! I'd have given Johnny a fair chance! I'd have called Mr. Blake out and I'd—I'd have wiped up the Waukshe with him or let him wipe it up with me, and I'd have settled my own score and not used someone else for a battleground!" She was so mad she was crying in little, gusty sobs. "You set so much store by being m-men! Well, the very sight of you makes me sick!"

Dill got up from the window and came over to the bed, looming immensely above Johnny. "I didn't know about any bet, kid. You never lost it. You won it fair and square, and you won the job; you got it, long as you want it." He looked at Donna. "I don't reckon I blame you for hating me. Maybe I had a sort of a bet, too, with myself. But I lost mine, and that's for sure! What happened today—I wasn't ridin' the kid. The pipe got away from one of the guys on the floor. It was an accident."

Blackie said expressionlessly, "What happened to Cliff was an accident, too, Dill. Maybe I felt about as bad over that as you did. I can tell you this: I never rode that boy."

"All right." Dill turned to look at him. "You feel like you want to try to wipe up the Waukshe with me?"

"Well, now, I don't know." Blackie studied him. "How do you feel?"

Dill Blake said bluntly, "I feel like a damn fool." They stared at each other for a moment, and then Blackie grinned soberly.

"You know what, Dill?" he said. "So do I."

Dill shifted his feet uncomfortably. "I better be gettin' back," he said. "I might stop off in town and see if I can find Joe Rivers. That new mechanic they sent me is no good for nothin'!"

He went out and Blackie followed him. The doctor, who had been following the exchange curiously, observed, "Sounds like you've all been having fun," and Kate looked a little sourly at him.

"You think so?" She went to show him out, and then she came back into the room. Johnny was sound asleep, and Donna was sitting there just looking at him.

"Blackie said I wasn't ever to tell Johnny," Kate said quietly. "But he didn't tell me not to say anything to you, and I wouldn't ask you not to pass it on. It seems to me like Johnny ought to know. The money his ma left for his schooling ——" She paused, and Donna looked questioningly at her.

"Go on."

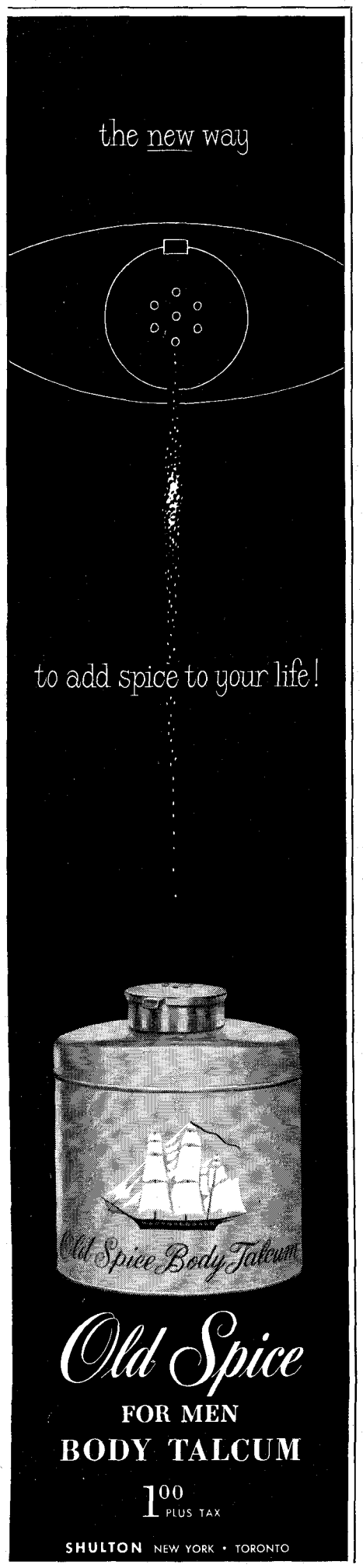
"Ma didn't know much about things like that. What things cost and all. We never wanted her to know, and she died real happy, thinking she'd left enough for Johnny to get his schooling, the way she always wanted. But it was nowhere near enough—never even lasted until he was out of high school."

"Then how ——"

"Blackie," said Kate briefly. "He paid for the rest. But I was sick this winter, and there's been bills and things—it just got too much for Blackie. He hated it real bad. He's funny, Blackie is; he low-rates things he don't understand, but he always wanted to see Johnny make something of himself. When he just couldn't afford to help any longer, it—made him real mad at himself. I guess that's why he was so crankylike about it; he felt like he was letting ma down."

Donna looked wonderingly at her. "But didn't he know Johnny wouldn't have wanted —— Johnny's a man, Kate! He can carry his own weight. Didn't Blackie know that?"

Kate looked at her brother-in-law. He looked very young, lying there asleep, his face tired and thin under the shock of unruly dark hair. His good arm was outflung across the sheet. It was a thin, kid's arm, with no muscle showing. Kate lifted her glance and smiled at Johnny's girl, and she said, "Well, I reckon he knows it now."



Treasure Hunt (Continued from Page 20)

Again he got the sense. The Englishman was disclaiming any special value for his purchase. Bill asked if the bowl was genuine.

"Good Lord, yes! A fifth-century Athenian cylix! The old vicar had it vetted. His father picked it up in Istanbul during the Crimean War. That was the late vicar's late niece's stuff they were selling. Have a look for yourself!"

Sergeant Torbin took the bowl in his hands with reverent precautions. Round the bottom, which he had not seen before, two winged horses pulled a chariot. He wondered what on earth he would ever have dared to do with so exquisite a piece if he had bought it.

"How did you know I was a colonel?"

Bill did not like to say that he couldn't possibly be anything else, unless it were a general, but he was saved by the bell. The church clock struck six.

"Ah, they'll be opening now," said the colonel. "How about a drink?"

Bill Torbin murmured doubtfully that his train left at six-thirty. The colonel anounced that Falkstead station was only two minutes from the pub, and that he himself had often done it in eighty seconds flat. Considering the noble expanse of speckled waistcoat, Bill thought it unlikely. But you never knew with these tough old Englishmen. Half of the weight might be muscle.

The colonel led the way to The Greyhound. It was a handsome little pub, built of white weatherboarding with green shutters, but Torbin had no eyes for it. He was watching the precious cylix, which was being swung by one of its handles as carelessly as if it had been a cheap ash tray. The sergeant decided that the British had no reverence for any antiquities but their own.

In the bar were four cheerful citizens of Falkstead drinking whisky, two boatbuilders drinking beer with the foreman of the yard and, at a table near the window, the auctioneer and his clerk keeping up respectability with The Greyhound's best sherry. The colonel, disconcertingly changing his manner again, greeted the lot of them as if he had just arrived from crossing the North Sea singlehanded and enthroned the cylix on the bar.

"What have you got there, Colonel Wagstaff?" the innkeeper asked.

"That, Mr. Watson, is a Greek drinking bowl."

"Never saw 'em used," Mr. Watson answered, "not when I was a corporal out there."

Wagstaff explained that it was an old one, which possibly had not been used for two thousand years.

"Two thousand, four hundred," said the auctioneer, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "at the very least."

"Time it was!" Mr. Watson exclaimed heartily.

"What are you going to put in it?" the colonel asked.

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"Who? Me?" Watson said, not expecting to be taken literally.

"But you can't start drinking out of it!" Bill protested.

"It's what it is for, isn't it?"

"And an unforgettable experience for our American friend," said the auctioneer patronizingly, "to drink from the same cup as Socrates—or at any rate someone who knew the old boy."

"Well, seeing as it's this once," Mr. Watson agreed, "what would you say, colonel?"

"That Burgundy which you bought for the summer visitors is quite drinkable."

The cylix was about two inches deep, and just held the bottle which Mr. Watson emptied into it. The terra cotta flushed as the wine passed into it. The figures blossomed.

"See?" said Colonel Wagstaff. "Like rain in a dry garden!"

The company gathered round the bar. Wagstaff raised the bowl in both hands and took a hearty pull.

Companions

By Betty Jane Balch

Charmed, he pokes a toe in
fat brown mud,
And squints to see a crow
wing toward the sky.
Now there is time to wonder
about this;
To wonder how a crow can
stay cloud-high.

What lovely treasure this
July has brought—
A captured frog and hot,
mint-scented weather.
Now, with a stretching
afternoon to share,
The little boy and summer
play together.

"Tastes a bit odd," he remarked, passing it on to Torbin. "Still, you can't have everything."

The loving cup went round the eleven of them and Mr. Watson.

"Fill her up again," said the auctioneer.

The next round was the colonel's, and after that there was a queue for the job.

"If you take the seven-forty-five bus to Chesterford," Colonel Wagstaff suggested, "there's sure to be a train from there."

Bill was beginning to feel for the first time that England had human beings in it. But it was not that which decided him to wait for the bus. The bowl had become a local possession, and The Greyhound a club in which he was welcome to drink, but might not pay. He was jealous. He could not bring himself to leave his goddess skittering along the bar in pools of Burgundy without his own hands ready to catch her.

The auctioneer said a fatherly good-by to all, tripped over his bowler hat and left. Bill at last looked at the clock. He felt bound to mention that it was 7:40.

"By Jove, so it is!" said the colonel, taking his mustache out of the bowl.

Till 7:44 he addressed them shortly on the value of punctuality in the military life, and then they all piled out into the street, led by Colonel Wagstaff, the bowl and Sergeant Torbin, and cantered through the village to the yard of the Drill Hall, where the Chesterford bus was waiting.

It was a typical, dead, East Anglican bus stop on the edge of the North Sea marshes. The bus was not lit up, and there was no sign of the driver. The colonel swore it was a disgrace and that Sergeant Torbin would never catch his train at Chesterford.

"What time does it go?" Bill asked.

"I don't know. But you might very easily miss it. It's a damned shame! Here's a gallant ally trusting conscientiously to the Chesterford Corporation to get him to camp before midnight, and he lands in the guardroom because their silly buses can't run to time! I've a good mind to teach them a lesson. Anybody want to go to Chesterford?"

About half a dozen of them agreed that it would be a reasonable act of protest to run the bus themselves, whether they wanted to go to Chesterford or not.

Wagstaff opened the driver's door and switched on all the lights. Bill was fresh from a lecture in which he had been told to behave in England with the formality of the English. He decided that he had better be American and hire a car. But the colonel had tossed the bowl onto the driving seat and was just about to sit on it. Bill rescued it with a quarter of an inch to spare, and found himself on the way to Chesterford.

The colonel was roaring along between the hedges when the auctioneer's clerk—who was a literal-minded employee and really did want to go to Chesterford—leaned forward and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Colonel," he said, "it is eight-forty-five the bus starts, not seven-forty-five."

Wagstaff jumped on the brake, and Sergeant (*Continued on Page 54*)

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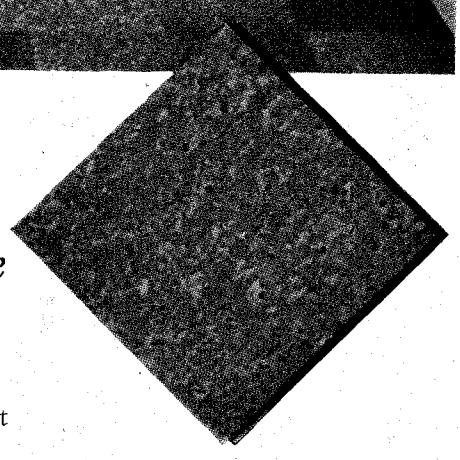

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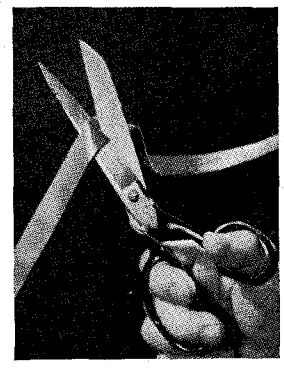

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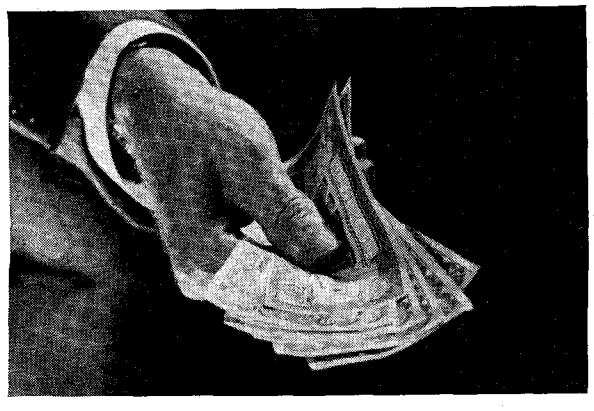

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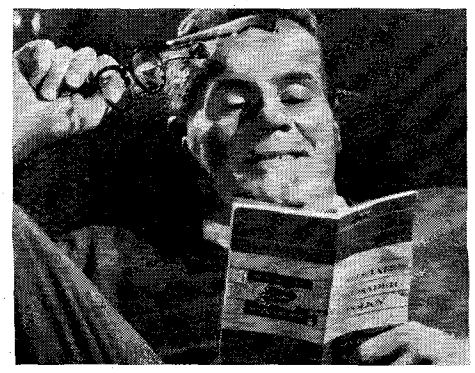

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(*Continued from Page 51*) Torbin just managed to save the bowl from violent contact with the dashboard. Several of the passengers slid onto the floor, where they continued to sing Down Mexico Way half a bar behind the rest.

"Of course!" said the colonel. "Changed it last week! Well, I'll teach 'em to monkey with the timetable." He let in the clutch and put his foot down.

The auctioneer's clerk was not only clerkly: he sounded sober. He tapped the colonel again.

"Has it occurred to you, sir," he suggested, "that it might be thought you had stolen a corporation bus?"

"We'll get out here, chaps," the colonel said, pulling up so close to the hedge that they couldn't and had to get out by the driver's door—all except the boatbuilder's foreman, who broke the glass over the emergency exit and managed to make it work. "The Bull is just up the road."

The Bull was a small riverside pub, empty except for two farm hands and a ferryman.

"Mr. Baker and gentlemen," Wagstaff announced, "we are celebrating the acquisition of a Greek drinking bowl. Could we allow it to go to America? Never!"

"Say, why not?" Bill asked.

"Because they don't drink wine, only gin, there."

Bill was about to say that it was not true, and that works of art were appreciated a darn sight more than —— But he was too late.

"What's wrong with filling her up with gin?" asked the boatbuilder's foreman.

"Neat?" protested Mr. Baker.

"I fear," the colonel said, "that we do indeed propose to reach that height of felicity where you, Mr. Baker, will be legally bound to refuse to serve us. But slowly, slowly. Gin and tonic. Half and half. Old Greek custom. Always put water with it. Not the men we are today."

Mr. Baker had just filled the bowl when Torbin's ear, trained by conversation in the presence of jet engines, heard the bus draw up outside. He shouted the news at Wagstaff.

The colonel sprang into action. "Right, Bill! Our fault! Won't get you mixed up in it!"

He pushed the sergeant onto the window seat, made him lie down and covered his uniform with a couple of overcoats. When the bus driver, accompanied by a full load of cops from a police car, crashed through the door, he was kneeling at Bill's side and bathing his forehead with gin and tonic out of the bowl.

"Now which of you gentlemen ——" a policeman began.

The colonel kept his handkerchief firmly over Bill's mouth and explained, in a voice which was the very perfection of quiet respectability, that he had bought a priceless Athenian cylix at the late vicar's late niece's auction, and that an American art dealer had endeavored to steal it from him outside The Greyhound.

Foiled by these gallant citizens and especially by this poor fellow—he tenderly mopped Bill's forehead with gin—the art dealer had made his escape in a corporation bus. They followed, some on foot, some clinging to the vehicle. The bus stopped suddenly just down the road, and the fellow bolted into the darkness before they could get hold of him.

"There was a tall, dark American sergeant in Falkstead this afternoon," said another cop.

They all swore that it wasn't the sergeant. No, a civilian. A little, fairish chap.

"And six of you couldn't stop him?"

"He had a gun," said the boatbuilder's foreman, and choked into his handkerchief.

The bus driver went straight to the point which interested him. "Which of you blokes broke the window above the emergency door?"

"I did," said the colonel. "It was an emergency."

Mr. Baker said nothing. The ferryman and the two farm hands waited patiently for free drinks. After telephoning a description of the art dealer to county headquarters, the police escorted the bus back to Falkstead.

"Now, Bill," said the colonel, "be reasonable! Whatever is the use of having allies if one can't put the blame on them?"

"Hell!" Bill replied, and accidentally kicked over the bowl, which was on the floor at his feet. He picked it up and glared at the lot of them.

"Bill, you have upset these gentlemen's liquor."

Sergeant Torbin was in honor bound to have her filled up again. He discovered that he was delighted to do so, and reminded his conscience that the Athenian potter must have designed his wares to stand up to an evening's amusement.

What with one of them pointing out that the horses at the bottom seemed to trot whenever the tonic water fizzed onto the gin, and another swearing it was possible to hold a full bowl by one handle without spilling any—which it wasn't—the strength of the cylix was certainly astonishing.

Mr. Baker put the auctioneer's clerk to bed upstairs—explaining that he didn't want his house to get a bad name by turning him loose in the road—and that left Bill as the only member of the party with any worry at all in the back of his mind. Not that he hadn't been drinking his share. But in early days at The Greyhound, when the rest of them had been laying a foundation of Burgundy as if it were beer, he was too overcome by his respect for the bowl to commit more than a reverent sip whenever it came round to him.

At 9:30 he suggested that he telephone for a taxi.

"Don't you bother!" the colonel said. "We'll cross the ferry here, and then it's only half a mile to the junction. He'll get a train from there, won't he, Mr. Baker?"

Mr. Baker consulted a sheet behind the bar, and said pointedly that if he hurried, he would.

They all piled out on to the landing stage, and Mr. Baker locked up the bar, though there was half an hour to go before closing time. The ferryman unchained his punt and twice took Bill and the colonel nearly over to the other side. The first time he turned round in midstream without noticing it, and the second time he had to put back because the boatbuilder's foreman had fallen off the jetty while waving good-by.

Bill and Colonel Wagstaff landed and set off along the creekside path—until, that is, Bill noticed that Wagstaff had left the bowl behind in the punt.

When they had recovered it, Bill said, "Let me carry that!"

"O.K.," said the colonel. "Catch!"

Then he sat down on a tussock and began to laugh.

"Bill—guineas! Not fair! I knew guineas would fox you. Unsporting to take advantage of an ally. Bill, I present you with the bowl."

"No, colonel, I won't take her. We've had a lot to drink and ——"

"Boy, I was military attaché in Moscow."

"Well, that sure makes a difference, colonel, but ——"

"From now on, it is yours," said the colonel.

"Then you let me pay for it," said Bill, handing the bowl to the colonel and feeling for his wallet.

"Not allowed to pay for it. That's an order from a superior officer."

"Order, my foot!"

"If you won't take it, I'll pitch the blasted thing in the river."

"Go on! You pitch it!"

The colonel did, and the cylix flew into the darkness and landed with a plop on the tidal mud.

Bill Torbin plunged after it. He squelched out toward the water; then the sounds of his progress became less violent. There was silence.

"Colonel, I'm stuck," Bill said.

"Nothing to bother about, boy! Lie on your stomach!"

"I can't. I'm up to my chest."

"Then I'll come and pull you out."

The colonel advanced over his knees and took off his coat. Keeping hold of one sleeve, he swung the other over to Bill. Between cuff and cuff were a good eight feet. He took a step forward and he, too, went in up to his chest.

"I guess this mud is covered at high water," Bill said, after a pause.

"Float a battleship!" Wagstaff agreed cheerfully. "But there's an hour in the ebb still. Nothing to worry about. If I'm not home when the pubs shut, my housekeeper will telephone The Greyhound. Mr. Watson will telephone Mr. Baker. Mr. Baker will telephone the junction. The stationmaster will say we never arrived, and somebody will come and look for us. You'll see. Cold, this mud, isn't it?"

The comment struck Sergeant Torbin's mixed drinks as excessively funny. He began to hoot with laughter. The colonel warmed up and joined the racket.

"But you shouldn't—you shouldn't—" yelled Torbin, trying to control himself, "you shouldn't have drunk out of her!"

"Only pity for her, Bill. Only pity for her. How would you like to spend sev-seventy years on the vicar's mantelpiece remembering Alci-bibi-biades? Do you know any songs to pass the time, Bill?"

"If I had my ukulele ——"

"I'll do that bit," said the colonel, "if you don't mind it being a banjo."

Bill's repertoire was good for an hour and a half.

"I could do with a drink," Wagstaff said, giving a final plunk to his imaginary strings.

"That search party is sure taking a long time, colonel," said Sergeant Torbin at last, and added that he thought the tide was rising. "Hadn't we better try to get out?"

"You can try, Bill."

In competition with each other, they so concentrated upon the job in hand that neither heard the approaching craft until she was three hundred yards away. With the fast tide under her, she was abreast of them before their yells for help met with any response.

"'Old on!" shouted the bridge. "It ain't easy, yer know!" And his engine-room telegraph rang.

The captain certainly knew his channel well. Going gently astern, he edged into the bank until the bows towered above them. Prettily riding the crest of a wavelet, right under the forefoot of the ship, was the bowl.

"Look out!" Bill shouted. "You'll run her down!"

The telegraph rang violently. White water swirled at the stern. The tide promptly swung the ship in a quarter circle, and there she was, aground fore and aft across the channel.

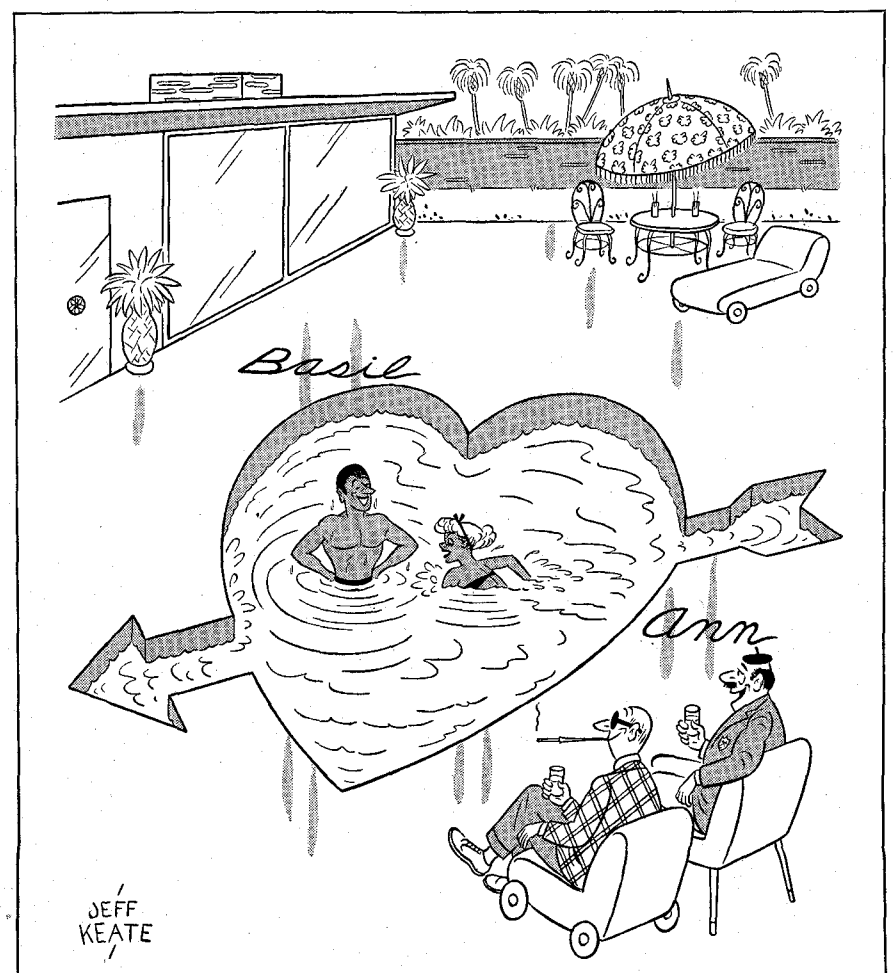
"Knew that would 'appen," said the captain, addressing them conversationally. "Now where's the lady?"

"No lady," the colonel replied. "She walked home."

"Cor! What I'd 'ave said if I'd know there was no lady! Well, catch 'old!"

The rope fell by Wagstaff. The captain, the mate and the one deck hand dragged him, wallowing, through the mud and up the side of the ship.

Sergeant Torbin followed, but left the rope in order to plunge sideways and recover the bowl. (*Continued on Page 56*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 54*) "What d'yer do that for?" asked the captain, when Bill, too, was safe on board. "Balmy?"

"It's two thousand years old," Bill explained.

The captain, shaking his head, led the way to a small saloon. It reeked of food and decayed vegetables, but was gloriously warm.

"You take them things off, and Bert will 'ang 'em in the engine room," he said.

"Any old clothes will do," the colonel invited, dropping coat and trousers in a solid lump on the floor.

"Ain't got none."

"Blanket will do."

"Don't sleep on board neither."

"What are you?" the colonel asked.

"Chesterford garbage scow. Never out at night, we aren't, unless we misses a tide like we done yesterday.... Bert, give 'em a couple of towels!"

Bill managed to make the towel meet round his waist. The colonel found his wholly inadequate.

"I'll try this," said Wagstaff cheerfully, lifting the bowl from the cabin table and removing the table cloth. "Show you how they wear 'em in India!"

The cloth had once been red plush, but the pile was smooth with age and grease stains. The colonel folded it diagonally, passed two corners through his legs, knotted the tassels and beamed on the captain.

"Well, I suppose," said the captain grudgingly, "that you'd both better 'ave a drop of rum, though it don't look to me as if it was so long since the last one."

He unlocked a first-aid cabinet and produced a bottle.

"I admit with pride that we have been celebrating the acquisition of a priceless antique," the colonel answered.

"This 'ere sort of basin, like?"

"An old Greek drinking bowl, captain."

"How's it used?"

"I'll show you, captain. A slave took the jug, so"—the colonel seized the bottle of rum—"and emptied it into the bowl, so!"

"Hey!" the skipper protested.

"And then it went round like a loving cup."

Wagstaff took a sip and with both hands passed the bowl courteously to the captain, who could only drink and pass it on to Bill. Bill despairingly lowered the level by quarter of an inch, gasped and passed it to the mate; the mate to Bert.

"Good navy rum, that!" said the colonel, starting the bowl on its round again.

Bill soon felt that there was some excuse for the theory that an object should be used as its maker intended. An hour or so later, inspired by his towel, he was showing them a dance he had learned in the South Pacific, when he began to think the saloon was going round.

It was. The stern of the garbage scow, gently lifted from the mud, swung across river with increasing speed and thudded into the opposite bank. Bill made a dive for the bowl as it slid across the table and landed in the captain's lap.

The skipper jammed in the doorway with the mate. The bows came off the mud and described the same semicircle as the stern. The engine-room telegraph rang like a fire engine. Wagstaff, flung off the settee onto the floor, sat there cross-legged, shaking with laughter. Bill cradled the bowl grimly on his knees.

"Allies, Bill; allies! What did I tell you? It's all your fault, and your towel has come off!"

"Colonel," said Bill, reknotting it round his waist, "how come all the guys that tried to shoot you missed?"

He dropped his head on the table and instantly fell asleep.

They were awakened by Bert, flinging down two still soggy bundles of clothes. It was light. Up the reach, the town, the castle and the municipal rubbish dump of Chesterford were in sight. The clock on the church tower made the time eight-thirty.

"Bill," said Wagstaff, "that piece of linen in which you have wrapped the bowl was once my shirt."

"Say, colonel, I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking."

"Not a word. I can do up my coat collar. Thank heaven I am known in Chesterford!"

It seemed to Bill, when he was escorted by the mate through the iron door of the garbage wharf, before breakfast and looking as if he had been dug out of the tip, that personally he would prefer a town where he was not known.

Striding up the main street of Chesterford, however, alongside the colonel, he understood. Wagstaff's air was guiltless, so full indeed of a casual manliness as he greeted an occasional acquaintance that only one of them thought it proper to comment on his appearance.

"Showing our friend here some sport," said the colonel. "Mallard right. Teal left. Got 'em both. Lost me balance. And this gallant fellow hauled me out."

As they resumed their squelching progress up the High Street, Bill remarked that he had sounded exactly like a British colonel in the movies.

"A very useful accomplishment," Wagstaff agreed. "Later in the day, Bill, I shall accompany you to your commanding officer and obtain for you a mention in your home-town paper and probably a medal from the Royal Humane Society. Did you not leap into mud of unknown bottom to rescue me?"

"Don't mention it, colonel. It was the least I could do," said Bill, and paused. "Say, wasn't it the bowl?"

"The values are quite irrelevant, Bill. We will now go into The Red Lion here for a bath and breakfast."

"Will the bar be open yet, colonel?"

"Oh, that'll be all right. They know me there."

"Then I'm not going in with this bowl," Bill said firmly. "Not to The Red Lion or any other of your animal friends."

"Fresh herrings, Bill. I can smell 'em. And bacon and eggs to follow."

"We can have breakfast at a tea shop."

"Too respectable. They wouldn't let us in."

Sergeant Torbin, desperately searching the market square, saw the open doors of the Chesterford Museum. He ran, vaulted the turnstile in the vestibule where the doorkeeper was just changing into his uniform coat, and charged down an alley of Roman tombstones. He saw a door to his left with CURATOR on it. Through it, he found himself facing a desk where a very tall wisp of a man in his seventies was quietly cataloguing.

Before the curator could get over the shock of an American sergeant, covered with mud and offering an unknown object wrapped in dirty linen, Wagstaff also was upon him.

"Is it—is it a baby?" the curator asked.

"It is, sir, a fifth-century Attic cylix," the colonel replied with dignity.

The curator extracted the bowl, and instantly recovered an almost ecclesiastical self-possession.

"But this is an article of great value," he intoned.

"I know it is. You've no idea of the trouble I've had preserving it from destruction."

"This—um—er—has dispossessed you of it?"

"Lord, no! It's his."

"Colonel, it is yours," said Bill.

The colonel took the bowl with both hands, pledged an imaginary draught to the gods and held it high above the stone floor of the curator's office.

"I've nowhere to keep it!" Bill screamed.

"Oh, that's all that is bothering you, is it?" the colonel exclaimed. "Well, what's that damned owl doing?"

A stuffed barn owl in a Victorian showcase stood on the curator's work bench. Wagstaff lifted the glass dome from the ebony base and removed the owl, which immediately disintegrated into dust and feathers.

"Moldy," said the colonel. "Disgrace to the museum."

"I was indeed considering ——" the curator began.

"Of course, you were. Quite right! Mind if I sit down at your desk a minute?"

The colonel printed a neat card:

LENT TO THE MUSEUM BY COURTESY OF SERGEANT WILLIAM TORBIN, U.S.A.F.

He set the bowl upon the ebony stand and propped the card up against it.

"That will keep you quiet," he said, replacing the glass dome, "until Bill has a mantelpiece for you again. The sergeant has only got to write to you to get it, I suppose?" he added to the curator.

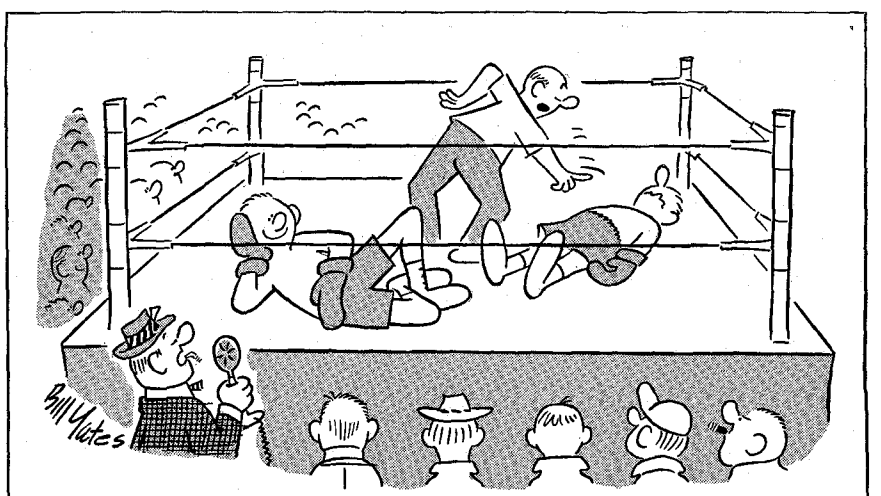
"Yes, yes, but ——"

"Any objection to The Red Lion now, Bill?"

"No, but ——"

"Good! It will be a pleasant change to drink out of glasses once more."

THE END



"Both fighters are taking full advantage of the compulsory eight count. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Call of the Northwest (Continued from Page 35)

John's first house did please the architect, and he now can point to a score of buildings in which he has had a designing part. The Rudolphs aren't wealthy, they aren't living especially dramatically, and they're under no illusions that this is paradise. Nevertheless, they've never even considered moving back to New Jersey.

The story of the Rudolphs and their move to Bainbridge Island and Seattle, Washington, isn't of great importance. The excuse for telling it is that the Rudolph story is so very much like those of some thousands of other young people who have headed to our Northwest in the last decade. It makes no difference whether the young man is an architect or an aviator, engineer or farmer. Nor does it matter whether the immediate locale is Seattle, or Enterprise, Oregon, or Priest River, Idaho. These are stories of a new kind of pioneering, in a different sort of country. Perhaps the one part of the United States still offering to the young that most intriguing of challenges: Live as you like, say what you like, build what you choose.

The attraction is indicated by the fact that this area gained about 40 per cent in population from 1940 to 1950, and still is growing at about the rate of 17 per cent per decade. Critics of the Pacific Northwest are many, and good cases can be made against it on the basis of remoteness, wet weather, somewhat limited industrial opportunity, uncertain future. But the important fact is inescapable: Thousands of people move to the Pacific Northwest each year, and almost all of them stay for good.

This isn't a new thing. More than two decades ago, a press association transferred me, without ceremony, to its Seattle office. A California veteran promptly offered his sympathy. "That's tough," he said. "You'll like the place, all right, but you'll never get any advancements because nobody ever leaves. You'll have to wait for them to die."

He was precisely right. From then until World War II threw the egg into the fan, nobody voluntarily left that Northwest office except for a major promotion. So far as I know, almost nobody has to this day.

The reasons are a little difficult to nail down. Space, and the freedom that goes with it, is one factor in the whole Washington-Oregon-British Columbia area. Just as an example, an elderly sailboat skipper I know—he runs an insurance company on the side—said not long ago, "I've spent all my free time for the last thirty years in cruising Puget Sound. But I've never been in all the bays and harbors, and I never expect to be. There's always one more you have to see."

This is space. It's true that the untouched forest is not much more than a memory now. Nonetheless, there still are thousands upon thousands of mountain lakes, peaks without end, alpine meadows, lonely and rocky beaches, wild berry patches, and mile after mile of trees which have been hundreds of years in the growing.

This is still a wild, evergreen land, where the air is cleaner and fresher, and the trails have no ends. And all of it is available to anyone who lives here, because his mountains and lakes and beaches and trees all are close to the place where he lives and works. No Northwest city is so self-contained that a deer or even a bear may not wander around in the suburbs occasionally. No home is more than an hour or two from a spot lonely enough for the most confirmed misanthrope, and beautiful enough to make any man wish he were a painter. This is a country where muskrats still swim disdainfully past yacht clubs, hawks hover above tennis courts, and the night-prowling tabby cat may, almost anywhere, run smack into mountain beaver or raccoon.

Perhaps more important than space in the Northwest is newness. Of course, newness also means rawness; this is no country for the man who wants his neighborhoods all set and stratified, or all his hedgerows trimmed, or all the barns painted. Here, Progress, with a capital "P," often means the breaking of ground never before disturbed by plow or bulldozer. The man who wants a sewer or a water system gets his neighbors to agree, then helps to build it. The 6,000,000 people now in the Pacific Northwest area have brought problems just by their numbers. For the first time, it's essential that something be done about water pollution and country zoning; and the person who comes here will, willy-nilly, have a part in the doing.

It's still possible to live on a remote beach, communing only with a clam. However, even the most stubborn hermit is likely to find himself volunteering for a committee if he makes the mistake of holding up his hand without first looking around. For the old and tired this can be disconcerting, but for the young, it's wonderful. In five minutes, instead of in five years, you find yourself appointed to run something.

Of the odd facets of newness, the lack of grandfathers is one of the most noticeable. Approximately half the people now in the Pacific Northwest were living somewhere else fifteen years ago. Hence the established family with multiple generations present is a rarity rather than the rule. Grandfather is a never-seen or seldom-seen character who lives far east of the mountains. Grandmother, rather than being a useful baby sitter or too-positive adviser, is somebody who arrives at Christmas, somehow smelling of holly and aircraft simultaneously.

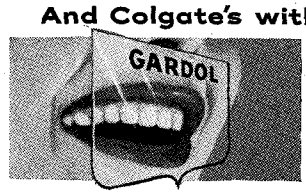
By the same token, there is no such thing as a native antique. Few of the cities here existed before 1850, and the furniture used even then either was hopelessly crude or imported from elsewhere. Thus, the houseful of antiques today—no matter how good they may be—celebrates workmanship back home in Sweden or New York or China, not anything in the Northwest. An old house is a house built before 1910. To qualify as an old resident, a Northwesterner need only prove he was here before the shipyards and aircraft factories brought the first great wave of new population during World War II.

The great question is: Why do they keep on coming? Over the years, various causes have been involved. Drought in the 1930's sent Oklahomans—and North Carolinians and North Dakotans and Kansans and many others—into the Pacific Northwest as well as on the more publicized treks to California. War brought families of service people close to the great military bases: Fort Lewis; the Puget Sound Navy Yard; air bases at Spokane, Tacoma and in Idaho. Civilians working in war plants flooded Portland, Seattle, Everett, Tacoma and any other town which built ships or planes or parts for them. Today, the huge Boeing Airplane Company plants employ more than *50,000 in Seattle and its environs*, and constantly recruit more engineers, technicians and draftsmen. At least one family in every Seattle block is somehow involved with Boeing.

She's a Calendar Girl — But She Has No Dates!
HI, KATE! WAITING FOR A DATE?
PLEASE, RUTH! WE BOTH KNOW BETTER THAN THAT! BESIDES, I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID TO YOUR BROTHER JUST NOW!
THE PART ABOUT "NO DATES" IS TOO, TOO TRUE! AND I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST NOTION WHY!
KATE, BAD BREATH CRAMPS ANY GIRL'S STYLE! THAT HURTS, I KNOW—BUT WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?
KATE LEARNS HOW TO STOP BAD BREATH!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM WITH GARDOL STOPS MOUTH ODOR ALL DAY FOR MOST PEOPLE ...WITH JUST ONE BRUSHING. BECAUSE COLGATE'S WITH GARDOL CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!
SINCE COLGATE'S WITH GARDOL FIXED THE SCORE KATE'S A CALENDAR GIRL — WITH DATES GALORE!

Brush Your Teeth with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM... Brush Bad Breath Away!

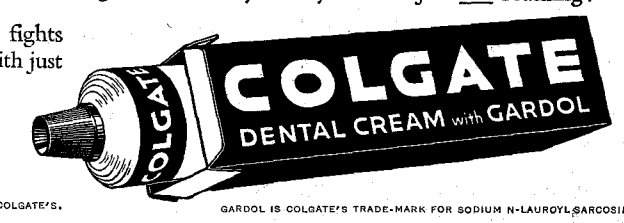
And Colgate's with GARDOL Fights Decay All Day, Too!



Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day...with just one brushing.

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing!

Of all leading toothpastes,* only Colgate's contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

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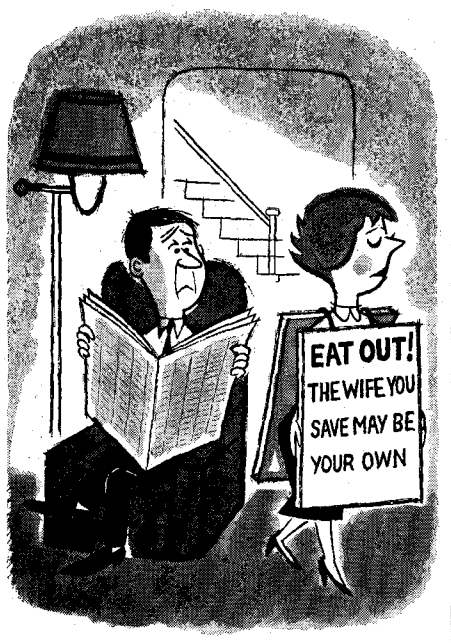

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For Variety in '57
ENJOY
HEINZ
57
Varieties

National Restaurant Association
IN COOPERATION WITH THE
NATIONAL RESTAURANT ASSOCIATION

Ball Game
in His Hand

Thanks to Progress...
Pioneered by MALLORY

He can take the ball game wherever he goes . . . with today's pocket-size, transistor radio powered by tiny, dependable, long lasting . . .

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Mercury Batteries

Developed by Mallory, these batteries supply the accurate, unvarying voltage that makes the use of transistors fully practical in portable radios . . . led to their successful miniaturization.

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INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA

Widely publicized irrigation of the Columbia River basin—that once-arid flat extending south from Grand Coulee Dam for 100 miles along the old dry bed of the river—has added would-be farmers to the list of hopefuls. It also has caused some of the immigrants to stop in East Central Washington, rather than west of the mountains. All over the Northwest, new industries have been made possible by the increased population. These, primarily designed to serve the Northwest itself, range from steel fabrication to glassmaking. Each of them brings in a few executives and skilled workmen who make the trip west the easy way, on company moving allowances.

But none of these things entirely explains the migration to the Northwest. In the course of a brief one-man survey recently, I found a man who said simply, "I had a look at the place and decided I didn't want to live anywhere else. So I scratched around until I found something to do." An elderly salesman, now spending his spare time learning to operate a pleasure cruiser, was even more brief: "I'd had my quota of Midwest winters."

A young newspaperman said, "Hunting and fishing were the reasons. They're better and easier here than anywhere else I know." One young woman said, "My husband and I wanted a place of our own, and not some forty-foot lot. The only place we found where we could have it and still do work in the city was here." A doctor said, "Skiing, close enough so that I could get to it occasionally and still maintain a medical practice."

On the east end of the border between Oregon and Nevada, a baking, desert country, residents of the state-line hamlet of McDermitt were uncommunicative until they were quite sure I was neither an Immigration man nor some other Federal agent. Then they thawed. Said one, "People won't talk, because of the Bascos. I'm a Basque myself, and most of us came here to herd sheep. Now most of the sheepherding's gone because of the Taylor Grazing Act. It keeps a man off the public range unless he has matching land of his own, and not many Basques have that.

"Nevertheless, nobody wants to go back to Spain, where most of us came from. Back there, there isn't any opportunity for a young man to be anything more than his father was. So the Bascos like to stay here, mining or working in the towns. Sometimes they aren't quite straightened out with the Immigration people. That's why they wouldn't talk to you. They just want to stay here."

Near Payette, Idaho, a muscular former boxer and his pretty wife waited in the shade beside a potato field for diggers to fill heavy sacks. "We just follow the crops," said the boxer. "Yeah, I could get a job in town, and I do, some winters. But when there's something to harvest, we usually hit the trail. The money's not bad, and we can get outdoors."

A flatbed truck arrived just then. As part of a two-man team, the boxer started heaving 100-pound potato sacks up onto it, while the truck moved across the field at a walking pace. Said the boxer's wife, "They work awfully hard, but sometimes a good man can make forty dollars a day."

In Seattle, slim Robert L. Williams, industrial secretary of the Urban League, said simply, "Wouldn't you come this way if you were in a Negro's shoes? The record on discrimination isn't perfect, but by comparison to Eastern cities—well, there just isn't any comparison. Our problem here is not so much discrimination as it is one of convincing our own people that they must educate themselves and their children to take better jobs. There are more than a hundred Negro engineers working at Boeing alone. Negro teachers in the Seattle schools are placed where they're needed, without regard to the predominating races in the classes. That's a long step forward. But there's another side. You know, I couldn't buy a job for a Negro bartender or commercial truck driver in this town? The same is more or less true of other service jobs—elevator operators, waiters, people like that. But for stenographers and librarians, attorneys or doctors—anybody with a real skill—there isn't much of a commercial race problem. The air isn't entirely free for the nonwhite people, but it's freer, much freer."

If the survey did indicate anything, it was only that very few people come to the Northwest in the hope of getting rich or even of doing much better financially than in other sections of the nation. Rather, the attraction appears to be the life possible for anyone, whether he be a boat enthusiast or a camera bug, a garden lover or a skiing fanatic. Perhaps John Rudolph put his finger on it when he said, "The problem out here is never one of keeping up with the neighbors. The problem is to try to keep up with your own interests."

Certainly there are sobering factors in the economic picture. Miner H. Baker, vice president and economist for the Seattle First National Bank, has authored extensive surveys which do not paint a particularly rosy picture. Both Oregon and Washington have rather high wage scales. The average wage in manufacturing industries is eighty-two dollars a week—representing 22 per cent of Oregon's income and 19 per cent of Washington's. But in only four Washington industries—food processing, transportation equipment (mainly aircraft), lumber and wood products, and paper and pulp—does employment-relative-to-total-population exceed the national average. In seventeen others used as common standards of industrial development, Washington's employment is below average.

Even more sobering is the fact that 63,000 workers in the state are in industries chiefly or totally dependent upon Federal expenditures. Examples are: Boeing (five sixths of its millions of dollars in back orders are for B-52 bombers and other military aircraft and missiles, always subject to cancellation), the Hanford atomic-energy plant, and the Puget Sound Navy Yard. The raising of more hydroelectric dams, the $500,000,000 irrigation of the Columbia basin, construction of aluminum plants, and even further development of ocean shipping, intercontinental airlines and commercial fishing have political aspects which cannot be overlooked. All this means that a young person coming to the Northwest now has a rather good chance for a good job. However, it very likely will be connected, one way or another, to the spending of Government funds, which could be ended, changed or reduced at any time.

By contrast, the food-processing industry is stable. Although the Pacific Northwest pioneered in several new developments, such as the freezing of fresh vegetables and berries, the industry now centers elsewhere. Northwest food processing has remained level, more or less limited by the total crop production and the lack of additional land suitable for expansion, while the industry as a whole has grown enormously in a dozen other states. Northwest aluminum manufacture has increased somewhat, but large increases elsewhere have reduced the Northwest's proportionate share from half the total national production to a third in the last half dozen years. Lumber production is tied to available timber, and the Pacific Northwest is just now approaching a sustained-yield schedule. Thus lumber cannot increase employment greatly in the future. In fact, pulp and paper is the only one of the excess-employment industries with any considerable growth potential.

This isn't likely to have much influence on a young couple eating their hearts out for a place to live where they can have a boat and take a hike in the wooded, snow-capped mountains—but perhaps it should. Mass-production industries continue to be handicapped by the fact that a Portland or Seattle manufacturer must ship almost 2000 miles to the center of the national population, whereas an Iowa or Indiana factory may be less than 500 miles away. Only 3 per cent of the nation's population is in the three and one half states—Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Western Montana—generally considered the Pacific Northwest. Large power users have been attracted northwest in the last two decades, but the situation is beginning to level off. Northwest hydroelectric facilities are nearing capacity loads, and improvement in other power sources has lessened the gap in industrial costs.

By contrast, however, the Northwest does have one great advantage in gushing quantity—water. As a commercial and agricultural factor, this is of obvious importance. Cheap water makes a lot of Northwest wheels go around.

Not that living is necessarily cheap. In Northwest cities, highly unionized, it is not. There is no great pool of unskilled labor, and housekeepers and gardeners both are aware of the scarcity. In Seattle, to have a suit dry-cleaned costs $1.75; and so does a haircut, even for a bald-headed man. Taxi meters trip at fifty cents for the first small fraction of a mile. Auto-repair shops charge $6.50 per hour for labor. Ordinary gasoline costs 31.4 cents a gallon, and delivered milk is twenty-six cents a quart. Furnace oil costs 16.4 cents a gallon. Costs of carpentry and plumbing can give a man heart failure.

But, possibly because of such costs, this is the true home of the do-it-yourself enthusiast, who, at any given moment, may be building anything from a barbecue to a hydroplane with his own little pinkies. Puget Sound and the fast-flowing Columbia River have thousands of pleasure boats, all but a very few representing some owner construction. Any suburb contains at least one rental shop doing a thriving business in paint sprayers and garden tractors. When a sport no longer shows up at the bar, it's not a bad guess that he may be building a house instead.

Weather, materials and terrain contribute to the pleasure of building. Lumber is cheaper than in most areas. Mild winters and cool summers make both air conditioning and special insulation unnecessary. Hillside, water-front or wooded building lots offer special opportunities for unusual houses. And the country is new enough so that an ultramodern house can be put in almost any neighborhood without looking out of place. There are more architects per capita in Portland and Seattle than in most cities, and it's a rare practitioner who won't take time to draw house plans for somebody to build or finish himself.

What can the young, healthy but not necessarily talented find in Northwest living? Land is still cheap in all but the largest urban centers. Not necessarily good farm or timber land, but the cut-over, grown-up-with-brush, pretty-but-useless tracts which abut every municipality. The catch is that it must be cleared to be usable. This is a lush country, west of the Cascades, and nothing is lusher than a wild blackberry vine, growing at incredible speed above and below ground. Commercial clearing of fir-stump land

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often costs more than $200 an acre. For the man doing it himself, the cost is even higher in blisters, aching muscles and frustration.

There also is fine, new, irrigated farm land in the Columbia basin. This last, however, is anything but cheap. A man may easily invest $30,000 to $50,000 by the time he has 160 acres of it in production—and it takes a great many potatoes, in a fluctuating market, even to pay the interest. Veterans receive preference in purchasing this Government-controlled land on long contracts, but even the most optimistic boosters suggest that the veteran know something about irrigated farming before he invests his life savings and his future in the floor of this valley, which was baking desert only four years ago. Blowing topsoil, a rising water table causing the soil to sour, and a few other such problems can't be solved by simple enthusiasm alone.

But the basin is booming, rightly or wrongly. Othello, a sleepy village a few years ago, now has school children from all forty-eight states. Warden, a village of thirty inhabitants during the depression, now is climbing toward 1500 on the strength of 552 nearby farms of around seventy-seven acres each and the expectation that another 77,000 acres soon will have water. Total population in the basin, at 55,000, is more than double the 1950 figure, and it could top 100,000 by 1960. For the farming enthusiast who knows what he's doing, the reward lies in making a valley bloom where only sagebrush and dead hopes were before.

For others, there is almost anything they want. Puget Sound alone has 2800 miles of water-front property, only a fraction of it now occupied—although the newcomer, seeking a reasonably priced water-front home near Tacoma or Seattle, may doubt this. Sites for homes, for mountain or lake cabins, for ski lodges and fishing shacks, are everywhere a man looks on a Sunday drive off the main highways. The man who cannot visualize some sort of house in a setting of firs and rhododendrons beside a quiet salt-water arm just doesn't want a house at all.

What can a man do here? There are most of the ordinary jobs—selling groceries, repairing automobiles, raising cattle, working in factories or offices. But, in addition, there's always the chance that the newcomer may somehow end in an occupation either so glamorous or so unusual that he'll have conversation material for the rest of his life. He can be, if he wishes, a commercial fisherman pulling a purse seine far off the rocky coast; a forest parachutist and fire fighter; a log patrolman cruising the Puget Sound beaches for strayed timber; airplane pilot or mechanic; gatherer of ferns in the deep woods; cougar hunter or high climber in the logging camps; yacht broker or deep-sea diver—the jobs are here for someone.

So are sports. Whether he swims or fishes, skis or hikes, golfs or potters about with boats, only lack of time need stop a man here. Rose fancier and daffodil grower, and the man who just likes to see grass rising thick and green, find private delights. Mountain climber, bird watcher and beachcomber cannot possibly exhaust their possibilities in a lifetime. And for the man who likes just to sit and think—well, in some areas there are days and weeks of rain when that's about the best thing to do.

The Pacific Northwest is a country which has the most mountains, the sweetest water, the juiciest berries and the biggest apples. Within its indefinite borders are pine and fir forests, wide plains and silent, wooded valleys. Winter days are dark and short and wet, and the weather's never certain.

Growing pains are often painfully evident, as when politicians on the lunatic fringe suddenly acquire power, or a congressional committee uncovers an unsavory stew, such as the relationships between Portland municipal officials, teamsters' union leaders and known criminals. Strange figures arise: Dave Beck, the late Congressman Marion Zioncheck, a man who purposed to sail to Alaska in a bathtub, wildcat promoters with more dreams than money. Highways lag behind population, zoning behind building, conservation behind the destruction of forests and game.

This is a teen-age country, with its full share of facial pimples.

There is a difference in the air, however. Here is a country still unfinished, still with work to be done, dreams to be realized. Great dams remain to be built and small garden plots to be wrested from forbidding forests. Perhaps there are fortunes to be made—and certainly there is a lot of living to be done.

The young man heading Northwest may find a job in industry at an average wage of $2.05 per hour. He may have a part of the $250,000,000 potential annual farm production of the Columbia basin. He may, like the Rudolphs, choose to live on one of innumerable islands. He may choose an ordinary job himself. But his neighbor is more likely to be a test pilot or a clam digger than a doctor of philosophy. He may miss some organized culture, or regret that the big Northwestern universities, full of huge, blond Scandinavians, somehow just don't produce football teams which can beat the Big Ten. He may sneer at Northwestern corn-on-the-cob—a poor substitute for the Iowa dish—or complain that the watermelons aren't like those back in Georgia. He may, in long winters, curse the rain and note the lack of really high-salaried jobs.

Nevertheless, he'll stick around, most likely, waiting for the brief summers, thinking about fishing and boating. He'll vote for better roads, and cry in his beer when those superhighways slash through beautiful forests. He'll vote school levies, as a matter of course, and wonder why some of those newcomers—anybody who arrived a day later than he did—don't stay home, so that the schools won't be so crowded. He'll claim for his very own the big jet airplanes overhead—and the bigger mountains, as if he'd built them too. He'll talk about progress with one side of his mouth, and with the other call down the lightning on whatever industry or new development harms the salmon fishing.

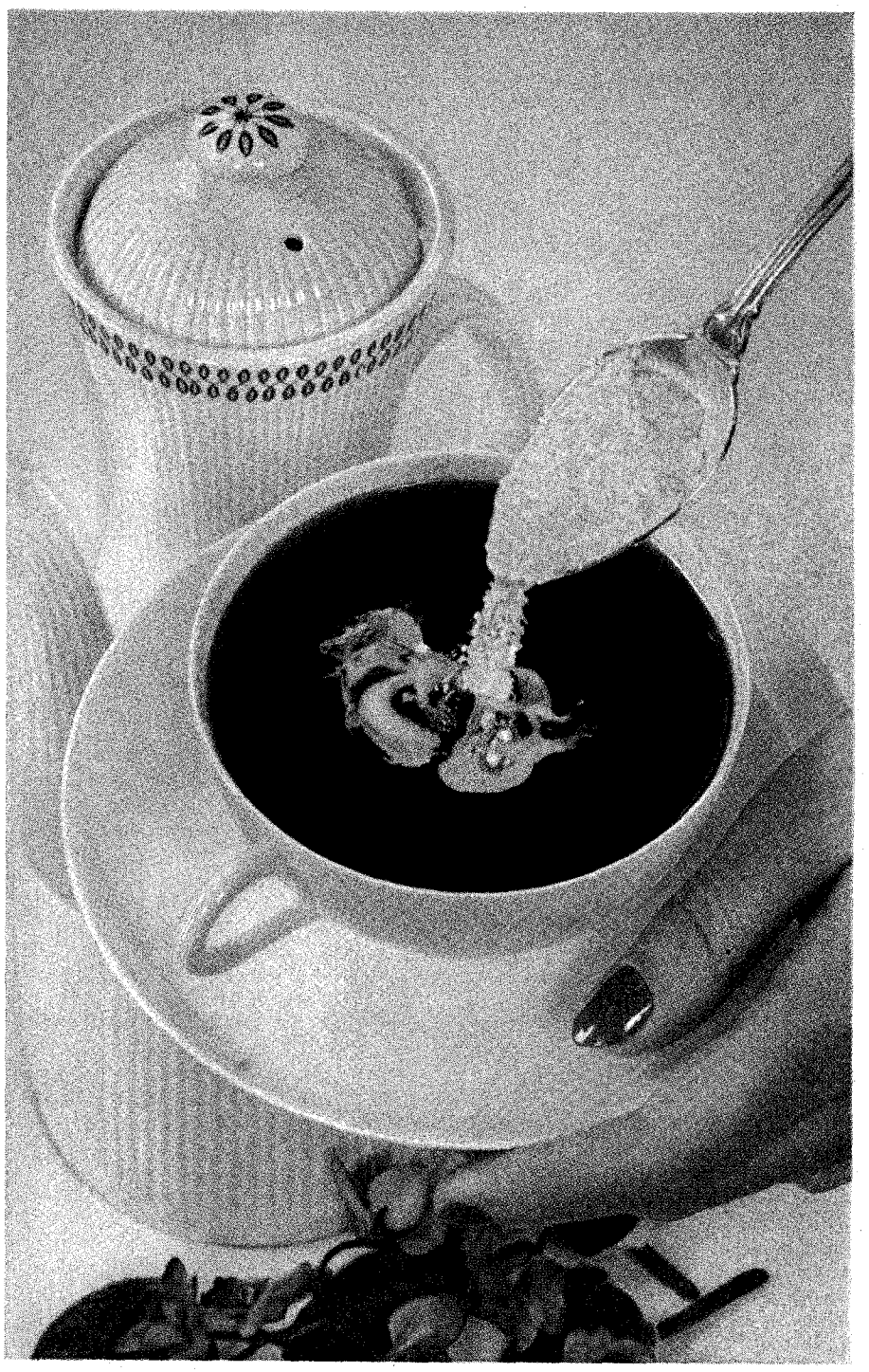
But certainly he'll stay here in the green land, although sometimes he may have difficulty in explaining precisely why he did. This is a thing I understand—because, you see, I never went home to Kansas myself.

THE END

End of the Weekend

The silent couples now
re-enter town,
To sullenness submitting.
How much the Sunday
traffic's got them down!
How far apart they're
sitting!

By Laurence Eisenlohr



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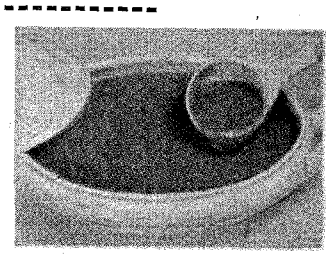
You'll love the fresh taste and the convenience of PREAM!

You'll love new instant Pream, the delicious coffee "creamer." It's made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products, by the exclusive Pream process.

Get Pream® in the Regular jar or New Economy Size that "creams" up to 70 cups of coffee. It never spills or spoils . . . stays fresh tasting in daily use! If you like it "with," you'll love it with Pream!

new recipe! BEST PEA SOUP EVER—

Combine canned pea soup and water as directed on label. Add 3 tbsp. Pream to 10½- or 11-ounce can; stir to blend. Heat and serve . . . and enjoy!



FREE RECIPE FOLDER! Write Sally Ross, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 447, Columbus 16, Ohio.

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I'm the Jealous Type (Continued from Page 31)

home at night after taking a lot of guff from the shop boss all day. I don't even say anything; I don't even say I'm not taking her out. I don't say anything.

"So what happened?" I say. "So the kids got into a little trouble? They never got into no trouble before?"

"We're not talking about the children," she says grimly.

"We're not talkin' about nothin', yet," I tell her. "I ain't even got my hat off."

"When was the last time we went out?" she says like she's the d.a. working on some poor bum got himself into trouble.

"Look," I say, "we gettin' into this again?"

"Maybe," she says slowly, "you don't want to take me out, Manny Keefe, there's somebody else will. What do you think of that?"

"I think you're nuts," I tell her right off. "You ain't twenty-one any more; you got two kids, an' you been watchin' too many o' these TV shows where the wife winds up with some dark, handsome guy chasin' her around. It don't happen in real life, baby. I ain't dark ——"

"And you're not handsome," she retorts, "and you'd rather flop on the couch nights and watch the ball games than see the Queen of England coronated."

"Well," I say, and I'm getting a little steamed up now, "if we're gonna start insultin' each other, I got a couple pretty good insults saved up from the last argument we had, an' which I forgot to use that time."

This gets me nowhere, as you can imagine; this gets me burned pork chops for supper, and I think she leaves them in the pan deliberately so's they'll get nice and black and you can break the meat off with your fingers.

This is the night, too, my brother Al, who used to be a middleweight fighter, and who now drives a hack around Borough Hall, Brooklyn, pops in for supper.

Brother Al is a real character, the kind you read about in books about Brooklyn. He eats his breakfast with his cap on, and when he talks to you he keeps jabbing you in the shoulder with his fist till you're black and blue. This is a guy who don't have no culture at all. He's in his middle thirties, but he never married, and he's around here pretty often because the kids are crazy about him, and he gets tired of eating in hash houses.

He don't knock when he comes in either. Tonight I don't care, because he's clutching three tickets in his hand, and he's grinning like a cat.

"This fare I used to know, Manny," he says. "This Joe by the name of Abramowitz used to promote the matches at the old Colony. Now he's handlin' the wrestlin' racket, an' he hands me these pasteboards for the matches tonight. How do you like that?"

"Wrestlin' matches?" I say thoughtfully, and I look over at Mabel at the kitchen stove. "They're free?" I say.

"So now you think you might take me out," she says. "Now, if I can get Mildred Armbruster next door to watch the children tonight it won't cost you a cent, unless you figured on buying me a bag of popcorn."

"All right," I tell her. "Let's look at it this way. We're not rollin' in dough, an' Al, here, comes in with three tickets for the wrestlin' matches. How many women go to the wrestlin' matches, Al?"

"Plenty," he says. "Women go nuts about wrestlers."

"Why couldn't he come in with tickets to a good show?" Mabel wants to know.

"This Abramowitz don't handle no shows," Al grins. "Only wrestlin' matches. You get your duds on, baby, an' we'll hop in my hack an' be down there for the first match."

Mabel lifts her eyes to the ceiling. "It won't even cost him any trolley fare," she says. "This is your lucky day, Manny Keefe."

"So what are we tryin' to do here," I say, "make it tough for me? I ain't got it tough enough?"

"All right," she says. "We'll go to the wrestling matches. Anything to get out of this house."

"An' what's so bad about this house?" I ask her.

"Let's not go into that again," she says.

"You'll like it," Al says. "Women go nuts about wrestlin'."

"Everybody likes wrestlin'," I chime in, but I wouldn't pay a dime, cash, to see the bums flop each other.

"I said I'd go," Mabel smiles sweetly. "You don't have to twist my arm any more, Manny."

"This is for you," I say. "If I had my way I'd just as soon sit home, an' ——"

"I know," Mabel says. "Al saved the day for me."

This is the way we go to the wrestling matches in brother Al's cab, and all the way to the arena Mabel is saying, "I am sure I'll enjoy wrestling very much. I can't think of any place I'd rather go than to the wrestling matches."

Then she gives that little laugh. You know the kind.

"Women go nuts about wrestlin'," Al says. "Wait'll you see it, Mabel."

"I can't wait," Mabel tells him. "I'm dying. What's playing at Loew's tonight, Manny?"

"Never mind Loew's," I say.

We have pretty good seats for this affair because who can't get good seats for a wrestling match? There must be fifty guys in the place watching it, live, and thirty million watching on TV where it's free. Half of the fifty guys are women, and I see that this surprises Mabel right off.

"They all get free tickets?" she asks.

"Look," I tell her, "plenty o' guys pay money to see wrestlin'."

"You're not one of them," she says, and she starts looking around the place to see what kind of hats the other women have on.

She's not nuts about wrestling, as Al figured she would be. She watches these big bums push each other around the ring, and grunt and squirm, and make faces like they were being killed, when everybody knows it's a gag, and I see she's a little bored.

These characters in the ring are nothing to look at either. There's one guy comes in with a beard down to his chest, and a bald head. He's supposed to be the maharaja of some place or other. You see guys with no hair, and then you see guys with hair down to their shoulders and in curls. There are big guys and there are little pudgy guys with pot bellies.

There's one guy goes by the name of Cowboy Jones or something, and he comes into the ring in full cowboy costume, ten-gallon hat and all; and then there's a Chief Running Buck, who has on his war paint, and who looks like he could easy have come from the Bronx.

They're in and they're out, and brother Al is booing the lot of them, which is what he came down for.

"I can lick the bunch of 'em," he says to me confidentially. "Put 'em all in the ring at the same time with me an' I'll flatten 'em. You know all wrestlers are punch drunk?"

"That right?" I say.

"It's them headlocks," he explains. "They get squeezed around the ears, an' it makes 'em slap happy."

Mabel is having a dull night till the main event goes on. She's sitting there, bored to death, studying hats, letting Al and me do the talking. Maybe it's different. Anyway, it's not like being home doing dishes, or sweeping the floor, or ironing. It's different.

The last match of the night they have this guy who goes by the name of Jack Colossus who is supposed to be the champion of all Greece, and who likely never got any closer to Greece than his father's restaurant on Third Avenue.

This guy is different from all the others because he's normal. Everybody comes into the ring is made up like he's somebody he's not. This Colossus guy looks like a wrestler and nothing else, so that's his gimmick. He's wearing a plain white robe as he climbs into the ring, and nothing on his head—no Indian feathers, no Hindu turban.

He's tall, too, not like some of the beer barrels they've been rolling in here tonight, and when he takes off his robe you hear the women start to murmur. This guy has it. He's a Greek god if there ever was one—black curly hair, a rich brown complexion, gleaming white teeth, and a build like that guy who carries the world on his back.

Brother Al says, "Maybe we get some wrestlin' now, Manny. All we have here tonight is bums."

I say to Mabel, "How do you like the matches, baby?"

I don't get no reply. She's just looking toward the ring, and she's not looking at hats now as far as I can see, because there's no hats in the ring. I take it that she's looking at this Colossus guy. He's standing there in his corner, head and shoulders over the other guys around him, smiling, nodding to a few acquaintances. He don't leer and snarl like the others; he don't sing any songs or kneel down and pray to his gods, whoever they might be. He stands there like a wrestler, like they took him off the pedestal in one of them museums.

"Mabel?" I say.

"What?" she asks.

"You havin' a good time?"

"It's all right," she says.

This is like you give a kid a gallon of ice cream and a big boxful of candy, and you ask him does he like it, and he says it's all right. You know what I mean?

I watch her out of the corner of my eye. "That Colossus," I say, "is champeen of all Greece, it says on the card."

"Is he good?" she asks.

"They're all bums," I tell her, waiting for the comeback. "Whole thing is faked. Everybody knows who's gonna win in advance."

"Then why are we here?"

"You wanna go home?" I leer at her.

"We might as well stay to the finish," she says, as if I didn't know she'd say that.

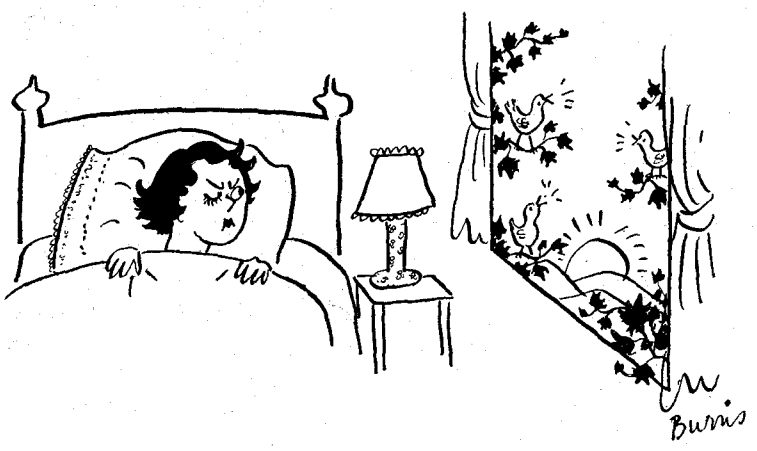
I was to look at some dame the way she's looking at this Greek dishwasher and I don't hear the last of it for six months. But this is all right. You know what I mean? When it's in reverse, it's all right.

Colossus is wrestling a bum by the name of Sir Gordon Chadwick, who is supposed to be a earl or somebody from England. He wears a monocle in the ring, and he hands the monocle and his robe to a little poker-faced valet in a swallow-tail coat who stands next to him in his corner.

"This guy's supposed to be a oil," Al yelps as he's reading the card. "The Oil o' Chadwick. How do you like that, Manny? I'll bet Collar-soos throws him up into the rafters."

I have a look at Mabel, and I say, "What do you think of the oil, Mabel?"

"Who?" she says.



The Perfect Squelch

The very young and thoroughly spoiled English war bride was visiting American relatives of her husband for the first time. There, while her husband squirmed and her hostess simmered, she complained constantly about the discomforts of American life and pointed out how much better they did things in England.

One morning at breakfast, when her hostess politely expressed the hope that she had slept well, she announced flatly, "I didn't sleep well at all. I've been awake since dawn. Those awful birds in the ivy around my bedroom window. So frightfully noisy. I simply can't see how you stand it."

"But I don't understand that," her hostess said quietly. "After all, they are *English* sparrows, and it's *English* ivy."

Nancy Allen

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"Never mind," I growl.

So I don't talk no more, and I'm beginning to wish we'd gone to a movie or something. You don't see guys like this Colossus in the movies. This guy makes about two Clark Gables, and maybe seven Frank Sinatras.

I guess they got the script for this one worked out pretty well because they got it down pat. I hear some of these guys go from town to town putting on the same act, with one night one guy winning, and the next night somebody else taking the falls.

It starts off with the referee giving them instructions out in the center of the ring, and then Sir Gordon, who is supposed to be a gentleman, takes a glove from his valet and slaps Colossus across the puss with it.

All the women hop up, boiling mad, and they're calling for his blood. So tonight Sir Gordon is the heavy, which means that he'll be throwing the Greek all over the ring for the first part of the match, and then at the last minute when you figure Colossus is washed up he'll suddenly go stark mad and mop up the ring with Sir Gordon, throwing him within a few seconds of the time the big wrestling moguls decided upon.

The slap in the puss don't seem to bother Colossus too much because he's such a nice guy, but he gets a glint in his dark eyes which you can see way back in the fifteenth row. This guy is a actor too.

There's a lot of noise in the place, and plenty of booing and catcalls for Sir Gordon as they start to circle each other. Colossus is taller, but the earl is heavier in the body, and he has a belly on him. He has light hair, parted in the middle and flattened on his head, and he's older than the Greek.

Brother Al is yelling, "Kill him, Collarsoos! Kill him!"

Like I figured, though, it's Sir Gordon does all the killing in the beginning. He gets an armlock on the Greek and twists his arm so you think it's coming off, and then he gets a toe hold and bends Colossus' leg back till his toe is almost touching his head.

The women are all screaming. Mabel is just watching; and she's too cagey to let on, but I know that she's taking all this phony punishment along with the Greek.

Then Sir Gordon smacks Colossus on the chin with his elbow, and Colossus takes a flying flop. He gets up on rubbery legs, but he's game, and he stumbles in, only to take another elbow which drapes him across the ropes. Sir Gordon works on him with both elbows now, and the referee walks around them, scowling and shaking his head, and warning them that this is illegal, but not doing anything about it like they always do.

Sir Gordon picks up the Greek in a body hold and flops him down like a sack of wheat on the canvas. The whole building seems to shake when he hits.

I say, "It don't hurt them bums."

Mabel don't say anything.

Sir Gordon has another toe hold, and now he's twisting Colossus' foot around and around like he was grinding coffee, and the Greek is pounding the canvas with both fists, and you can hear him groaning.

You can see how much pressure Sir Gordon is putting into this hold. The guy has a few muscles in his arms, along with those in his belly, and his muscles aren't even tense. He's putting on all the pressure with his face, and making it seem like he's killing the dishwasher.

So Colossus finally breaks the hold by kicking the earl in the teeth with his other foot. The crowd goes crazy—that is, the *women in the crowd. I figure it out now* that the men here are only escorting their wives. They know what's going on, but the wives won't believe it, so they drag the husbands down here week after week to see the matches.

Colossus is up, limping around, with Sir Gordon following him, both arms hanging at his sides like a gorilla, moving in for the kill. This is when Colossus suddenly comes to life. What happened to the limp I don't know, but he goes mad, and starts taking flying tackles at Sir Gordon.

He hits Sir Gordon in the belly with his head, and bangs him into the ropes, and then he's up again with another flying tackle as Sir Gordon staggers up and tries to run.

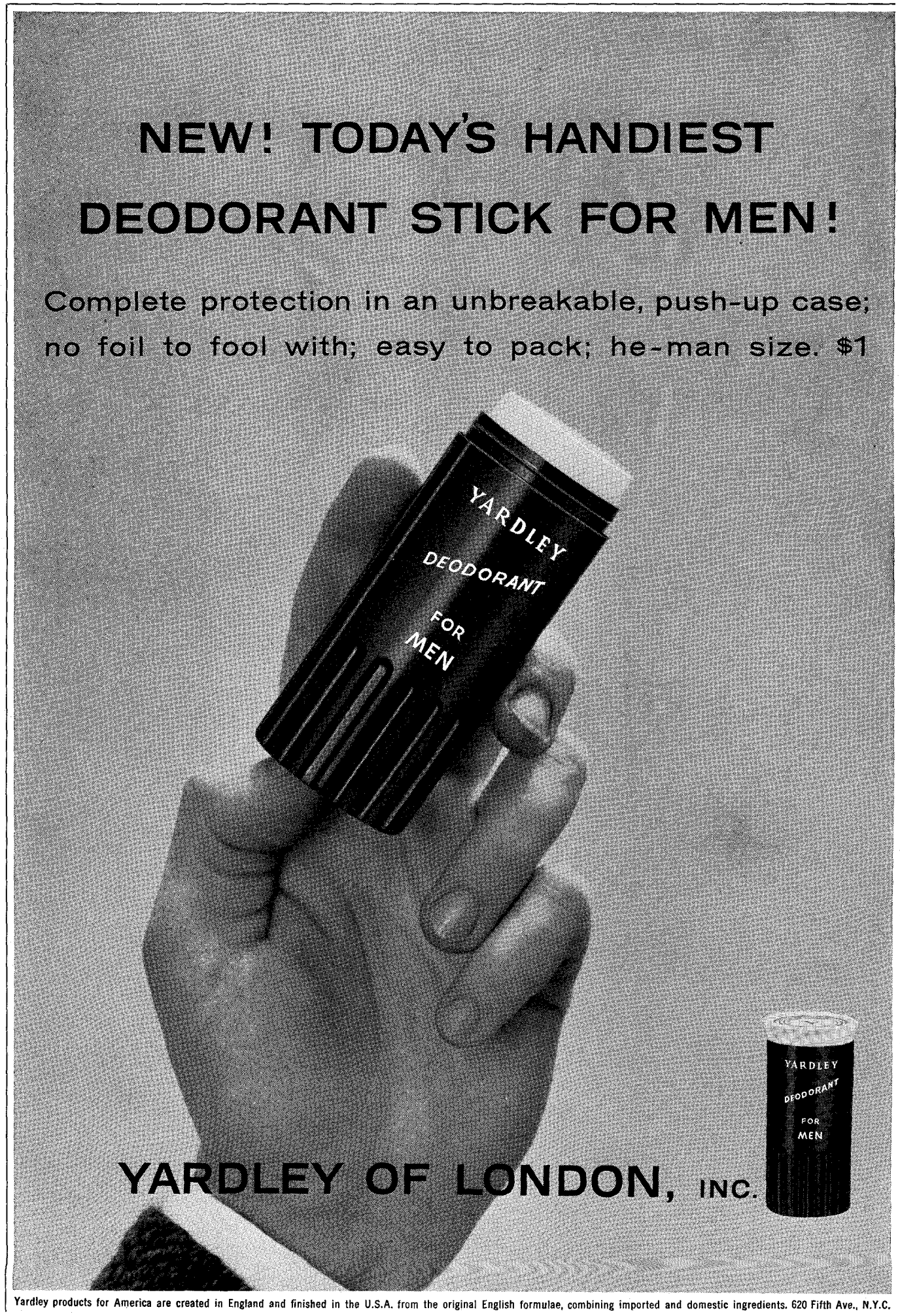
So now it's the earl on his horse, with Colossus after him, and the women screaming like crazy. Colossus hits him with about nine flying tackles in a row, and the earl is walking around on Queer Street.

He tries to crawl through the ropes and get the next boat back to his estate in Sussex on the Buttocks, but the referee orders him back in to take his punishment like a man.

The women scream that he's a coward; they plead for Colossus to tear him limb from limb and eat the pieces, and the Greek acts like he's going to do it.

He flips the earl over and smashes him on his back. When Gordon gets up, he gets another one, and I think I see a little frown of annoyance on the earl's face, which indicates that he don't like this extra enthusiasm Colossus is putting into his work.

So there's another flying tackle, and another body heave, and then the earl is flat on his back on the canvas with Colossus on top of him, and the earl is flapping like a fish trying to get loose.



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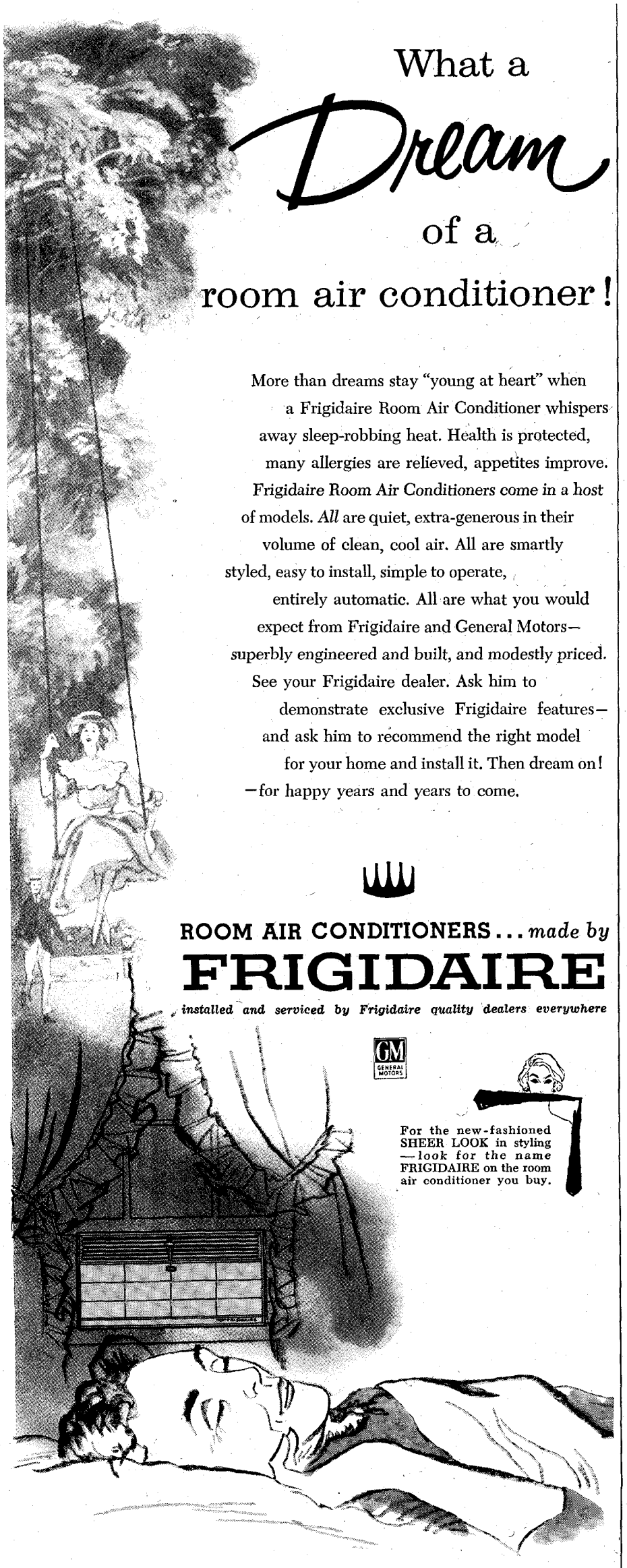

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The referee is down on his knees squinting under the earl's shoulders, and then he slaps Colossus on the back, and the Greek hops up, the winner.

Everybody's standing up, and the women are acting like their husbands all bought them mink coats. I clap a few times myself, not because I care who won, but the guys put on a nice act, and that's what you pay for, even though this one I didn't pay for.

I say to Mabel, "That's all, Mabel, an' that's tough, ain't it?"

She don't say anything. There's a lot of noise around us, and maybe she don't hear it, and maybe she does. You know?

The earl follows Colossus up the aisle to the dressing room, and I notice that there's a little mouse over Sir Gordon's left eye, the one which don't have the monocle. I see he's a little peeved, too, because he figures Colossus overdid it tonight, which means that if they're putting on this act tomorrow night over in Squeedunk, New Jersey, or some place like that, and it's the earl's turn to win, Colossus will get paid back.

So we're walking out to the cab in the parking lot, and brother Al says, "So how'd you like it, Mabel?"

"She had quite a time," I say, and I give her another one of those looks.

This don't even get a rise out of her, and it's got me really worried now. I'd a thousand times rather have her hacking away at me like she usually does than have her mooning over some other guy, even though he's a wrestler she won't meet in a million years.

You know how it is. You're a married man, and you have two kids, and a nice little flat in Brooklyn. You want to keep it that way. You don't want some big bum with curly hair and white teeth, and a build like that guy holds the world on his back, coming in between your wife and yourself, even if it's only in dreams. You know what I mean?

All the way back to Flatbush she don't say much as we sit in the cab and listen to Al yacking away up front.

"Them wrestlers," Al says. "They're all cards. Every one of 'em. Most of 'em are punch-drunk. I ever tell you that, Manny?"

"I know," I say.

"That Collar-soos give the oil a bangin' around, didn't he?"

"He banged him," I say.

I look at Mabel and she don't say anything. She's just sitting there, looking out the window. This is the way you should go home with your wife who you just took out, even if it didn't cost any money?

"Well," I say to her, "maybe we'll try this again."

This is the bait in the trap to see what she'll say.

She says, "Maybe."

She's too smart to come right out with it, you know. If I told her this Colossus was wrestling tomorrow night way up in Yonkers somewhere, she'd be waiting for me in her hat and coat when I came home from work, ready to go.

So the rest of the way home I don't have much to say, either, and Al calls back to us once, "Everybody tired from watchin' them wrestlin' bums?"

"Thanks for the tickets, Al," I say, and I'm thinking to myself, *Thanks for nothin'*.

Not that it's Al's fault. He meant well, but it didn't turn out right. You don't figure when you go to a wrestling match that your wife will be falling for one of the contestants. You go out once in a blue moon, and this is what happens. So from now on, it's feet up on a chair and the Brooklyn ball games on TV, and Mabel stays in the kitchen where it's safe.

Only trouble is, the damage is done already. I got a picture in my mind of Mabel moping around all day, and when I come home at night she's wishing it's somebody else coming through the door. This is how it gets you. You think like this for any length of time and you wind up in Bellevue in the observation ward.

She's still rather quiet when I leave for work the next morning, taking the bus over to this corrugated-box factory in Greenpoint. I tell my troubles to Jake Garfinkle, who works on the same loading platform with me, and who has been a good friend for more years than I can remember.

"How do you like that," I say to Jake. "You take your wife out an' she goes ga-ga over another guy, a wrestler no less."

"So it should be a guy on the next block?" Jake asks. "Or the milkman? A wrestler can be ten thousand miles away. How close is the milkman?"

"It ain't right," I scowl. "You work an' sweat like a dog, an' you bring up two kids, an' she ends up fallin' for some stumble bum who has nice teeth."

"That's all he has?" Jake grins.

"So he's six two, an' he weighs two hunnert and twenty pounds, an' none of it is belly. Mabel knew she wasn't gettin' no circus strong man when she married me."

We're eating our lunch out on the loading platform, and Jake sinks his teeth into a salami sandwich.

"All right," he says, "so I'll talk to you like a friend, Manny, which is what you are. I'm married twenny-one years. Right?"

"O.K.," I growl.

"So I know more about women than maybe you do? Right?"

"Get to it," I tell him.

"Women don't like to be forgot."

"Come again?" I say.

"So I'll start from the beginning," Jake says. "I'm married two years to my wife, Gussie, when she falls for this Benny Grubmeier. The guy even calls her on the phone once, an' what is he? A butcher; a fat, round-faced little butcher."

"For cryin' out loud," I say, and already I'm thinking of Colossus parked in my kitchen. "They work that fast?" I say.

"You know what she says to me, Manny?" Jake goes on. "She says, 'You don't know I'm alive, Mr. Garfinkle. You take me for granted. We don't go nowhere; we don't see nothin'. You don't bring me anything.'

"Food I bring you," I tell her. "Clothes, a roof over your head I bring you; milk in bottles for the baby."

I watch Jake working on that salami sandwich, and I say, "That's the stuff, Jake."

"She says it ain't enough," Jake goes on. "'You can't take me for granted,' she keeps sayin'; an' that's where they have us, Manny, boy."

"They do?" I say.

"You gotta take 'em out once in a while," Jake says philosophically. "You gotta bring 'em a present. You don't, an' pretty soon they start figurin' what a guy like Grubmeier would do for 'em if they was married to him. You know what I mean?"

"I kind of get the angle, all right."

"It ain't Grubmeier," Jake says, "an' it ain't this big bum wrestler they like. It's us, but we gotta help a little, Manny."

So I start figuring the thing out while Jake is finishing his salami sandwich, and I begin to think that maybe he's got something. Here's a guy who's been through the mill.

"Don't ever take 'em for granted," Jake Garfinkle says with a mouthful of salami. "Take 'em out; presents; the works."

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This guy is beginning to sound like a broken phonograph record, but he could be very right.

Going home on the bus that night I'm thinking that from now on it'll be different. So we'll go out once in a while, not to the wrestling matches, but we'll go out, and when I put in a little overtime, maybe I'll get her a present. You don't have to spend a million dollars. Mabel knows what I make to the penny, even the overtime.

So I'm going home, and I'm telling myself that it's to be a new deal. It'll be like it was when we were first married. She wants to go to the movies once in a while. O.K., we'll go to the movies tonight.

So I barge into the kitchen this night at about five-thirty. The kids are still outside playing, and we're alone. It's been a pretty hot day, and Mabel looks like she's been through the wringer again, so maybe the kids have been giving her a rough time.

I say, "Baby, how about a movie tonight?"

She don't even look around. She's frying something at the stove, and she says over her shoulder, "I don't want to go to the movies tonight, Manny."

"What?" I say. I don't get this.

"I don't want to go," she says.

So this Jake Garfinkle don't have all the answers, after all.

"Look," I tell her. "I wanna take you to the movies."

"And I don't want to go," she says. "Is that wrong? Is that a crime?"

"It ain't no crime," I tell her, "exceptin' that for twelve years you been tellin' me you want to go out once in a while, so tonight I ask you to go out, an' you say you don't wanna go. Who's crazy around here anyway?"

"Manny," she says, "we were out last night and we got home late, and I've had a hard time with the washing and the ironing and cleaning today; and I don't want to go out tonight. I'd rather sit out on the stoop and just rest."

So now I'm beginning to get it. She's talking about last night again, and that big bum, Colossus, is in the back of her mind. It's not that she don't want to go to the movies; she don't particularly want to go to the movies with *me!*

She's setting the supper dishes out on the table, and I watch her, and I'm coming to a slow boil, but quick.

"So you don't wanna go to the movies?" I say softly. "Not with me, anyhow. How would you like to go to the movies with that bum, Colossus?"

"Who?" she says, and she looks a little surprised, so I got her.

"Colossus," I yell. "C-O-L——"

"You don't have to spell it, Manny," she says. "You mean that wrestler last night?"

"That's who I mean," I say. "That wrestler last night. That big bum with the nice brown eyes, an' who has all of his hair where I lost a hell of a lot o' mine worryin' about makin' a livin' for you an' the two kids. Lemme tell you this before you go out on the stoop an' moon over a stumble-bum wrestler. I'm the guy you married twelve years ago, an' I'm the guy's been bringin' home the bacon ever since. I'm the guy who sweats it out when the bills can't be paid, an' the kids get sick. I'm the guy ——"

I stop now because she's just standing there, and she's smiling at me. She ain't even mad, and this is the first time in our married life I let her have it and she didn't give me both barrels back, but quick.

"What's the matter with you?" I ask her. This is not the way a argument should be carried out. You don't smile in arguments; you throw things.

"Manny," she says softly, "I think you're jealous."

"Jealous!" I yell. "Of that big bum!"

"You were jealous, Manny, dear," she says, and she comes over to me. "You really were, weren't you?"

"So I shouldn't be jealous?" I say. "You sat there last night moonin' over that bum, an' tonight you wanna moon some more."

She's still smiling. "I was tired last night, Manny, and the wrestling was boring. I've had a hard day today, and I just don't want to get dressed and go out." She comes up close to me and she says, "You really were jealous, weren't you, Manny?"

"O.K.," I growl, "so I was jealous, but from now on it's gonna be different around here. We're goin' out once in a while. I'm not sittin' home watchin' the ball games all the time. Plenty o' nights Brooklyn's on the road, anyway. We're goin' out."

"That's nice, Manny, dear," she says. "I'm glad you were jealous. We don't really have to go out."

"What?" I say.

"It's just nice to know that you want to take me out, Manny. That's all I want."

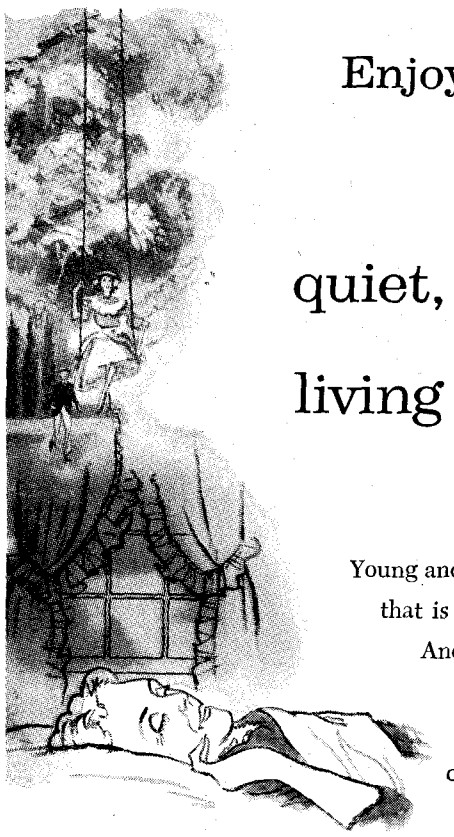
For crying out loud, I'm thinking. *You don't have to take 'em out or buy 'em presents, or anything. You just have to tell 'em you're jealous! That seems to do the trick, and it's cheaper too!*

Going out once in a while don't hurt, though, and the same goes for buying presents. You know what I mean? You want to keep out of trouble?

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"On the other hand, I eat very little at breakfast and dinner."



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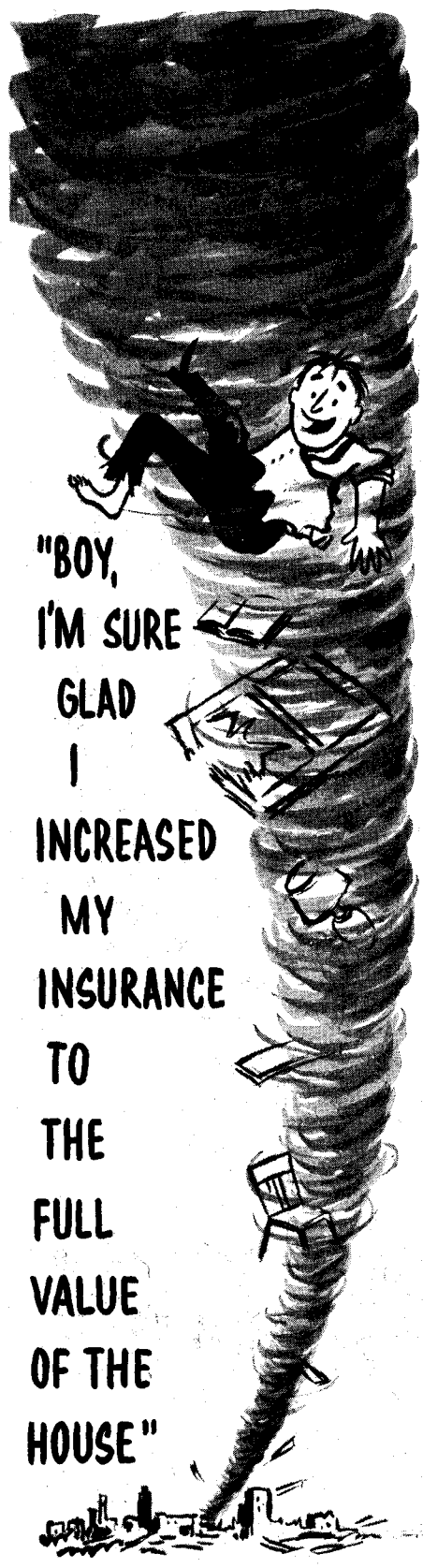

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We Were Trapped by Radioactive Fallout

(Continued from Page 19)

to determine that no other personnel are in or near the shot island. We are pretty darn sure the bomb won't go off when we arm it, but with the complex circuitry involved there is always the one chance in a million that something might go wrong.

Barney and Herb accompanied me to the artificial sandspit which was ground zero. This "island" had been dredged up out of the coral sand so that it could be in the most advantageous position for the shot. As a safety precaution, we always have someone else along to check every action of the person arming the device just to make doubly certain that each step is done correctly. Much of the work in an atomic test can be done by automation, but for all the experimental bomb tests so far we have done the arming by hand.

All went according to plan, however, and I made the final connections which armed the bomb. We quickly got into the helicopters and headed back, retracing our path to close the switches I had locked open earlier in the day. The pilots could easily follow the white-coral shoreline and we got back to Enyu about midnight. The men who had been checking things at the control point took our places in the helicopters, which then scooted off to join their ships, already headed away from the shot site.

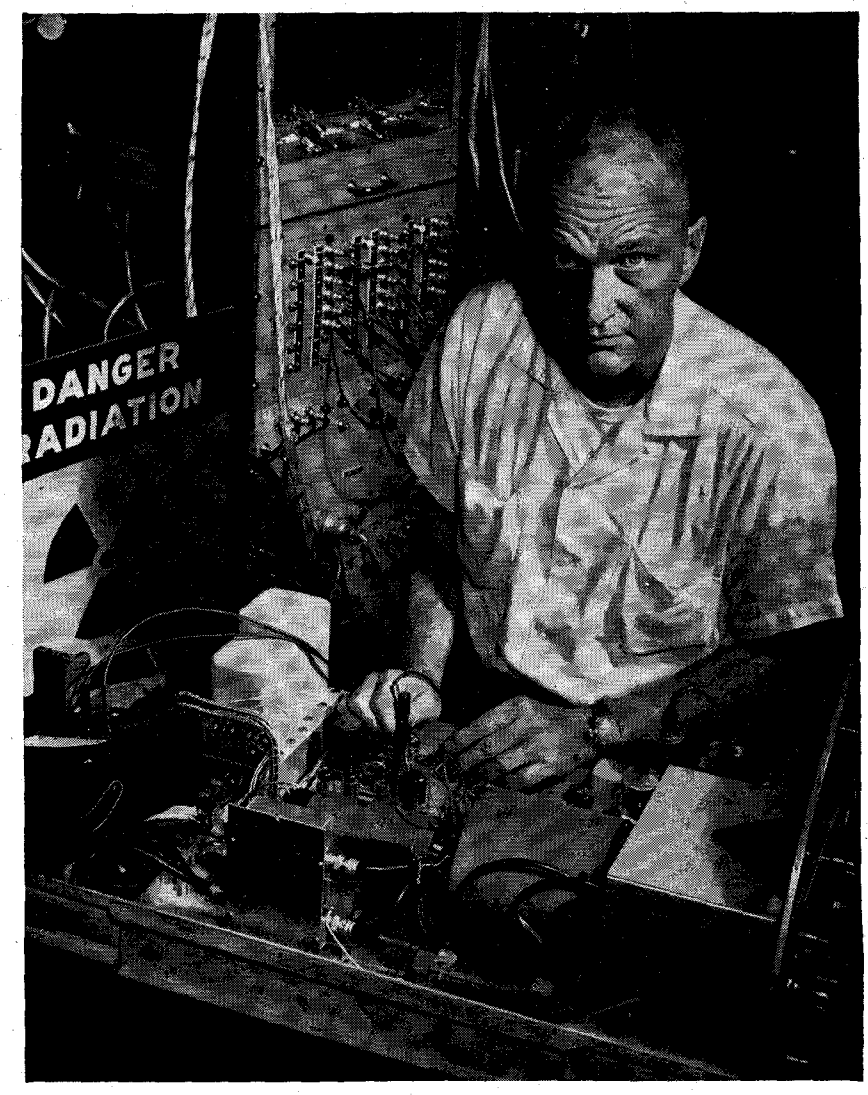
There were nine of us remaining in the blockhouse. In addition to Doctor Felt, O'Keefe, Grier and myself, there were Dr. Harold Stewart, a scientist from the Naval Research Laboratory; Lt. Douglas Cochrane, a radio expert; John L. Sanderson, of Holmes & Narver, Los Angeles contractors who did the construction work; and two radio technicians, Airman First Class Gerald Scarpino and Master Sergeant Alton Greene.

We made our last-minute checkouts of circuits and then waited for the final weather reports from the command ship. Around three A.M.—zero hour was scheduled for shortly before daybreak—the scientific director radioed, "We have just had the weather briefing and we agreed to continue. So go ahead and start the count-down."

Herb Grier, who was making the time announcements, waited for the tone from WWV, the world-wide standard-time station. "It is now minus two hours," announced Grier at the beep of the signal. Almost 100 miles away, on small islands in the atolls of Rongelap, Rongerik and Utirik, technicians from an American military weather group checked their watches and recording devices. At other points on the ocean, personnel on ship-instrumentation stations synchronized their time settings. And in the air, pilots and navigators co-ordinated with our announcement to make certain they would be at their correct position at shot time. Other aircraft had already completed search flights in the area and had seen no stray ships. Apparently, as we found out later, they somehow failed to spot the little Japanese trawler Fukuryu Maru—the Fortunate Dragon—fishing about seventy miles off our shot island.

At minus one hour we started our final preparations. I told John Sanderson to button up the generators in a nearby concrete bunker and to secure the control building. After closing the doors to the structure housing the generators, Sanderson climbed a ladder outside our blockhouse to put metal plates and gaskets over the air-conditioning vents. He then entered the blockhouse and sealed the submarine hatch which had been installed as our only door and which was completely watertight and blastproof.

At H hour minus fifteen minutes I told Grier to push the button on the automatic sequence timer. Contrary to popular belief, we don't push a button to set off the bomb. Everything is done electrically by the sequence timer, although up until the last second I can pull a switch to stop the bomb from going off. Also there are "no-go" devices built into the circuitry which automatically prevent the detonation should any of the primary experiments not be ready to function properly. There are hundreds of experiments conducted during most nuclear detonations, but we usually limit those which can lock out a detonation to four or five. However, some of these four or five circuits are closed so late that even at the last second we are not sure that a no-go device won't halt the test.



Dr. Harold Stewart, Naval Research Laboratory scientist, was one of nine men caught by the H-bomb fallout.

Those last few seconds in the control room are always quite tense. We keep watching the control panel, where lights flash from red to green to show when experiments and circuits are ready to operate. Some remote-controlled cameras near the bomb are not turned on until between minus three quarters of a second and minus a half second. We would rather not have to rely on such delicate timing, but these ultra-high-speed cameras work at a rate of over 1,000,000 frames a second and require split-second control.

The purpose of nuclear detonations is always to obtain experimental data, and it would be a waste of money and months of scientific effort if the bomb went off and the recording equipment was not in complete readiness.

After the sequence timer had been started, we all gathered in the control room for a final briefing. I requested that all who were not needed in the control room should stand in the hall. I told them that although we expected no difficulty, there would be a ground shock shortly after the bomb went off. This would be followed by the air shock wave, which, at twenty miles' distance, would probably do no great damage. Finally, there was the possibility of a tidal wave sweeping over the building. If it came, it was due at about H plus seven minutes. I told them I had agreed with Doctor Graves that, inasmuch as we had no observation windows, we would wait until H plus fifteen minutes before "unbuttoning" the building, to make absolutely sure we were not under water.

At H minus ten minutes, Grier, O'Keefe and Lieutenant Cochrane manned posts at the control panel. Hal Stewart was in a nearby room where he had his spectrographic instruments, and I stayed in the center of the control room.

"At the next tone it will be H minus one minute," announced Grier a few minutes later.

"Thirty seconds," announced Grier. "Fifteen. . . ." All except two of the lights were green. "Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five. . . ." All was absolutely quiet except for the soft whining of the sequence timer. "Four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . zero."

I looked at the panel; all the lights were green. We knew the bomb should have detonated.

"How did it go, Al?" I called on the radio to Doctor Graves, forty miles away on the command ship.

"It's a good one," he answered.

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Inside our blockhouse we still had no physical evidence that anything had happened, but we braced ourselves against a possible sharp ground shock.

It came—but not as expected. Less than twenty seconds after zero, the entire building started slowly rocking in an indescribable way. I grabbed the side of the control panel for support. Some of the men just sat down on the floor. I had been in earthquakes before, but never anything like this. It lasted only a few seconds, but just as we were breathing easier, another ground shock hit us, with the same undulating motion. Then, a minute later, came the air blast. First the overpressure, then the sucking out by the underpressure. The concrete building creaked, but stayed firm. A few yards away, as we found out later, frame buildings had been blown down by the hurricane winds from the blast.

Immediately after the air blast, Felt noticed some water coming in through the conduits behind the control panel. And about the same time water in the lavatory started shooting up to the ceiling. I radioed the information to Doctor Graves, who was as perplexed as we were. Water effects were not expected for six more minutes. We later found out that this water had been forced up from the lagoon by the overpressure created from the air blast, and had come in through pipes and conduits.

For the next few minutes nothing happened. We waited for any possible tidal-wave effect.

H plus seven minutes went by. Nothing happened. H plus ten minutes. Finally, at H plus fourteen, I radioed Doctor Graves and told him we would open the door. Cautiously, Sanderson moved the steel plate to make sure we were not under water. When nothing happened, he opened the door. Everything was calm outside.

While I stayed inside to man the radio, the others went out to look at the "mushroom." In a couple of minutes, Grier came back to relieve me at the radio and I went outside, taking along a Geiger counter. The shot cloud had spread out and was pure white. It was an awesome sight. I casually placed the radiation counter on top of a fence outside the door and turned away to talk to Gaelen Felt, who was pointing out that the blast had torn the doors open on his instrument trailers nearby. All of a sudden I noted that the radiation meter was already reading eight milliroentgen. That meant we were receiving radiation at the rate of 8/1000 of a roentgen per hour, far less than would be received from an ordinary chest X ray.

While we watched, the counter went up to twenty milliroentgen, then to forty. While this was not yet a dangerous amount of radioactivity, there should not have been any radiation at the distance we were from the bomb blast. It could mean only one thing: we were already getting fallout. We could hardly believe it. The wind was supposed to take the fallout in almost an opposite direction. But our Geiger counters were registering radioactivity, and counters are usually accurate.

After the counter reached fifty milliroentgen, I had to turn the knob to change scales. The pointer kept climbing. I called for everyone to get inside. It still was far below dangerous radiation levels, but we had no idea how fast and how much it might increase. A dose of 75 to 125 roentgen received in a short interval may produce nausea and other symptoms of radiation sickness. About 450 roentgen might be fatal.

By the time we were back in the blockhouse, the reading near the door was one roentgen, and in the control room it was about twenty milliroentgen. I radioed Doctor Graves, who checked with the weather boys. No one could understand why we should be getting fallout, but we were. Of course it was a known fact that winds at higher altitudes sometimes blow in opposite directions and could shear the bomb cloud as it passed through different levels. But no such opposing winds had been predicted.

A few minutes later I again called Doctor Graves on the radio.

"The radiation is building up pretty fast, Al," I reported. "Inside by the door it now reads ten r. The level here in the control room is fifty milli-r."

We then discussed the possibility of sending in helicopters to take us to the ships. But Doctor Graves rightly decided that much as he would like to get us off the island, at the rate the radiation was building up outside, it was too risky for all concerned to attempt a helicopter rescue.

We agreed it was safer now to be inside our sand-covered blockhouse than to be outside in the intense, direct radiation from the fallout even for the short time a rescue operation might take. Of course we had no idea how much the radiation might build up inside the blockhouse. But it became increasingly clear that we had no choice. We were trapped.

In a few minutes the radiation level in the control room reached 100 milliroentgen. This was above a safe level in which to stay for any great length of time. At this point we did not know how long we would have to stay in the building, so we decided to see if there might be a safer place to which we could retreat.

Felt and O'Keefe first checked Stewart's room near the door. They found the radiation level there many times higher than in the control room. They then went to the radio room across the hall from the control room. Here also the level was too high for safety. There were only three rooms left—a communications room, my small office and a data-processing room. I breathed a sigh of relief when Felt told me that the level in this data room was only ten milliroentgen. Fortunately, considerably more sand had been piled on top of the part of the building covering the fifteen-by-twenty-foot data-processing room, and the sand was shielding us from the radiation.

I advised the command ship of our situation. I told them that we had found a room in the blockhouse which seemed perfectly safe unless the fallout level outside got much higher. At the rate of ten milliroentgen per hour we could remain for days without harmful effects. I did advise them, however, that we would man the radio in the control room only every fifteen minutes.

I told the men to make themselves as comfortable as they could in the data room. There were a few Army cots in the building and these were moved into this room. It was now about H plus one hour and I was most concerned as to what was happening to the radiation level outside. I took the radiation meter, opened the door and gingerly placed it outside at arm's length for a quick reading. It read forty roentgen. I quickly closed the door.

Shortly after we had gone into the data room, Hal Stewart asked permission to get his spectroscopic plates and film out of his room. If he did not get them at once, all his test results would be ruined. We figured out that he could stay for eight minutes without getting too much radiation, so I said go ahead. He rushed into the room, wrapped the plates and film in a black cloth, and got back in just *under seven minutes.*

We were not exactly a happy bunch as we sat around in that small back room. We had been forced to turn off the air-

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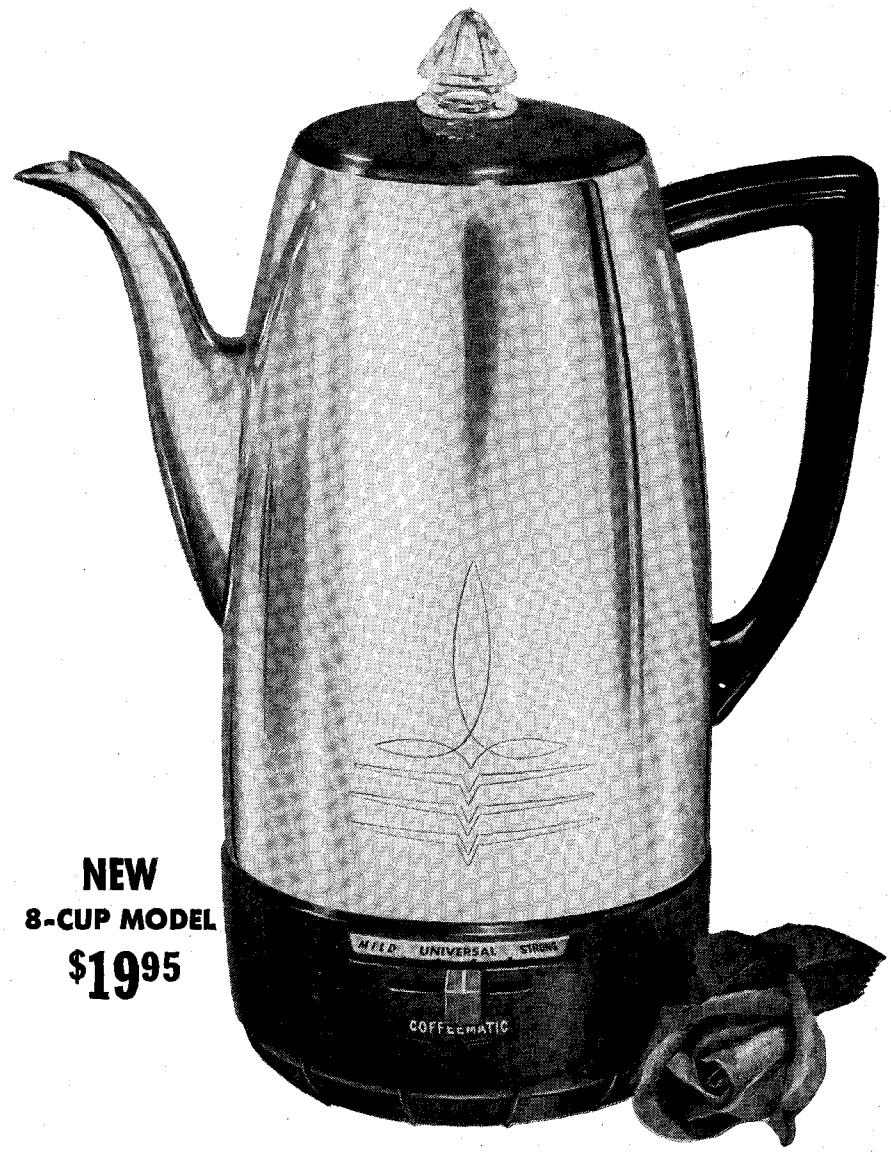

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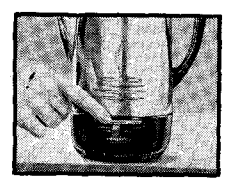

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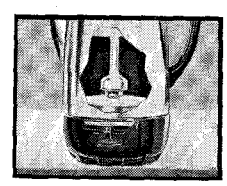

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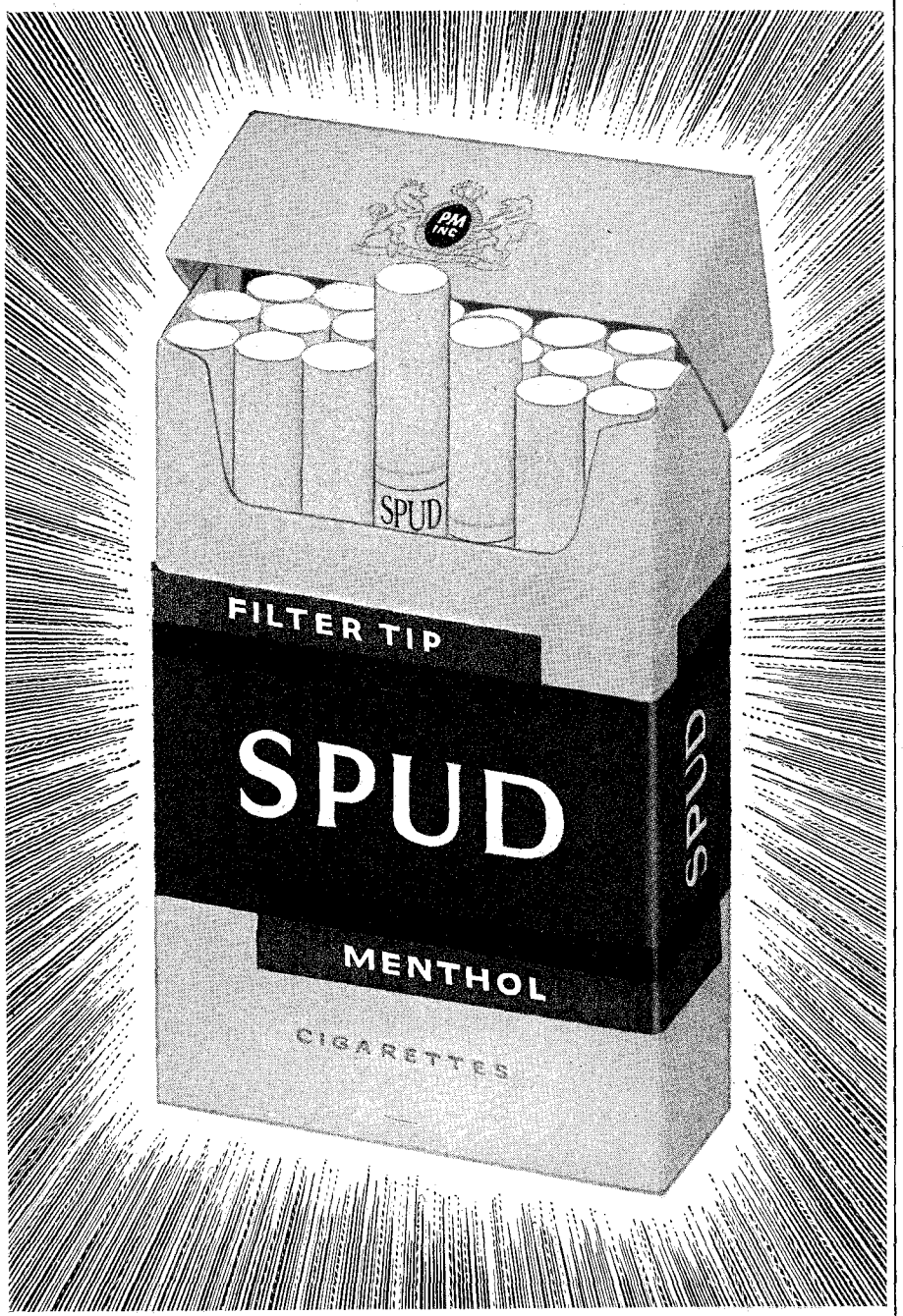

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conditioner because it brought in fallout particles from outside. The entire building soon got hot and sticky. Only a few yards away in the construction camp were steaks we had planned on having for breakfast. Instead, we were munching C rations. Every fifteen minutes we would take turns going into the control room to check in with the command ship.

A little over an hour after shot time, Doctor Graves radioed that the command ship was also starting to pick up radiation. They would have to move farther away and we might lose radio contact. And about that time our generator began failing and the lights gradually went out, leaving us in darkness, and with only battery-powered radio equipment.

We kept checking the Geiger counter with our flashlights. After the first hour, it was still at ten milliroentgen. If the wind didn't change and cause more fallout we probably were safe, because the radiation outside the blockhouse would decay with the passing of time. But we already had had one unpredicted wind shift. Now we really didn't know what to expect.

The minutes ticked on. We could hear the command ship, but they could not pick up our signal. However, about three in the afternoon they started coming back, and once again I contacted Doctor Graves. Our radiation level had not increased and we figured the best thing to do was to remain inside until late in the afternoon to let the outside radiation level fall. We worked out a plan for a rescue operation to take place at about 5:30 P.M.

Late in the afternoon we checked the outside radiation and found it to be about twenty roentgen per hour. To keep the "hot" dust off our bodies, we wrapped ourselves completely in bed sheets, cutting holes only for our eyes. Three helicopters were sent from the command ship. As we heard them overhead we left the blockhouse, got into our jeeps and drove the half mile to the landing mat. The pilots hovered as we left the building, and set down when we arrived at the mat. The whole operation took less than five minutes. As soon as we were in the helicopters we took off the sheets and a radiological safety officer checked us. Within twenty minutes we were back on ship, where we showered and were given a thorough radiation check. None of us had received any harmful amount of radiation.

The next day we found out how really fortunate we had been. It was estimated that fallout radiation outside our blockhouse was several hundred roentgen. Had we been forced to stay outside the entire day without protective cover, it would have been fatal to all of us. The twenty-three Japanese fishermen in the Fortunate Dragon, which was seventy miles farther away from the shot than we were, all received burns. Twenty-eight American personnel manning weather stations, and 236 natives on Rongelap, Rongerik and Utirik also received radiation during the unforeseen fallout.

However disconcerting it may have been to us at the moment, our experience proved to be a windfall for the Civil Defense people. They had long hoped for something more than theoretical data on what might happen under extreme radiation conditions if people had the proper safeguards. Now, for the first time, humans had been in an area of lethal radiation and had been unharmed because of adequate protective covering. Civil Defense had representatives at the test site during the operation and by making a study of our experience they were able more reliably to predict how Americans might protect themselves during a radiation disaster. It has now been figured, according to Civil Defense, that shelter in an old-fashioned cyclone cellar with a covering of earth three feet thick would reduce the radiation level to about 1/5000 of that outside.

When we finished measuring the yield of the bomb, it was found to have been almost twice that which had been predicted, a margin of error not incompatible with a totally new weapon and certainly welcome to the scientists. It had been so powerful that at one of the concrete bunkers one and a half miles from ground zero a twenty-ton door had been blown right through the building against the back wall fifteen feet away. And on our control island twenty miles away all the wooden buildings had been completely demolished.

Two days later when we returned to our control island, the radiation level was still much too high for personnel to remain any length of time. Bulldozers were brought in to scrape off the top soil containing most of the radiation and push it into the ocean. This reduced the radiation level around the blockhouse enough so that we could use it again for part of the test work. But for the remainder of the tests on that atoll we made a change in plans—the firing operations were conducted from the command ship. Being guinea pigs once was more than enough for us.

THE END

"Now, let's not get involved in other people's quarrels."

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Can We Stay Rich?

(Continued from Page 30)

these figures and to try to understand them, and to find in them, if possible, the answer to one question: Which way, at the moment, is the American economy going? Up or down?

Sometimes, even this simple statement of direction is extremely difficult to arrive at, for, in an economic system as complex as ours, as vast in scope and as various in its forms, it is hard to see the picture clearly, and see it whole.

As men empowered to pump money into the economy or to siphon it out, as their judgment dictates, they cannot permit themselves to fly solely by the seat of their pants, to rely on some nebulous inner buzzing to tell them which way the economic winds are blowing. They are human beings, despite the fact that their brains are supposed to click like electronic computers, and their forecasts about the future may be colored by what happened to them, personally, in the immediate past. A man who has squabbled with his wife over the impulsive purchase of a new mink stole might come to Washington seeing disaster looming ahead for the whole economy. A man who had just received the news his daughter had presented him with a fine husky grandson might, on the other hand, be so full of jubilance and bonhomie that all the world, including the nation's economic prospects, gave off a rosy glow.

To avoid decisions based on what they feel in their bones, therefore, they sternly discipline themselves, seeking guidance mainly from the tangible facts the statisticians can provide. They pore with rapt absorption over figures that would put most men to sleep—graphs and charts dealing with inventories, industrial production, retail sales, unemployment, housing starts and bank deposits. Even these classic guideposts, however, sometimes confuse rather than clarify their thinking, for at any given moment signs of equal significance may be pointing in exactly opposite directions. Automobile sales may be falling while steel production booms. Farm prices may sag while retail sales soar. Home building may be in the doldrums while industrial building hits a peak.

"There's an old Dutch saying," one economist explained morosely, "that says, 'In a fog you can see anything.' And an economist, unfortunately, spends his days in a fog."

Even when all can agree on the direction in which the economy seems to be moving, there are still some complicated questions to be answered.

If rising, is it moving at a steady, healthy pace in which wages, prices, production and the supply of money all move upward in some reasonable relationship to one another? Or is it surging upward so fast it may soon enter a period of catastrophic inflation? Or—and this is the thought which chills them—has inflation already sneaked upon them unaware?

If the economy seems to be falling, the answers are equally difficult. Is the softening-up merely a normal seasonal sag? A "rolling adjustment"? A pause to catch a second wind before another long upward climb? Or is the country, without knowing it, already beginning to slide downhill, heading hell-bent for panic, crash and depression?

Or can it be that neither of these is true? Is business merely holding fairly level for a while, rolling along on a high plateau, dipping a little here, rising a little there, but showing no sign of any sudden drastic shifts in direction?

Groping for the answers to these questions, each man at the long table is called on to speak his piece. With a battery of staff economists peering owlishly through their spectacles, ready to correct him if his memory falters, he first describes the situation in his own district, as he sees it. He then discusses the economy as a whole, and gives his own interpretation of the speed and direction in which it seems to be moving.

His point of view is inevitably shaped, in some degree, by the way the dominant industry in his own region is faring at the moment. The men from Richmond and Atlanta will report on the woes, if any, of the textile industry in the South, while the man from Boston clucks sympathetically, the textile mills having departed from the Boston area some years ago. The man from Cleveland will speak of steel. The representative of the New York bank will talk about money and the state of the market in Government securities, with a glancing reference, perhaps, to how stocks are behaving, though the frenetic jiggling of the stock market is not considered as truly representing the mood of the whole economy. The Chicago man, whose responsibilities cover the Detroit area, will speak at some length of automobiles, and the assembly will listen intently, for one out of every ten workers in industry is engaged, directly or indirectly, in the production of automobiles. The San Francisco president will talk about the aircraft industry, and the Minneapolis man will discuss the prospects for the wheat crop that will feed the great flour mills of his region. Kansas City, in the heart of a vast farming area, will talk on droughts and dust storms; and Dallas, whose economic eggs rest in many baskets, will report on a multitude of industries.

Slowly and somewhat haltingly, for economic thinkers are not necessarily eloquent men, they paint a picture of America—working, building, buying, selling, spending, saving. It is a picture nebulous in outline, full of inconsistencies, unknowables and admitted inaccuracies, for men's knowledge of economic matters, despite all the efforts of the statisticians to provide fresh and meaningful data, must be based in large degree on estimates, interpretations and surmises.

Knowing the limitations of their statistics, the group also considers certain intangibles, which, if understood, may help them to project their thinking nearer to the realities of the moment. They pore over bales of reports designed to reveal not what is being spent at the moment but what government, business and people in general say they expect to spend in the future. The toughest of these indexes to evaluate is the one which tries to forecast what the average man is going to do with his money. Surveys made for the Federal Reserve by the Survey Research Center at the University of Michigan probe deep into the mind of the consumer, seeking to lay bare his moods, his attitudes and his expectations.

After ten years of pioneer research in this new field of economic psychology, the scientists have come to one tentative conclusion: If, at any given time, a cross-section of consumers feel pretty good about their jobs and incomes, and expect the future to be even better, their confidence will be reflected in booming business some months later. The sales curve, in fact, will climb at a steeper angle than the curve depicting the degree of consumer confidence.

Here, too, however, a danger lurks. The surveys so far have been made in a decade of great prosperity, when the mood of the whole economy was one of confidence. Lately, though, the interviewers have found that some consumers are not quite so sanguine about their prospects as they have been in the past. People, it seems, are beginning to wonder whether or not it wouldn't be a good idea to try to squirrel a little money away, just in case things get tough. There are hints of growing resistance to higher prices; a growing willingness to struggle along with the old car, the old washing machine, the old TV set. If this tendency should translate itself into a steeply descending sales curve six months from now, the whole economy would be in deep trouble.

And the Federal Reserve would have to do what it could to stop the dive, just as in the past it has done what it could to put the brakes on too fast a rise.

"First get yourself a good spade. Drive over the bridge and continue until you come to a fork in the road. Turn right one mile and then left down to the beach. You'll see a rock jetty. Start digging there about one foot down and, brother, you'll find the biggest sand worms you ever saw!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When all the testimony is in, no vote is taken. The chairman, Mr. William McChesney Martin, Jr., one-time Army private who rose to colonel, a former president of the New York Stock Exchange, Chairman of the Board of the Export-Import Bank, and once an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, attempts a summing-up that will pull all the bits and pieces together. Finally, the chairman, a studious, soft-spoken, youngish-looking man, asks the inevitable question:

In view of the facts as they appear, what should the Reserve System do to speed up or slow down the economy? Or should it do anything at all?

Frequently, the decision is that nothing should be done. The job of the Federal Reserve is to lean against the economic winds when they begin to blow too strongly from one direction. When they seem to be blowing in gusts and eddies from everywhere at once, there's little tinkering with the money supply that can be carried out without fear of setting off either a surging inflation or a recession.

This reluctance to make a bold move until they are sure of their ground stems from their experience. The governors of the system and the presidents of the Reserve Banks are men of middle years. They are afraid of inflation, but they have an even deeper fear of taking some step that might bring on a crash. They had rather play with a rattlesnake, one of them has said, than to face a general deflation.

Occasionally, though, it is obvious to all that something must be done to put the brakes on a boom or to nudge an economy that seems to be growing sluggish. This is when the discussions, which are conducted with utmost politeness and decorum, may tend to become mildly acrimonious and argumentative. For, if it is hard to ascertain the direction and speed in which the economy is moving, it is even harder to determine how the instruments at the Federal's command should be used to slow or spur it.

There are three tools the system may use. All of them are designed to accomplish the same thing—to ease or restrict the flow of money—but their effects may vary widely in degree. The bluntest instrument is the percentage of reserves the commercial banks are required to keep on deposit with the Federal. This one is the most drastic in its over-all effect, for by raising or lowering reserve requirements, the Federal can sharply curtail or increase the funds available to commercial banks for loans or investment. Another is the operation of the Federal Open Market Committee, whose deliberations, in effect, have been described above. By buying Government securities, the Open Market Committee can pour great quantities of new money into the banking system in a day, thereby making borrowing easy. By selling bonds it can shut off the flow of credit with equal swiftness. The third tool is the discount rate. By raising the rate which commercial banks must pay the Federal when they borrow to increase their reserves, the interest rate the banks must charge can be lifted to a point at which many would-be borrowers are driven out of the market.

At the heart of all the Federal's deliberations is this problem of maintaining a supply of money and credit that will keep the economy running smoothly without overstraining it. New money can be poured into the economy in limitless quantities. But goods and services cannot. There is a limit to what the mines, mills and manpower of the nation can produce. In any given period, the bankers know, we can have just so many new houses, automobiles, household appliances, schools, hospitals, roads, factories,

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guns, planes, ships and submarines. And when the supply of money exceeds the supply of things the manpower can provide, when dollars begin to compete with one another for scarce goods, the inevitable result is soaring prices—an inflation that steals from everybody except the speculators.

Against this background, the actions of the Federal Reserve System, over the past few years, can be fairly easily understood. At the beginning of 1952 the economy was booming. Production was close to capacity, and the demand for credit was high. Scenting the possibility that the buying mood was about to outrun the country's capacity to produce, the Federal pursued a mildly restrictive policy. It limited its purchases of Government securities, for when the Federal buys "Governments," it buys with new money, which finds its way immediately into commercial banks, automatically increasing their reserves. This means that their demand deposits and loans may be increased by roughly six times the amount of the new reserves. So from January to April, it pressed down on the brakes by selling bonds, which took money out of the market, and by raising the discount rate.

By late spring of 1953, however, it seemed that the winds were shifting. The economy, which had been nursing a mild fever, now was showing signs of suffering a slight chill. The Federal took its foot off the brake and began pressing down gently on the throttle, pumping money into the economy by buying Government securities. In July it took the most drastic pump-priming step at its command. It reduced reserve requirements, freeing some $1,200,000,000 in reserves. This was, in the banker's phrase, "high-powered" money, for it could be translated by the banks into some $7,000,000,000 worth of new loans.

This period of what the economists call "active ease" lasted throughout 1954 as the Federal reduced reserve requirements again, and trimmed the discount rate a fraction. Lubricated by new money and lower interest, by spring of 1955 the economy was beginning to hum. Everybody who wanted a job had a job. Everybody who wanted a new automobile, a new washing machine, a refrigerator or TV set had the money to buy one or could get one on a credit. "An exuberant confidence," said one economist, "swept the country." An exuberant price rise was born with it. Wages went up, and so did the price of materials, but business seemed to have no difficulty passing its higher costs on to the consumer.

Scenting trouble, the Federal reversed its field again. Demand for goods was pressing hard on the country's capacity to produce. Demand for credit exceeded the amount of savings that the thrifty had laid away. To have poured great quantities of new money into the economy to meet this ravenous demand for credit would have been like pouring gasoline on a fire. With more money competing for a limited supply of goods, inflation soon would have been out of hand.

Moving cautiously, seeking to keep the rise within bounds, but not wishing to halt it, the Federal used the gentlest of its tools. Six times, in an effort to slow down the flow of credit, it increased the discount rate. Against this dampening gesture, however, the system hedged slightly. Its Open Market Committee put in new money from time to time, but in diminishing quantities. Its strongest weapon, the reserve requirements, it did not use at all, for a drastic raising of reserve requirements might have had the effect of slamming the brakes full on.

In spite of tightening credit, the boom roared on. Consumer buying eased a little, but the demand for credit did not ease, for industry took up the slack with huge expenditures for plant expansion that sent the economy soaring. By the end of '56 it stood at the highest levels in the nation's history. The gross national product, meaning the sum of all the buying and spending for goods and services by individuals, business and Government, reached an annual rate of 424 billions. Personal incomes hit 333 billion, and 65,000,000 people were at work. This feverish activity contained the seeds of inflation, but at first the danger was not apparent. The index of consumer prices held fairly level, for falling farm prices offset the rise in cost of nearly everything else. Then food prices stabilized and turned in a slow rise, and the consumer price index shot upward.

At the end of the year, though, it appeared that the Federal's restrictive policies were beginning to be felt. Industry, caught in a cost-price squeeze, began to pull in its horns a little, modifying its plans for heavy expansion, pausing to take a wary look at an uncertain future. Then, early in '57, the White House came along with the biggest peacetime budget in its history. Government spending, unless spread out over a period of years, obviously would keep the inflationary pressures strong.

By this time a great many people had begun to worry about a situation that had been worrying the Federal Reserve people all along. Despite tight money and high interest rates, prices were still rising. The ultimate aim of the Government—the steady upward rise of production and employment while prices moved horizontally—was obviously not being accomplished. President Eisenhower, in his State-of-the-Union message to Congress, urged an inquiry into "the nature, performance and adequacy of our financial system." Mr. Humphrey, the Secretary of the Treasury, publicly admitted the Federal budget was too large, and predicted that too much Government spending could bring on a hair-curling depression. Mr. Herbert Hoover agreed, purporting to see in the current situation portents of the same abysmal crash that curled his own hair in the early '30's.

Immediately, of course, a hell of a row broke out. Mr. Eisenhower had called for an investigation of the financial system by "a commission of able and qualified citizens." The Hon. Wright Patman, Democrat, of Texas, took umbrage at this. What citizens were better able and more qualified to make this investigation than the committees of Congress, Mr. Patman wanted to know. They were the ones charged with the responsibility for keeping the country's money sound and its employment stable. And they were the ones who would have to answer to the voters if things got out of hand.

Meanwhile, the Federal Reserve System was taking a verbal shellacking for its tight-money policy. From all over the country howls of protest arose as the high price of borrowed money began to be felt, unevenly, throughout the economy. Mr. William McC. Martin and the members of the Open Market Committee were called before Mr. Patman's Subcommittee on Economic Stabilization, of the Joint Economic Committee, where they were lectured sternly by Mr. Patman and questioned sharply by Sen. Joseph C. O'Mahoney, of Wyoming.

In the give and take between Mr. Patman and Mr. Martin at the committee hearings, all the questions troubling the country about the operation of the Reserve System's monetary controls were thrashed out. Usually the discussions were amiable, though occasionally they were enlivened by brief flashes of temper. There was no disagreement between Mr. Patman and Mr. Martin over what the Federal Reserve was trying to accomplish—a smooth, steady and stable growth of the whole economy. There was considerable disagreement about the tools the Federal was using, and whether they were effective or not.

It was Mr. Patman's view that a restrictive monetary policy, applied generally to the whole economy in the form of increased interest rates, helped the banker and the lender. It hurt the home builder, who did not wish to saddle himself with high-interest mortgage debt, he said. It hurt the little businessman, who found it tougher to borrow from the bank when money was tight. It hurt, particularly, municipalities that wanted to build schools, when a rise in the interest rate on school bonds might cost as much as a whole new school that could house 900 pupils.

Mr. Martin replied that he deplored high interest rates too—except when necessary to bring savings in line with borrowing. But the rise in interest rates was not solely the result of raising discount rates. It reflected the tremendous demand for money. Pouring great quantities of new money into the economy to keep interest rates down would not solve the problem, as he saw it, when production was already at a peak. That would just mean higher prices for an equal supply of scarce goods. It wouldn't help a home builder much to get his money for a few hundred dollars less interest, if the cost of the same house was raised several thousand dollars by the inflated cost of labor and materials. And which was better for a municipality in the long run: To pay 1 per cent more interest? Or to pay 15 per cent more for the cost of the school it was building?

Higher interest rates did help the "banker and the lender," Mr. Martin agreed. But whose money was being lent? It belonged to the little people of America, the thrifty millions who had put some savings away. And they, too, were being helped by higher rates. As for small business being caught in the credit squeeze, Mr. Martin said that the Federal Reserve System, under the law, had the authority to make loans to business, and there was about $134,000,000 in the kitty for that purpose. But last year, when small business was supposedly feeling the pinch of high interest rates, only one firm in the whole Boston district, for example, asked the Federal Reserve for a loan.

Mr. Patman said this lack of demand must be caused by the failure of the system's public-relations people to spread the word among small businesses that money was available. Mr. Patman urged Mr. Martin to lend more money to small business. He also insisted that the Federal Reserve System move into the housing market, providing mortgage money at rates people could afford to pay. He insisted that the Federal Reserve System should also buy school bonds, when municipalities couldn't find money in the open market at rates they felt they could afford. If the system needed some special authorization to aid these special segments of the economy, Mr. Patman said, Congress could pass a law.

Mr. Martin looked dubious. He, and the whole Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve, he said, were profoundly interested in education. But he also wanted to say something to the boys and girls of tomorrow: If the savings-and-investment fabric which made this country strong was destroyed by the process of building schools for them, at rates which had been forced upon an unwilling market by an unending stream of fiat-created money, then something would have gone out of American life that they would be sorry for.

"Mr. Martin," said Mr. Patman, "you are stifling education in this country."

"Not in the slightest," said Mr. Martin. "You and I are in complete agreement on our objectives. We differ in the methods we use to get there."

It was the job of the Federal Reserve, Mr. Martin said, to intervene in economic affairs by adopting certain broad general policies which seemed necessary to protect the public interest. These policies could determine the over-all supply of credit. But only in a dictatorship could a government agency try to determine specifically how this total supply of credit should be allocated. That allocation would be determined by the collective wisdom of the market place, by the old laws of supply and demand.

While these adjustments were being made, certain segments of the economy undoubtedly would feel the effect of tighter money more than others, he said. But if a manufacturer, planning a big expansion, decided to wait a while before putting his plans into effect, or if he decided to build, but on a somewhat less grandiose scale, that would achieve the effect the Federal was wanting. It would ease the upward pressure on the prices of steel, building materials and capital goods. If a citizen wanting a new refrigerator, a new washing machine or a "go now, pay later" trip to Europe, decided instead to leave his down payment in a savings account for a while, earning a higher interest rate, that would help ease the pressure.

"Queenie's kittens had kittens."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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If a city decided to wait a little before building a new school building, or a new sewer system, or paving some new streets, or laying new water lines, this would let a little more air out of the bubble of inflation. The country had to have all these things, of course, and it was the Federal's job to create an economic climate in which they could be obtained at reasonable prices, with a stable dollar.

But the country couldn't have everything it wanted and needed all at once. That was the trouble in '56, Mr. Martin pointed out. Industry wanted more plant capacity, and consumers wanted more of all the good things of life, and there just wasn't enough to go around. So the Federal tightened credit.

Mr. Patman's fears that high interest rates and tight money would become a national habit were not justified, Mr. Martin implied. The Federal's policies were flexible. Its Open Market Committee functioned on a day-by-day, almost an hour-by-hour, basis to put money into the economy or take it out. Discount rates could be lowered as swiftly as they had been raised. Credit could be eased

... ...

Baby in Church

By Ethel Jacobson

The pulpit's oak is old and
stout.
The minister is young and
thin.
He shakes a finger, lashing
out
At mortals in the toils of sin.

Waving an unshriven fist,
The baby hails the solemn
warner,
Grabs at rays of amethyst
And chortles in the Amen
Corner.

... ...

the moment it appeared that an expansionist, rather than a restrictive policy, would serve the economy best. The foot that had been pressing on the brake could quickly be shifted to the accelerator.

This timing of a shift from tight money to easy money, or vice versa, was a difficult thing to decide, he said. It had to be based on human judgments, and human judgments were fallible. It was equally hard to know just how much credit the economy could stand. Too much credit would increase the pressure on prices. Too little would needlessly starve some enterprises. The Federal Reserve's aim was to keep the economy growing at a reasonable rate—2, 3 or 4 per cent a year—whatever could be accomplished without setting off an inflationary upsurge that would inevitably end in a catastrophic bust. Decisions as to how this could be done were not based on the educated guesses of a few men. They reflected the views of grass-roots bankers and businessmen all over the country—the 260 directors of the District banks and their branches.

The hearings ended with no meeting of the minds between the easy-money advocate, Mr. Patman, and the conservative Mr. Martin. Months later, when the Joint Economic Committee, of which Mr. Patman's group was a part, made its report, *it indirectly gave the Federal Reserve's* policies a pat of approval:

"To curb general price increases," it said, "the rate of expansion of total spending must be held down to the rate of increase in real output."

To this Mr. Patman added a curt footnote in rebuttal:

"I would emphasize programs for economic expansion, rather than restraints, as a curb on inflation."

Later, in another footnote, Mr. Patman observed:

"My impression is that we are giving an exaggerated importance to the monetary and credit powers of the Federal Reserve as instruments which can guarantee us stability and growth."

Not even the most ardent advocate of the Federal Reserve could find much to quarrel with in that statement. Despite its great powers to create or to extinguish credit, there are tremendous reservoirs of money over which it has no direct control. It cannot do much to stop inflation when the Federal Government pours billions of tax dollars and borrowed dollars into the economy. It can strongly influence, but it cannot control, what insurance companies, savings-and-loan associations, pension funds and savings banks may do with their billions in resources. It can't tell a business which wants to expand, and has a couple of million dollars saved up for that purpose, that it can't go into the market and compete for bricks and glass and steel and machine tools. Nor can it tell a labor union not to ask for a 6 per cent wage increase, nor prevent the company which grants the wage increase from adding another 5 or 6 per cent to it and passing it on to the consumer in the form of higher prices. And it can't tell an individual not to mortgage his future by loading himself down with installment debt.

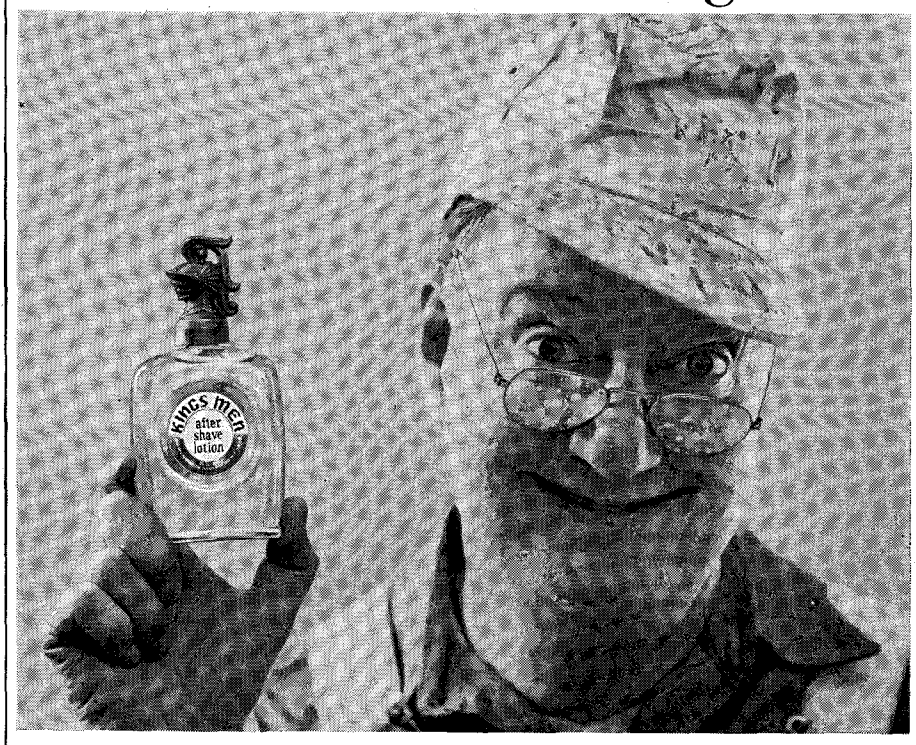
All the top men in the Federal Reserve System are aware of its limitations. They know that in the past their policies may not have been too effective. Therefore, they would welcome a complete survey of all our financial institutions, as suggested by Mr. Eisenhower. The only worry that gnaws at them is that, in any rearrangement of the financial structure, the Federal Reserve System might become a tool of Government, the instrument of whatever administration might be in power. That is dangerous. For governments are always borrowers, and borrowers by nature favor "easy money," and unless production keeps pace, easy money inevitably brings inflation.

The Constitution gives to Congress the power to control the nation's money, and Congress delegated this responsibility to the Federal Reserve System nearly forty-five years ago. Under that trusteeship, the system has remained independent of banks and businessmen and of the Treasury alike. It has functioned as an instrument of Congress, serving, as best it knew how, the common good. It would like to keep this freedom.

No matter what the Senate Finance Committee may decide about this vital question when it makes the deep and searching survey of the financial system Mr. Eisenhower asked for, one conclusion will be inescapable. Neither the Federal Reserve nor any other agency can fashion an economy that will be entirely free of cyclic swings. The American people can have inflation or depression, as they choose. For there are forces at work in the market place that a free and democratic government cannot control—forces rooted deep in the psychology of the consumer. And the mind of the consumer—his swift changes in mood from caution to confidence, from confidence to caution—is still a mystery to the money men. Next week we will look into some of the methods by which the scientists are seeking to clarify that mystery.

Editors' Note—This is the second of three articles by Harold Martin.

I don't want to be a Big Shot



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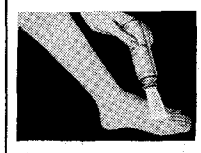

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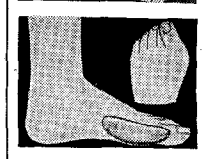

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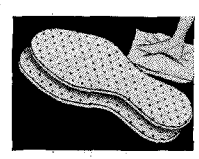

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Sleuth Among the Roller Coasters

(Continued from Page 27)

completely, if necessary—take it apart piece by moving piece. Sorrowfully he wagged his head and slowly he got to his feet. Olsen joined him. "Let's go," he said, and the search for the click began.

For a businessman engaged in fierce competition and enjoying refreshing success to close down his enterprise without a murmur of complaint testifies to Bill Olsen's remarkable authority, and to his even more remarkable responsibility.

Each of Coney's 122 rides, slides, and glides must be licensed as a common show, signifying that it is safe for public amusement. Who issues the license?

"I do," says Bill Olsen.

Each ride must have at least one operator, and sometimes as many as six; each operator must be licensed. Who gives the license?

"I do," says Bill Olsen.

Each ride must meet the specifications of some sort of code of safety. What are those specifications?

"I," says Bill Olsen, his eyes twinkling, "am the code."

In effect, this means that Olsen is charged with the safety of the huge throngs that on every pleasant summer's day come rollicking down to the seaside resort in search of fun. The Coney Island Chamber of Commerce, which is fond of fingering plump, round numbers, asserts that this year, as for several years past, those throngs will tot up to 50,000,000 visitors, counting repeaters, to the beach, boardwalk and amusement area. Allowing for the hyperbole common to chambers of commerce everywhere, it is in any event a staggering succession of crowds, and it loads on Olsen's shoulders a staggering responsibility.

But his record of vigilance more than matches his responsibility. For during the seventeen years that he has been the inspector of Coney Island's rides there has been no major accident and only one minor accident, due to mechanical failure, with no serious injuries in all that time.

The man who has achieved this record is, despite his summary way of dealing with a potentially defective ride, no despotic dictator but a cheerful civil servant of inconsiderable status and modest salary, who has been given broad discretionary powers. Technically, Olsen is an elevator inspector for New York City's Department of Buildings and, from October through February, he routinely inspects elevators in the borough of Brooklyn. He can't wait for his tour of duty to start at Coney, for he is a man who relishes his work.

One thing that he likes about it is that the worst part is over quickly. All licenses expire annually at midnight on March fifteenth; in the two weeks prior to that date he must have inspected and approved for renewal of license all the 122 rides. Every right-thinking small boy will protest heatedly that even this worst part of Olsen's job is not so tough, but is, on the contrary, a reasonable approximation of paradise. For all that seems to be required of the inspector is that he be whirled up, down, around and about in one thrilling ride after another as often as he pleases.

But on an amusement ride Olsen is all business, and it is his business to worry. As he is ascending to the heavens on the Wonder Wheel, he worries about stress and strain; as he is plunging down the steepest incline of the Cyclone, he worries about the efficiency of the roller coaster's brakes; as he is whisked around the sharp banks of the bobsled run, he worries about the competence of the operators whom he must license; even such a tepid trip as a ride through a tunnel of love sets him to fretting about the cockleshell under him or the superstructure above him. He is forever conjuring up frightful fantasies of what-might-happen-if and then addressing himself to eliminating these possibilities.

After seventeen years, it might be expected that he would regard the rides at Coney as old friends. But, perversely,

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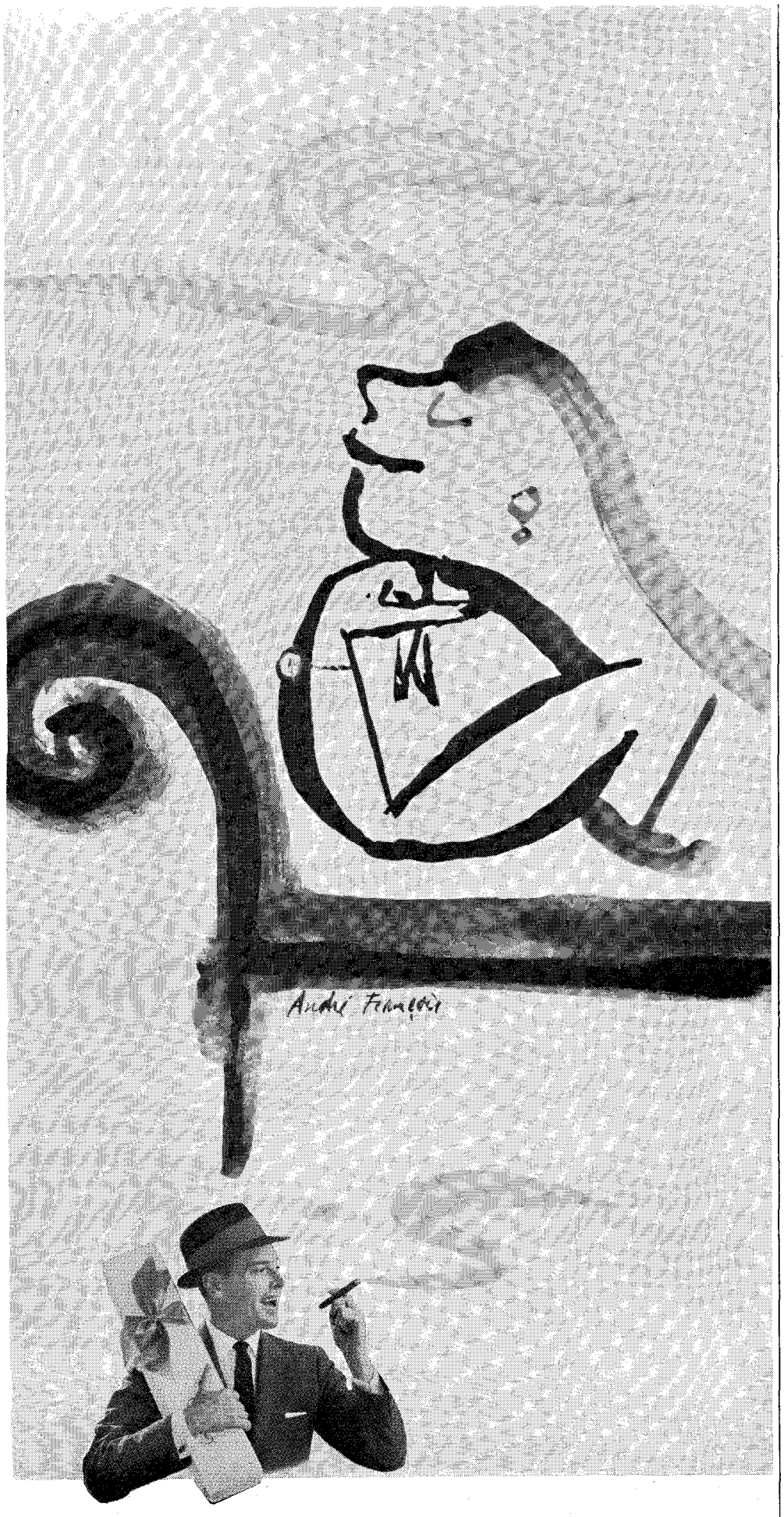
"Uh one uh two uh three uh slide—uh one uh two . . ."



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each March he eyes them suspiciously, as though perhaps since October they might have caught some loathsome disease.

When a new ride comes along, he is even more mistrustful. No matter how spotless its record of performance elsewhere may have been, he views it as he might a treacherous opponent. The parachute jump is a case in point. In this contraption, two riders are strapped into a seat under a parachute, hoisted nearly 250 feet straight up, and then released in a stomach-shuddering drop until the parachute bellies out above to float them gently back to earth. The trip down takes, on the average, eleven seconds.

For two years at the New York World's Fair, the parachute jump's career was well-nigh blameless. Once a woman was stuck harmlessly in mid-air for a time until a guy wire that had fouled with the hoisting cable could be pried loose. But when the jump was installed at Coney Island's Steeplechase Park, Olsen treated it as though he suspected it might have been made out of tissue paper and chewing gum. He piled 600 pounds of dead weight into each chair—a 150 per cent overload. When the trip down was accomplished uneventfully, he stood for a time, brooding as usual about dreadful contingencies, and at length ordered his 600 pounds of sandbags to be lofted again, this time under a chute that had been slashed clear across, from one side to the other. When all that happened was that the time of the trip down was shaved by three seconds, he sighed and gave the ride his grudging stamp of approval.

The operators applaud such caution. In the outdoor-amusement business either you learn about safety or you start looking for another line of work. On Coney, where there are men who have been operating rides for thirty, forty and even fifty years, perforce they have become experts on all kinds of precautionary devices.

Take Chris Feucht, for example. He is a sparrowy, spruce little man who launched his first roller coaster on Coney in 1907; today, in partnership with George Kister, Feucht runs the Cyclone, and he is very proud indeed of his jumbo toy. He likes to tell you of how the Cyclone even cured one passenger, a West Virginia coal miner named Emilio Franco, of aphonia, a hysterical affliction that had robbed him of speech. Franco was skeptical of the therapeutic value of a roller coaster, but when he was swooped down its screaming eighty-six-foot dive, he screamed too. When he climbed out a few moments later, he murmured, "I feel sick," and then almost fainted as he realized what had happened.

Feucht has pioneered in developing safety devices for the nearly 700,000 passengers who each year ride his Cyclone. He was the first roller-coaster operator to install bars that lock the passengers in their seats. That was in 1917, and four years later he invented a mechanism that keeps the coaster from rolling before the bars have been locked into place. All Coney's roller coasters have such bars. "Safety," says Chris Feucht, "is my middle name."

And yet Olsen required him to make changes in his operation. The Cyclone had been running as many as four trains over its tracks at a time; Olsen demanded that there be only one train at a time free on gravity. There was, he argued, always the chance that some idiot would squirm free of the restraining bar and be thrown clear, to be smashed by the next train. True, the chances against it were enormous, and to make the change would cut deep into Feucht's grosses, but the change was made.

Or there is Jimmy Onorato, the chunky manager of Steeplechase Park, who was born and bred on Coney Island and has spent his whole life in the outdoor-amusement business. Steeplechase features three dozen rides of various kinds, and Onorato fusses over them like a broody hen. His caution is well advised, for he counts that summer evening lost that does not bring 15,000 exuberant youngsters romping into the park, riotous with animal spirits and game for anything. Translated, this means that 1000 tons of humanity nightly flings itself pell-mell into most of his rides. Such a statistic can cause a man to become prudent about his equipment.

"The trouble with the manufacturers who make amusement rides," Onorato says, reflecting on this statistic, "is that they build for minimum. Here at Coney, I've got to be ready for maximum." In consequence, he has redesigned and rebuilt every ride in the park. Cars bristle with extra handgrips; supplementary steel bars peep out from alongside every axle; even link chains are reinforced with wire cable.

Olsen, when he inspected these devices, was impressed, but still he had some suggestions to offer. There were a couple of rides where a bystander, if he were thoughtless enough, could get so close as to get hurt. Chains were promptly installed to restrain the foolish from their folly.

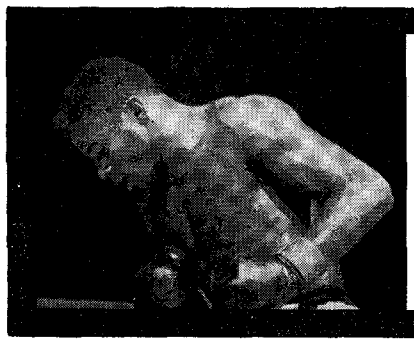
Olsen's apprehensive eye fell upon even the Wonder Wheel. Since 1920, this Ferris wheel—it is one of the world's largest—has swung 400,000 people a year around a gigantic circle in space, from sand to stars and back to sand again, with never an accident. Yet Olsen ordered the latches on the doors of the swinging cars to be changed so that they could be opened only from the outside, by an attendant.

Despite such fantasies of doom, Olsen is not considered a nuisance. On the contrary, his precautions have caused the seasoned operators on Coney to accord him their respect and affection. They look on him as one of their own.

Nor are they wrong. There is a saying on Coney that once you get the sand in your shoes, you can't shake it loose. In Olsen's case, the sand was between his toes before he was old enough to tie his own shoelaces. His mother used to bring him to the beach while he was still a baby, sixty years ago. She was for a time governess for the two sons of Charles

NEXT WEEK

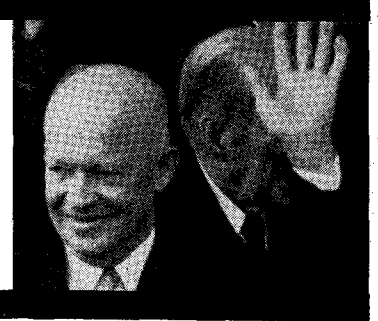
I Call on Alfred Hitchcock
TV's Master of Suspense Reveals His Tricks to PETE MARTIN



The Tenderhearted Champ
FLOYD PATTERSON: Youngest Heavyweight King

Children Really are Not People
A Mother Rebuts a Popular Notion

Just What is Modern Republicanism?
Penetrating Analysis by STEWART ALSOP



The Terrible Threat of Nerve Gas
The Scientists' Search for an Antidote

IN COLOR

Midas of the Texas Range
STANLEY WALKER Writes About a Great Rancher

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Feltman, the man who earned a permanent niche in history by inventing the hot dog, and who later parlayed the hot dog into his famous restaurant, the memory of which can still make grandfather's mouth water. That was when the century was young, and by that time Bill Olsen already knew most of Coney's rides by heart.

His first job, although he never planned it that way, prepared him for his present responsibility. He went to work for the Otis Elevator Company. In the process of working his way up to foreman, he learned the practical mechanics of all the engineering techniques involved in the different types of elevators and moving stairs. Since the same principles are used in most outdoor-amusement rides, it was precisely the experience necessary to fit him for his summer tasks.

But it was his love for Coney that won him his present job. So much of his spare time, back in the 1930's, did he spend prowling around Coney and probing its mechanical amusements that when, in 1940, his predecessor was about to retire, he nominated Olsen as his successor. It was a case of fish into water.

In the summertime, Olsen is at Coney with the first crowds of the season, and he is there until well into September. Theoretically, elevator inspectors in New York work a thirty-hour week during July and August, but Olsen's hours are his own, and he may put in as many as seventy hours during a week that includes a big holiday. He likes to pop up on a Saturday night or a Sunday afternoon, when the crowds are thickest, and stroll along the Bowery, Coney Island's midway, to keep an ear on things.

It is his ear rather than his sharp blue eye that he must depend on, once Coney's midsummer madness is at its most feverish pitch, for when something goes wrong with one of his 122 mechanical charges, it can be heard before it can be seen. It took four or five years of attentive listening for Olsen to memorize the voices of his rides, the texture of sound that each should make. But today it is his surest sense, no matter how distracting his surroundings may be.

And they can be distracting. The Bowery, on a summer's Saturday night, is the epitome of all midways of all carnivals in the country. And the crowds that swarm to and fro along these narrow, garish, brightly lighted side streets are an epitome, too, of the human race—people of every color and condition of life, and of all ages; alive, and having fun. But their squeals and their laughter don't bother Olsen; nor does the flat splat of bullets in the shooting galleries; nor does the incessant chant of a dozen or more barkers, their voices electrically magnified, spieling their ancient incantations:

"Guess ya weight, guess ya age, guess the make of ya TV set!" . . . "Step right up, here y'are, get 'em while they're hot!" . . . "Everybody wins! Everybody wins!" . . . "Here y'are, three for a dime!"

While he may find concentration amidst this bedlam no particular chore, this is not to say that Olsen does not have his share of headaches. There is, for example, the fly-by-night operator, the man out to reap a swift financial harvest at no matter what risk to his passengers' safety. Very occasionally such a one has succeeded, for a short time, in finding a concession at Coney where he might roost. Olsen calls this breed "speculators," a term which is for him a cussword, and he regards them as he might some loathsome reptile.

But the biggest headache is caused by the cash customer who decides to get "brave." Any ride, once in motion, is made up of two things—the ride and the rider, the mechanical and the human. The mechanical, being predictable, can be controlled. The human, being unpredictable, cannot. And this is why you will notice that most outdoor-amusement men have chewed their nails down to the quick. Since the fastest ride in any amusement park in the country is seldom as fast as sixty miles per hour—a speed at which many of us seem to think we are dawdling if we are in an automobile—the operators, to give their riders a thrill, depend on illusion: the sudden dip, the swirl around a sharp-banked curve, the swooping change of direction. But, just as there are hot-rod daredevils, so there are roller-coaster idiots. These folk—it seems to be exclusively a masculine attribute—grow contemptuous of the illusion. Bill Olsen has said, "They love to see how far they can go."

Obviously, it is possible for an agile and dim-witted youth to wriggle free of the restraining bar in a roller coaster, possible for him to stand on his seat and wave his arms and whoop with show-off glee. It is also possible for him to open the veins in his wrists with a razor blade, but he rarely goes to an amusement park for that purpose.

So the operators, and Olsen, address themselves to thwarting the idiot daredevil as best they can. To this end, they have installed emergency brakes capable of halting a train of cars slowly and smoothly even after it is free on gravity; to this end, they will even sometimes discourage repeat riders. "Most of the accidents," Olsen says, "are on second rides. That's when they get too brave."

Sometimes, on his strolls along the Bowery, as he picks his way among children clutching balloons in sticky fingers, and young girls watching their boy friends whack the bejabers out of the test-your-strength machine, he notices a gang of teen-age youngsters skittering like scatbacks through the throng, their raucous, pointless laughter echoing off the canvas fronts of the concessions, and he turns, wondering whether those youngsters are on their way to trouble on the Thunderbolt or the Tornado or the Cyclone.

Once, as it happened, he was standing right by the admissions gate of a roller coaster when a youth who had thought to play tag with the illusion by squirming clear of the restraining bar and perching atop the car was thrown clear of the train as it humped over a peak and down a sharp incline.

Whenever there is an accident on a Coney Island ride, it is shut down tight until Olsen has inspected it again and personally cleared it for operation. On this occasion, since he was right on tap—Johnny-at-the-rathole—the ride was running again in twenty minutes, or in about the time it took for an ambulance to pick up the injured youngster. His hurts were not serious, but by some coincidence a lawyer heard about them and essayed a suit for damages on the ground of negligence. Olsen's presence, as the peerless expert witness, killed the suit aborning.

The granddaddy law case which still constitutes the guiding precedent in such negligence suits involved a young man who stepped on a Steeplechase contraption called The Flopper—it is no longer in operation. This was a moving belt, so contrived as to make one's footing risky, and indeed the young man fell and fractured a kneecap. But when the case was carried to New York State's Court of Appeals, Chief Judge Cardozo voiced the opinion of a 6-to-1 majority when he found against the plaintiff:

"The antics of the clown are not the paces of the cloistered cleric. . . . The plaintiff was not seeking a retreat for meditation. Visitors were tumbling about the belt to the merriment of onlookers when he made his choice to join them. He took the chance of a like fate, with whatever damage to his body might ensue from such a fall. The timorous may stay at home."

Whether they are timorous or "brave," Olsen is unflagging in his efforts to protect the riders. He takes a dim view of even such mild pleasures as trying to grab the brass ring as the carrousel wheels around; he would like to have such ballyhoo devices eliminated. But despite his disapproval of the practice, Olsen is reluctant to outlaw such a time-honored custom because, so far, he is obliged to admit that nobody has been hurt trying to grab the ring.

With the younger set, however, he has been more successful. He has insisted on ultra-rigid safety measures, and he has won out. A few years ago he was standing idly nearby a kiddy park, watching the youngsters as they were whirled around on their sedate rides, when, predictably enough, he was assailed by one of his hideous flights of fancy. What, he asked himself, if one of the children should all of a sudden decide to climb down off his seat and run over to mother? What would happen if? Who knows but what? Olsen didn't need to be a psychologist to know that a child's attention span is limited, that as like as not his interest can be distracted and an impulse automatically become an action.

Within a week every ride in every kiddy park on Coney was equipped with straps, so that children are, in effect, imprisoned in their seats until the ride has come to a full stop. Later that summer Olsen took grim satisfaction in the change he had brought about, when he heard that a child had been seriously injured, just as Olsen had imagined might be the case, in an amusement park not far from Coney. If he had his way, legislation would be passed obliging the manufacturers of equipment for kiddy parks to provide their rides with such straps.

The incident brought home to him, as well, the conviction that luck plays a starring part in his safety record. For what if that accident had occurred at Coney before he thought to have the straps added to the ride? There would have been, he feels, no one to blame but himself.

There was luck, too, he remembers, connected with the one minor mechanical accident that has taken place during his jurisdiction. In that case he had heard a metallic click, just such a "foreign sound" as the one he heard not long ago, on the airplane ride. The operator had heard it, too; yet neither of them had been able to locate it, after a search of an hour or two, and so, against his better judgment, Olsen had permitted the ride to roll again. It was a ride in which the cars were suspended at the end of erratically revolving arms, and after he had permitted the operator to resume his business, one of those arms had collapsed. A tempered-steel pin had snapped. The head of the pin had been so big that neither he nor the operator had been able to see that there was play where the pin fitted. It was only luck, Olsen realizes, that nobody was hurt when that arm collapsed.

Since then, every night when he is on Coney and sees the lights wink out in Steeplechase's Pavilion of Fun, a signal to the rest of the entertainment area that another day's business is over, Bill Olsen sighs and breathes a private "Thank God!" Another day and another night have passed without accident. In his business, you work from day to day, and you are grateful for each one that goes by safely.

And especially you are grateful when nobody tries to get "brave."

THE END

". . . and try to stay away from that uppercut!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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California Passage (Continued from Page 37)

wagon man and efficient enough in organizing the guard. But as he turned away he collided with the massive, grizzlylike Mack Sledge. Sledge shouldered him roughly.

Luke gave Sledge his arid grin and left him standing there. In the background he saw the crooked face of the Missouri Kid watching from the shadows. This, Luke understood, was the way it shaped up. He could understand the grudges that Sledge and the Missouri Kid held against him and could expect any type of violence from them. He had also offended Tracy Menafee and Al Thorne and they likely would welcome any bad luck that befell him.

Still, in the eyes of Thorne and Menafee he had seen something deeper and more irrevocable. It was as though their intentions toward him went beyond mere personal affairs. Uneasily he carried this thought with him as he worked. He first gathered fuel for the supper fire. Then he hurried to the stock herd to help locate the animals on graze and to make sure that at least half of the six men who were on first guard duty were experienced in the ways of cattle.

Conversation

What cartloads of words we
heaped and tossed
On our towering
conversation.
And in this haystack of talk
we lost
The needle, communication.

By Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

Full darkness came and the sky was aglitter with stars before he headed back to the wagon circle. He began hurrying, thinking of the meal that Ellen should have ready by this time.

He pulled up, staring, outraged, as he reached the wagon. A great fire, biggest in camp, was burning furiously, and Ellen, driven back by its heat, hovered on its fringe. She had unloaded food boxes and utensils from the wagon. A sack of flour had been opened and upset; a side of smoked meat was unwrapped and someone had hacked off a few very ragged slices with a kitchen knife before giving up the attempt. Other food lay about, Dutch ovens, skillets and the coffeepot were on hand, ready but empty.

"Hell's whiskers!" Luke exploded. He glared at her. "You can't even cook!" he said incredulously. "Why, you got a fire there big enough to roast an ox, along with the yoke!" He looked up at the stars as though seeking the strength for forbearance. "You never was taught anything, were you?" he said, almost pityingly.

Ellen spoke between set lips. "I am sorry. I'll learn. I'll do better."

"An' what'll I do while you're learnin' something that most every girl o' ten knows how to do?" Luke demanded.

"You can starve or you can go to—to perdition, for all I care!" she exclaimed.

Luke got a pail of water from the wagon barrel and reduced the fire. Presently he had the small bed of hot coals that he wanted. He soon had biscuits in the Dutch oven and coffee heating. With his belt knife he sliced smoked meat neatly. He examined the kitchen knife that Ellen had bought at Menafee's mercantile in Independence; then threw it into the brush with a snort of contempt.

"Tin!" he said.

When the meal was ready, he filled a plate and passed it to Ellen.

"That'll have to do for a quick bait," he said. "Time we hit buffalo country you'll know enough to boil water."

"And you'll show me how, I presume," Ellen said.

"I'll show you," Luke nodded. "Who else would bother?" He added ecstatically, "Buffalo! Wait'll you sink your teeth in hump ribs from a young cow. Roasted slow an' drippin' brown. Or *boudins*."

"*Boudins?*" Ellen asked. "What are they?"

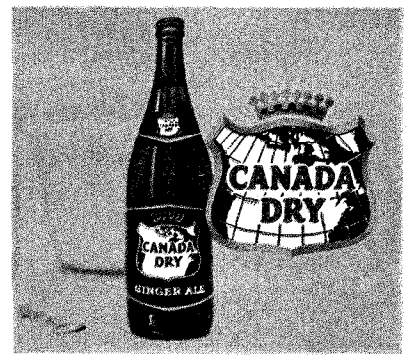
"Guts," Luke said casually. "Fine eatin'. Add a touch o' gall. Keeps away scurvy."

Ellen, in spite of her anger, had been unable to resist Luke's cooking. She had started to eat with a keen appetite. Now he saw her go a trifle pale around the lips. She started to lay the plate aside. Then she saw his ironic eyes watching her. She stiffened. By sheer force of will, she overcame her squeamishness and grimly tackled the food again.

At that moment somewhat of a procession came into their fire circle. Abbie Wallace, carrying an armload of clothing, led the way. She was accompanied by her Aunt Martha, a small, neatly dressed woman. Towering at their heels was the gangling, forbidding figure of her uncle. The Reverend Emery Dixon had George

Who...me? Hold out Canada Dry Ginger Ale on my buddy?

Can't blame anybody for wanting more than his share. It's light and delicious—with longer-lasting sparkle and lively ginger flavor.



ALWAYS BE SURE YOU GET PLENTY OF ALL 10 TEMPTING CANADA DRY FLAVORS—THERE'S A FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE

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Downs with him. Between them they were carrying a bulky, canvas-covered object of unwieldy shape.

Luke put aside his plate and got to his feet, staring. Ellen spoke. "I have asked Miss Wallace to move in with me, Mr. Storm. She has been kind enough to accept. Her uncle's wagon is heavily loaded and I have plenty of room."

She expected a reprimand. Instead, Luke nodded approvingly. "You're learning," he said. "Now, maybe the preacher's wagon will last a couple weeks longer than I figured before we have to take on some more of his load."

The Reverend Emery Dixon and his companion set their burden down. Luke now identified it by its shape as the harp that Abbie had been playing at the celebration in Independence.

The minister said stiffly, "I still trust that you will reconsider, Abigail."

"Uncle, dear!" Abbie protested. "I'm merely moving to another wagon to lighten the load on your oxen. I'm not leaving you. I'll always be within call."

He took his wife's arm and led her away. He had ignored Luke and Ellen entirely.

George Downs stood shifting from one foot to another. "Mr. Storm," he burst out, "I want you to know that me and Jenny are mighty grateful to you for what you did to save Honey at the ford today. And you, too, Mrs. Jarrett. And Miss Abigail. We was so excited we forgot to thank you up to now."

It was Abbie who spoke. "Tell Mrs. Downs it might be better if she thanked Mrs. Jarrett personally."

"I sure will," the man promised, and beat a hasty retreat out of a situation that was embarrassing him.

Ellen gazed at Abbie. "Please!" she said tiredly. "It doesn't matter."

"But it does!" Abbie exclaimed. "What right have they to condemn you?"

Ellen smiled wanly. "The real reason you are moving in with me is to protect me. That is it, isn't it, Abbie, dearest?"

"Missionary work," Abbie said, "is not always exclusively for the benefit of the heathen South Sea Islanders."

"You are risking so much," Ellen protested. "Your uncle will never forgive you. Neither will the other ladies. Why are you so—so sure of me?"

Luke spoke roughly. "She already told you why. She told you a lady like you would never 'a' had anything to do with an ignorant, uncivilized person like me."

The two girls looked at him, flushing. "So—so you overheard even that this afternoon," Ellen sighed wearily.

Luke hadn't intended to give them that glimpse of the resentment that had been gnawing at him. He hadn't wanted them to know that it mattered. He changed the subject swiftly.

He glared at the canvas-shielded harp. "You don't aim to pack that thing all the way to California?" he demanded.

It was Ellen who answered. "And why not?"

Luke ran his fingers wildly through his tawny hair. "'Why not?', she asks," he moaned. "Don't she know that it's better to put the weight in grain for the cattle?"

He had set the coffeepot back on the coals for warming. It now boiled over. In rescuing it he burned a finger, and that brought forth a vigorous "Damnation!"

"It is very evident that your chances of reaching heaven need improving," Abbie said severely. "I will pray for you, Luke Storm."

"Could I be included in the prayer?" Vance Cameron inquired, strolling into the firelight. Luke surmised that he had been standing in the background for some time listening, as always.

Abbie stiffened. "You probably would benefit," she said neutrally. "I am told that you gamble with cards and drink."

"Guilty," Cameron said. "If they are sins, then I am a sinner." He lighted one of his stogies and stood puffing and at ease while Abbie and Ellen busied themselves at the dishpan. Luke noticed that he now carried his supply of smokes in the breast pocket of his shirt.

Cameron and Ellen fell into bantering small talk. Luke saw that, for the moment, a new Ellen Jessup had come to the surface. Animation was in her eyes and voice. But Abbie remained quiet and uncompromisingly formal toward Cameron, even though he tried to draw her into the conversation.

Luke went to the wagon. He would be on duty later with the second watch on stock guard, along with Cameron. He saw by the stars that he still had thirty minutes or more before reporting.

He lifted his bedroll and possible sack out of Ellen's wagon. Heavy clouds still floated in the sky to the west that might bring rain before morning, so he spread the tarp and laid out his blankets beneath the vehicle for the sake of shelter.

Emerging from beneath the wagon, he found a place in the firelight, where he sat cross-legged and began working with his knife on one of the yokes and bows which he had marked for better fitting. He paused.

At the opposite side of the fire, Ellen was saying, ". . . I'm a Marylander by birth. I was born and lived as a child in Baltimore. Are you acquainted in Baltimore, Mr. Cameron?"

"Unfortunately not, Mrs. Jarrett," Cameron said. "I've only passed through by train. I'm a hidebound New Yorker."

Luke listened tensely for minutes longer. Presently the conversation drifted away into other channels. He knew Ellen had deliberately brought up the name of Baltimore to make sure Cameron was not familiar with the city where she was wanted by the law.

He wondered what had happened to the cigar case from Baltimore, which Cameron no longer carried, and at his easy denial that he had ever been in that city. He finished the task on the yoke, and wandered off toward the stock herd.

Cameron's eyes followed him until he had receded into the darkness. Ellen suddenly fell silent also. Cameron looked at her inquiringly.

"I tried to discharge him," Ellen explained defensively, "but he had overheard our talk. I bruised my authority against his pride. He is an uncouth, stubborn man."

"Stubborn perhaps," Cameron said, "but not so uncouth as he would have us believe."

"What do you mean?"

"I learned a few things about Luke Storm today from an old plainsman named Eli Brass, who came by, heading for Independence, and stopped to talk while we were nooning. He told me that Luke Storm's father was an ordained minister."

Abbie aroused. "A minister?" she exclaimed. Her eyes widened. "Not Martin Storm? I've heard of him. Surely you don't mean ——"

Cameron nodded. "Like your own uncle, Luke's father was a missionary. He was famed as an orator. Luke's mother was also a highly educated person, according to Eli Brass. Luke accompanied them West when he was still a boy.

"Luke's mother became ill," Cameron went on. "The other members of the company deserted them, and Luke's father and mother died of starvation. He was at the point of death also when he was found in the spring by a party of trappers. They took him with them and he became a mountain man also. But he had been given Christian training and considerable education by his parents. Apparently he has added to this by self-teaching. You may have noticed that he occasionally abandons the mountain-man way of talking and uses the language of an educated person."

"I've noticed," Ellen nodded. "That must explain why he holds wagon people in such low regard."

"And missionaries like me in particular," Abbie said. "He thinks we also would desert him to save ourselves."

"Who knows what we will do if we are put to a hard decision like that?" Ellen said slowly. "He may be right."

The call for the second night guard to report for duty sounded at that moment. "That means me," Cameron said. He picked up his slicker and rifle and strode off to overtake Luke.

A moment later Ellen saw the shadow of a massive man detach itself from the bulk of a wagon in the background. It was the heavy-shouldered Mack Sledge. He went shuffling off into the blackness. A dread moved through Ellen. She surmised that Sledge must have been lurking there for some time, watching their party, watching Luke Storm.

"I'm going to warn Storm about that awful man," she said suddenly. And she hurried off in the direction Cameron and Luke had gone.

Abbie had seen Mack Sledge also, and had felt the same icy fear for Luke.

The remainder of the camp was settling down for the night. Abbie was thinking of what she had learned about Luke's background. With a woman's curiosity, she peered beneath the wagon at the bed he had made. She was a little piqued to find it neatly in order, with the blankets precisely arranged. He had laid out his razor and strop and brush on the wagon perch for quick action in the morning, along with a clean blue cotton shirt, socks and underwear. She realized that, contrary to first impression, he was an extremely fastidious man in regard to his personal appearance.

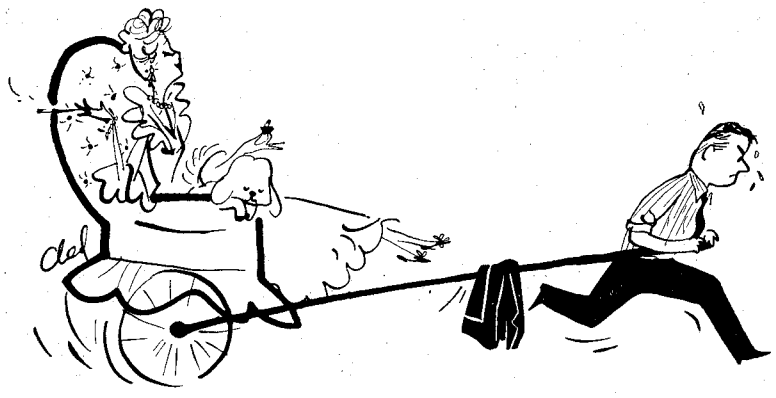
His possible sack was hung over the perch also, and the drawstring had not been relaced. Abbie saw the shape of what was undoubtedly a book outlined against the canvas material of the sack. In view of Cameron's news of Luke's past, her curiosity was too keen to be denied. She had to know what type of reading material he would carry on his travels. Silencing her conscience at this brazen breach of privacy, she crawled beneath the wagon, seated herself on the blankets and thrust an arm into the bag.

She drew out the book. Shame struck her then, and her throat tightened. It was a Bible which had been rebound in tough buffalo leather. She turned to a flyleaf. It bore an inscription in a woman's small, rounded penmanship. She held the page to catch the glow of the campfire and read:

Independence,
July 31, 1836.

To our beloved son, Luke, on the joyful occasion of his fourteenth birthday. May God's message always accompany him and be forever in his heart.

HIS LOVING MOTHER AND FATHER



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Because she wanted to live better than her husband could afford, well-to-do Toni paid the extra living costs from her own money. Later, in suing for divorce, she asked enough alimony for her needs and planned to use her own funds for the luxuries she loved. Her husband, however, balked at the sizable amount she demanded.

"All that I should have to pay Toni," he argued in court, "is enough to supplement her own income in providing the necessities of life. I shouldn't have to sweat so my ex-wife can live better than I do. I need that money myself. Women who insist on equal rights, jobs and pay should bear equal responsibilities too."

"Nonsense," Toni snapped. "I'm entitled to full support from my ex-husband regardless of whether or not I have money of my own. He is obligated to provide all the necessities. What I do with my money is my own business."

If you were the judge, would you grant Toni all the alimony she asked?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Toni got only the bare minimum. The court said: "Times have changed. Husbands should not be crushed by economic and psychological pressures. Rather, there must be a realistic balance of the wife's needs and assets with the husband's ability to pay."

Based upon a 1936 New York decision.

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Tears flowed down Abbie's cheeks. So that fatal journey that had cost Luke's parents their lives had started in midsummer also, and from the same point as this present company had set forth. No wonder, she reflected, that he had been so grim and insistent in warning them of the risk. As she started to replace the Bible in the bag, some papers fell fluttering into her lap. She picked them up, intending to return them to their hiding place. Then she paused, staring at the bold black print across the top of one of the dog-eared items:

WANTED FOR MURDER!

Now she saw that the two other papers were legal documents. Warrants for the arrest of persons named Ellen Marie Jessup and Henry W. Jessup. Automatically she read the small type on the reward poster. Her eyes, stunned, traveled again over the printed description of Ellen Marie Jessup.

"Ellen!" she gasped. She almost screamed in horror. She managed to suppress the sound in time.

Suddenly she thrust the papers back into the Bible and jammed the Book into its place in Luke's bag. She scuttled from beneath the wagon as though pursued by Satan. She arose to her feet, and as she did so, a man who had been crouching in the darkness beyond the wagon swung an arm and hurled a silent, evil object. It was a knife. The heavy blade reflected the glint of the firelight in its flight.

Then it struck Abbie in the back. The force of it drove her staggering forward. She fell on her knees. She clung to a wagon wheel while agony raced through her, hot and savage. It was many moments before she could find the strength to cry out. By that time the man had faded into the shadows. It was Al Thorne. He had been keeping an eye on Luke ever since camp had been made, as had Mack Sledge. But Thorne had another reason. He had meant to search Luke's belongings at first chance. But that risk was no longer necessary. Abbie had saved him the trouble, for there could be no question as to the nature of the papers he had seen her reading. It also removed any doubt that Luke Storm knew the secret of Ellen Jessup's past. Abbie had stumbled on that knowledge, too, and it had become necessary to put her out of the way, just as Luke must be removed. Thorne had taken advantage of opportunity and had acted swiftly and mercilessly.

There was more of irritation than regret in the man's mind as he retreated from the scene, undiscovered. He reasoned that the missionary girl would have immediately exposed Ellen Jessup to the entire company as a fugitive. That would have ended any hope for the plum he and Menafee were playing for.

Thorne was at a distance when the shouting began around Ellen's wagon. Presently he saw Luke and Ellen come racing into the firelight, followed by Vance Cameron. Luke pushed through the wagon people who were gathering about Abbie. She still clung dazedly to the wheel, her body slumped against the spokes. Now Luke saw the knife jutting from her back.

"Oh-oh!" Ellen gasped in a fading voice.

Luke shook her roughly. "This is no time to faint!" he snapped. "You're needed!"

He brought out his knife and slit the back of Abbie's calico waist, exposing the point where the blade had entered her flesh.

"Anybody in this outfit know anything about doctoring?" he asked, looking around.

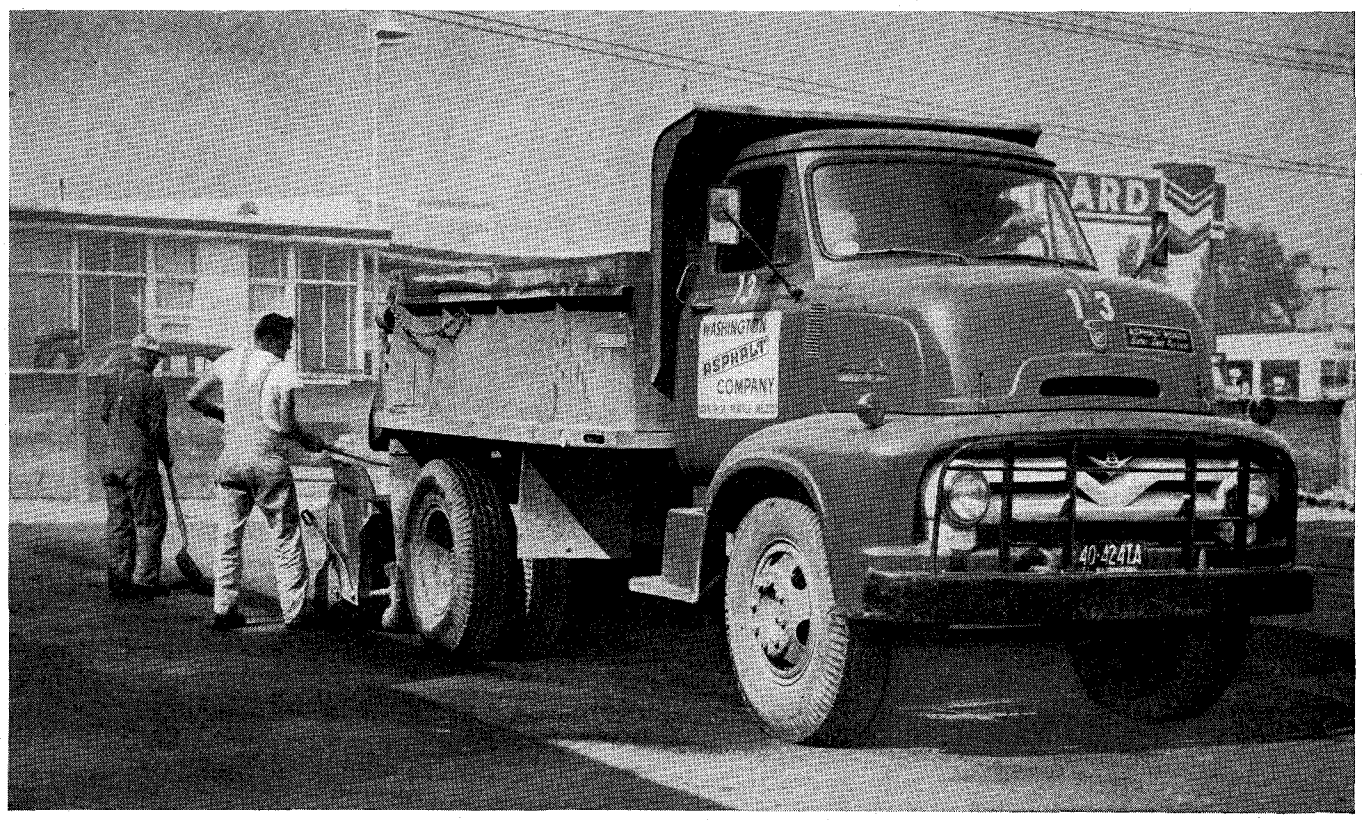
Emery Dixon, his nightshirt stuffed into hastily donned breeches, arrived at that moment, followed by his wife. "The Lord have mercy!" he breathed. "Who did this awful thing?" He pushed Luke aside, knelt beside his niece and peered close at the wound. He gently tested the knife. His bony, big-knuckled hands had sureness and authority. Finally he looked up. "Fix a pallet by the fire and feed on more wood for quick light," he commanded. "I'll need laudanum, bandages and warm water. And a keen knife or two. And good linen thread and a needle."

Abbie had revived enough now to talk a little in a gasping murmur. Luke bent close and examined the knife that Emery Dixon was making preparations to remove. It was a commonplace skinning knife of a make that was sold by the hundreds on the frontier. There was no way of telling who had owned it.

Emery Dixon administered the opiate, and when it took effect he removed the knife slowly, carefully. Abbie's aunt and Ellen worked for a long time stemming the blood. Finally Ellen stitched the wound. Her fingers were steady, but when the task was finished she sank back and began to tremble.

Luke lifted her to her feet, steadied her and walked her away a distance until she strengthened. She drew a long breath and said, "Thank you, Storm. I'm all right now."

Emery Dixon was glaring at them uncompromisingly. "Harbingers of evil!" he thundered. "This would never have happened to Abigail if I had insisted that she stay with her own flesh and blood instead of picking up with strangers!" Then he turned his back on them.



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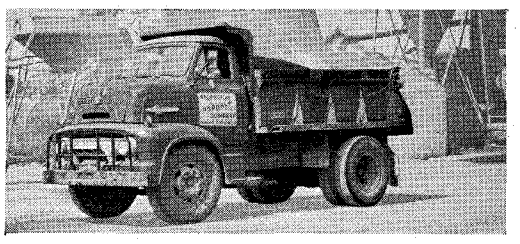

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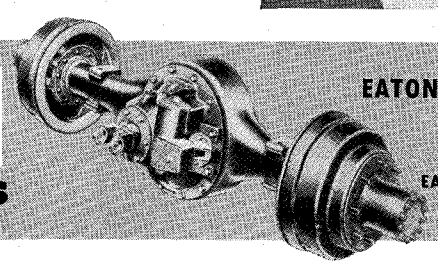

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MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •

there'll be buffalo hump in the pot, you hear me now."

Ellen replaced the lid, satisfied with her culinary efforts. She added fuel to the fire, then got needlework from the wagon and seated herself alongside Menafee on a supply box.

She had learned much during the past month under Luke's impatient tutelage and the gentle instruction of Abbie Wallace. She could now turn out a satisfactory meal amid conditions she could never have imagined in that life beyond Independence. She now knew what it meant to keep a buffalo-chip fire burning in a driving wind. She had cooked in biting cold rain under a storm-blown wagon-sheet shelter, where she was forced to shield the precious flames with her own body to keep them alive. She had learned to skin and carve game and to draw and pluck sage hens and other fowl. For Luke was a man who lived off the country.

He had also taught her how to handle the oxen. She had been in dread of the great, clumsy beasts at first, but sheer pride had forced her to hide her apprehension. Now that she had grown familiar with the timid oxen, she admitted to herself that Luke had some reason for his attitude. She now took care of the driving while he was absent on his hunting trips.

Wind and weather had tanned her skin to a rich golden bronze. She had trimmed her dark hair to shoulder length for the sake of easier care, and that had also horrified the other women in the company. She was slender and very lithe in the breeches she wore at the moment, but she was always completely feminine. There was desire in Tracy Menafee's eyes as he watched her.

She was a seductive woman, Luke conceded. And she was wanted for murder. She was harassed day and night by the need for haste. Always she chafed at delay. She had opposed even this day's rest. Perpetually she peered westward, and Luke could see that her spirit was tortured as though it were shackled to the snailing pace of the ox-drawn wheels.

The anxiety in her amounted to a desperation. This puzzled Luke, for it seemed to him that she should feel secure here on the plains far beyond the reach of the law. Yet, lying in his own blankets near the wagon, he knew that she lay sleepless for hours each night, long after Abbie had fallen into complete slumber.

At times this restlessness drove her to arise silently, alight from the wagon and stand in the cool starlight of the plains midnight, as though she could thus better grapple with the phantoms that beset her. And at those times, also, she always stood gazing longingly westward. He told himself that her moods probably were the penalty of a guilty conscience. For it seemed to him that only conscience could pursue her now. Surely she must feel that her secret was safe since the death of Dan Slater.

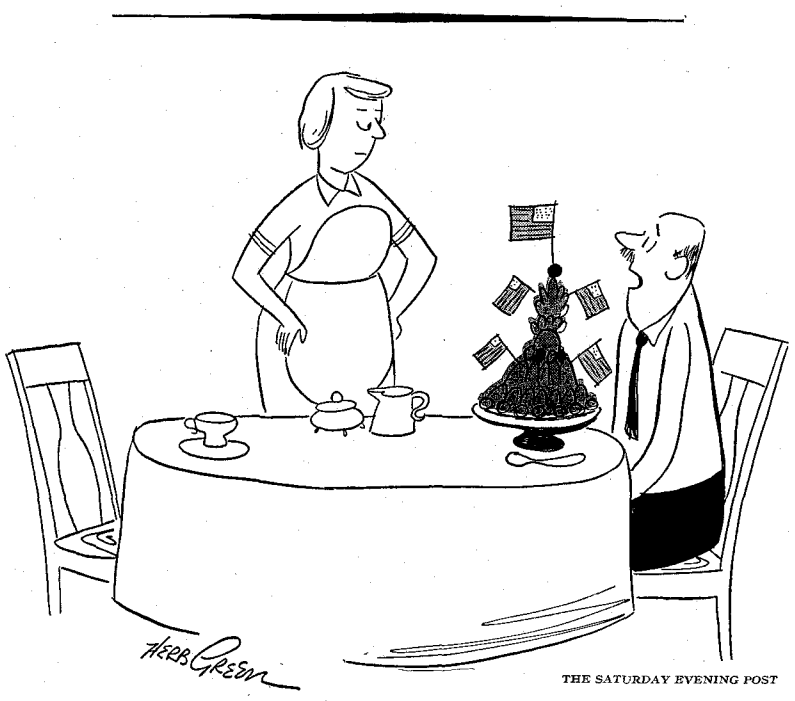
Luke was certain she did not have the least suspicion that he knew the truth about her. Otherwise he felt that she would surely have betrayed such a knowledge during their day-by-day association these past weeks. The two murder warrants were still hidden between the pages of the Bible in his packsack, along with the reward poster. As far as he knew, except for Dan Slater, he was the only person whose eyes had seen those papers. But there was no security in Ellen's mind evidently, and no peace. Apparently it was a matter of life or death for her to reach California before winter closed in.

She still maintained the pretense that her haste was due to her desire to join a mythical husband. Once, when Vance Cameron had been questioning her with apparent casual friendly interest about her husband, she had inadvertently uttered the name "Ralph" in referring to the nonexistent Edward Jarrett.

She had realized the slip instantly, for Luke had seen the flicker of dismay in her face. But Cameron apparently had not noticed the error. Luke knew Ellen felt that her mistake had done no damage. He was not so sure. If his suspicions of Cameron were correct, then the handsome, debonair New Yorker was learning more and more about her, little by little.

For Ellen's slip of the tongue had damning implications. According to the reward poster that was hidden in Luke's Bible the name of the sweetheart whose murder she was accused of plotting was Ralph Gilmore. It probably was inevitable, Luke reflected, that she would begin associating a ghost husband with a fiancé who was dead, in her mind. These likely were the phantom names that kept her awake nights and staring westward with that need in her eyes. It was as though she knew there was no hope of ever achieving contentment again. She could only stretch her arms vainly.

TO BE CONTINUED



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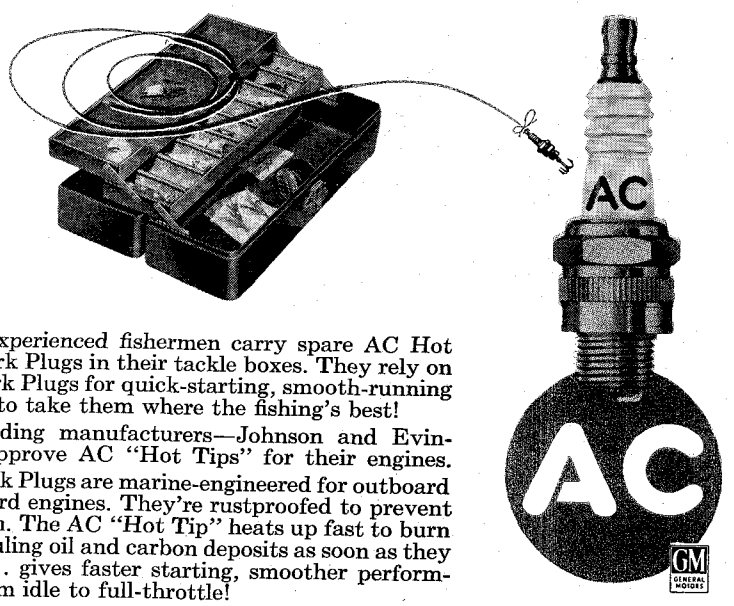

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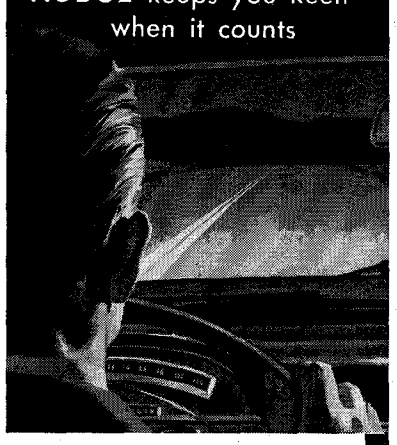

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The Artless Heiress (Continued from Page 43)

chimney fluttered. There had been a fireplace. Empty bookshelves, rickety, half-demolished, arose to a height of six or seven feet on three walls of the apartment, and above them, out of reach, were half a dozen square windows. The only egress from the room was through an archway across from where she sat.

She could not guess what time it was except that it must be well past midnight. She heard a sound of movement beyond the archway and a human figure came into view, a grotesque, frightening figure in a long black robe and tall, conical hat, covered with cabalistic figures in white. Behind this creature out of a nightmare walked the shorter, broad figure of Pastor Peter Martinus, dressed, as was his habit, in clericals. They stood in the archway peering at Columbine.

"She's awake," said Artemus Thumb.

"Of course," Martinus answered impatiently; "I know how to use a sap." He walked closer and spoke to Columbine. "How do you feel, Miss Drugget?"

"Miserable," she answered tremulously.

"You should not have come prowling," he told her.

"You were robbing my safe," she guessed.

"With the aid of The Hand of Glory, it was easy," Professor Thumb boasted.

The Hand of Glory. That, of course, would be the desiccated mummified hand that had been part of the contents of the suitcase.

She was able to understand now. Madame Thistlebun's jewels! They were the reason for the coming of these men to Phoenix; it was to plan the abstracting of them that they had followed Madame and had been at pains to familiarize themselves with the layout of The Grove of Daphne. They had planned with patience, had waited for the safe moment, and their success had been complete.

"Madame Thistlebun's jewels," she said.

"Precisely," confessed the pastor.

"But why me?" she asked in bewilderment. And then, "But that is kidnaping."

"The point is debatable," Martinus said. "It was insurance. You might have seen one of us to recognize."

"But I didn't."

"Then," he said with spuriously genial humor, "there is the matter of the red herring."

"What do you mean?" Columbine demanded.

"The safe was not damaged," Martinus said. "It was opened by someone who knew the combination—or so the police will deduce."

"What of it?"

"Why," Martinus said, and grinned, "the jewels have disappeared. The young woman who knew the combination has disappeared. Her fingerprints will be found where they should be found. Ergo, as William Shakespeare might say, the officers will reach the logical conclusion."

"There will," said the pedantic Professor Thumb, "be hue and cry. From which we shall shelter you. The fact that we two also are unavailable will be a wholly extraneous circumstance."

"We have," said Pastor Martinus, "made elaborate preparations. Whoever will cast an eye toward this ruin? From it we shall not emerge. It has been amply provisioned for a long sojourn. Who in the world will be able to connect the professor and me with this refuge?"

Columbine was sufficiently astute not to disabuse his mind or to disclose to him that, besides herself, Madame Thistlebun and her ex-gangster chauffeur were aware that this pair were making use of the ruin.

"And in addition," Martinus said, "we have prepared an alibi."

"Useful as an alibi, doubtless," Thumb said sternly, "but that was not its primary purpose. A witches' Sabbath has a higher purpose than to set up a legal defense. Tonight," he said, his voice rising with the enthusiasm of a fanatic, "the attendance will be small, and not exact as to all detail. But it is a nucleus. My words have fallen on fertile soil. Once this little matter has blown over and suspicion has not smirched Martinus and me, the cult will enlarge itself. It will become numerous and potent. But tonight is merely a commencement."

... ...

Misty Meeting

By Herbert Merrill

This morning, somewhere
in the mass
Of fog, I heard a robin
talking;
Then the sound of
something walking
Through the heavy,
rain-wet grass.
And as I peered into the
shroud
That covered every peep of
day,
A cow loomed up three feet
away
And poked her face out of a
cloud.
I saw the seed pearls in her
hair
And heard a sudden,
startled moo
Before she plunged off,
breaking through
The silken fabric of the air,
And, bellowing in terror,
fled
From my own disembodied
head.

... ...

"There is," Martinus said, "profit to be derived from cults. But in this matter the professor is not mercenary. He is truly devoted to Satanic practices."

"There will be but six tonight—six sisters eager to become witches. Eager to rub their ancient and unattractive skins with the magic ointment which makes them light of body so that they can rise through the chimney and soar to the Sabbath through the air."

Martinus could not restrain malicious humor. "Flying sorcerers," he said in a half whisper to Columbine.

This magic ointment of which Professor Thumb expected so much had really, so Columbine had read, played a dreadful part in that witchcraft which had once had so firm and dreadful a hold upon the people. This ointment, containing some secret narcotic, when applied by a neurotic woman, actually resulted in a form of catalepsy from which its victims awoke believing that they had ridden broomsticks or demon goats through the air to a distant rendezvous with Satan or some of his hierarchy. Confession of witchcraft either under questioning or torture had been genuine. The unhappy women believed what they confessed.

"They gather," said Thumb with satisfaction. "Neophytes as yet, but I will make adepts of them. Tonight the symbolic feast and a little mild magic to whet their curiosity and their lower desires."

"This," said Martinus indulgently to Columbine, "you shall witness. But be warned. If you make your presence known, if you interfere by word or deed, I fear the professor, who presides and stands in the stead of Satan himself, will resort to measures of marked severity."

When, Columbine was thinking, *will the robbery be discovered, and what will be done about it?* She considered her own plight—her vanishing together with the disappearance of Madame Thistlebun's jewels. Barbara Green would, she thought, take charge of the emergency. Her first step would be to break the news of the theft to Madame.

And then what? What would two women friendly to her be likely to do in such a quandary? Columbine reached a possibly logical conclusion that before notifying the police they would lay the facts before Sam Jones and take his legal advice.

Columbine's legs were not steady as, obedient to Pastor Martinus' beckoning, she followed the pair through the archway and into that larger room where was the diabolical altar with its cabalistic embellishments. The six neophytes, all elderly women, sat in a semicircle on low stools. Each wore a robe of black. Candles guttering on the altar gave eerie light. And as Professor Thumb in his outlandish garments took his place at the right of the impious altar, the six deluded women uttered a sigh half fearsome, half rapturous. The professor raised his arms.

"First," he intoned, "we shall dine upon the unblessed bread and partake of the stew whose components must not yet be mentioned to your apprentice ears, and of the mystic wine which shall bring the true elation. So commences the ancient ritual of the witches' Sabbath."

From her position in the rear, Columbine watched the serving of this black communion. At the end of this regalement, Thumb spoke again. "And now our apostate priest will pass among you to receive your gifts to our prince of evil."

Martinus passed the plate and even in the dim light Columbine could see that the donations were not insignificant. If only six deluded, soul-starved women would contribute such an amount as she saw upon the plate, then a future congregation of many times that number would shower wealth upon the professor and the phony priest. There was a fortune in witchcraft, even in the present day.

"Are you ready, neophytes, to make your contract with the powers of the nether world?" Thumb demanded.

"We are ready," chorused the women.

"I take my station within the magic circle between the two candles, which no demon may enter. My feet are within the triangle, from whence I call upon Emperor Lucifer, master of rebellious spirits. Send hither your minister Lucifuge Rofocale, with whom certain women here present desire to sign a contract. O great Lucifuge, leave your dwelling, wherever it may be, to come to speak to us. Obey my summons or I will compel you by the power of the great Key of Solomon." He waited an instant and then intoned strange words, "Aglon Tetagram Vaycheon Stimulamathon Erohares ——"

The incantation was interrupted by a cry compounded of agony and rage,

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and from the altar sounded a loud voice, "Here I am! Why do you disturb my repose?"

Then in the air above Thumb's head appeared a circle, and the circle was smitten by a rod, giving forth a metallic sound. A moan of agony ascended from the crouching women.

"These women before you wish to make contract with you, that they become your servants in exchange for your dark favors."

The voice, ventriloquial, made reply while phosphorescent lights danced upon the altar. "Your command I cannot obey unless you surrender your soul and body, agreeing that, after the lapse of twenty years, I can do with them as I will."

"They promise," Thumb replied, "to reward the great Lucifuge after twenty years for all the treasures he will give to them."

"I obey," said the tortured voice, and there was a sound as of the rustle of winds. "I obey," repeated the voice from a greater distance. "I obey," it said a third time, from so far away that it scarcely could be heard.

Over the heads of the gasping women Thumb raised his hands in benediction. "Go now your several ways," he said. "Contemplate evil. Give rein to imaginings. Be prepared to answer the summons which will come within a few days." And solemnly, "May Belzebub, may Astarot, may Agaliarept, may all the princes of hell be with you to counsel you until your return."

The dazed women shuffled out of the makeshift temple and disappeared.

Columbine, watching, said to herself, *Mumbo jumbo. Nonsense. Incredible silliness.* But nevertheless she felt the trembling of her knees and an unwilling sense of the uncanny, the presence of unseen evil.

Martinus touched her arm and she flinched away from him. "Tut-tut," he said. "So he got you too! Puts on a good show, doesn't he? The comical thing about it, Miss Drugget, is that he believes in himself, really."

She sat again on the army cot, holding her robe closely about her against the predawn chill.

"What," she asked faintly, "are your intentions with regard to myself?"

"Why," Martinus said, "in them we must be guided by the necessities of self-preservation. But, until affairs work themselves out, you must stay with us."

"We regret," said Thumb, "that there was no opportunity to pack a bag for you with feminine essentials. But perhaps a frontier shirt of mine will not be too large, nor a freshly purchased pair of dungarees."

Columbine was, somehow, not frightened. She feared no physical violence, and why she could not have said. Rather she was angry. "As my grandfather used to say discouragingly, 'you folks have bit off more'n you kin chaw.'"

"We have excellent molars," Martinus said, and grinned broadly. "I'll fetch you another blanket, Miss Drugget. As the Gallic proverb has it, 'He who sleeps dines.'"

He went out with Thumb and returned alone with the cover.

"Good night," he said courteously. "Pleasant dreams."

Columbine had no watch, but she estimated the time to be some three hours after midnight. All would be serene at The Daphne. She could not hope that the robbery of the safe would be discovered for four or five hours. She lay down on the cot, but had no thought of closing her eyes in sleep. She had only covered herself with the blanket when Professor Thumb came in with garments under his arm.

"Best I can manage," he said. "No shoes."

When he went out, she pulled on the stiff dungarees over her pajamas, and found the shirt was comfortable if a bit too large. She felt better able to cope than she had in flimsy night clothes. Time crawled laggingly. There was nothing to do but sit and think, and to be awake in early morning with no company but one's thoughts is depressing. She examined her predicament with logical mind, but could see no favorable outcome. Hitherto, her experiences in Miss Cordwainer's school had been invaluable. They had provided precedents. But even a life spent among the female young of the race, rich though it was, and instructive in the adroitnesses and stratagems and chicaneries of very clever little girls, was not helpful now. Being a prisoner in a dilapidated old mansion where horrid rites of black magic were practiced had no counterpart in the Select School for Misses.

More than anything else, now that she was otherwise serviceably clad, she craved shoes. Even should she be able to evade her jailers and escape from the house, her tender bare feet would be unable to carry her across the desert or along that narrow, rutted, stony road that stretched back to pavement.

Oddly enough, she was annoyed rather than frightened. She did not doubt that these men could be very dangerous indeed, especially Pastor Martinus. She was irked because her imprisonment here interfered with her plans. She had things to do—urgent things in the matter of reprisals against Lucius Quentin. Time, definitely, was of the essence. Miss Stubblefield was an uncertain quantity, and what effect upon the old lady's conduct this disappearance might exert she could only guess. Worries magnified themselves and Columbine was very unhappy. Dawn came suddenly, and with it the aroma of coffee and bacon wafting through the archway.

Then Thumb's voice called her name. "Breakfast, Miss Drugget," he said in a normal sort of way, as if he were announcing a meal in the most ordinary circumstances.

Columbine, feet flinching from the gritty floor, walked to the opening. Thumb motioned toward the chapel where last night's ritual had been practiced.

"Where do I wash?" she asked.

"You don't," he said apologetically. "We have to tote all water up here, and there's none to waste on ablutions."

"Matching," she said severely, "ungodliness with uncleanliness."

"Miss Drugget," said Martinus, "in this age two things are regrettably overdone: cleanliness and education. I much prefer the era of the little red schoolhouse and the Saturday-night bath."

"Pastor Martinus," said Professor Thumb, "is a hidebound conservative. I, myself, am liberal, not to say radical. My theory—my philosophical theory is that everything that has existed is bad, and if there is good, it hasn't been discovered yet."

The coffee was served in paper cups with evaporated cream, the bacon on paper plates, the toast was scorched, but Columbine was young and of abounding health, and hungry. She ate heartily and her spirits lifted.

"You have Madame Thistlebun's jewels, of course," she said.

"We have," Martinus answered.

"You will undoubtedly know how to dispose of them."

"That," Martinus said, "is a part of our professional equipment."

"To be sure," Columbine said thoughtfully, "but what about me? I mean here I am, but does your professional education

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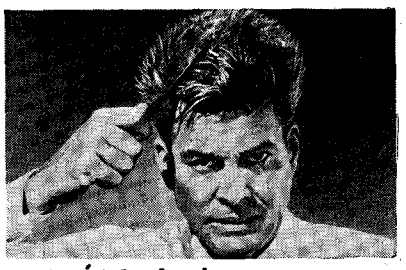

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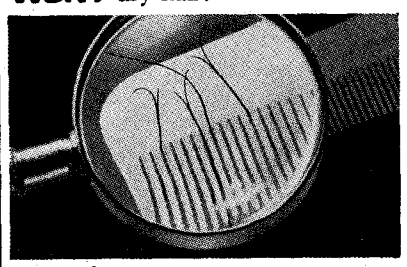

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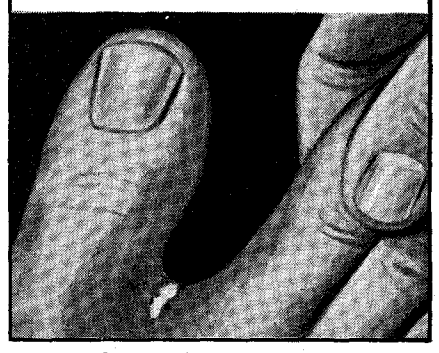

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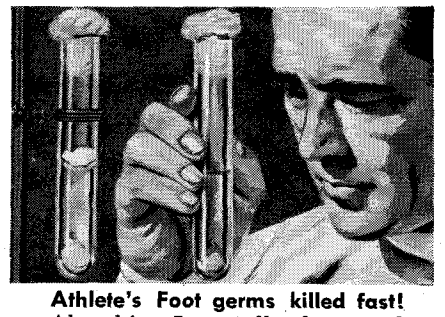

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tell you what you are going to do with me?"

The two men looked at each other and frowned and shook their heads. "You," Thumb said, "are very, very troublesomely fortuitous. I mean you were not contemplated."

"You barged in," Martinus added. "We acted on the best of our judgment on the spur of the moment."

"You can't hold me forever," Columbine said.

"That point," Professor Thumb told her, "has been vexing us."

"You are," Martinus said, "a very attractive girl. Somehow it seems more tragic when something unpleasant happens to a beautiful girl than when the—ah—victim is a wizened old maid."

"Regrettable wastefulness," Thumb said, waggling his scholarly head.

"Therefore," Martinus said, "we ourselves have been reluctant to face necessity."

"Or to admit the probable eventuality," added Thumb.

Suddenly Columbine was frightened. Up to this moment, these men had seemed to her more eccentric than evil. But now she realized what the probable eventuality would be. Their talk of it had been coldly inhuman. There might be present some slight regret at what must be done, but there would be no shrinking from it when the time came, when it seemed to be required of them to act. They had been courteous to her, even kindly, but she saw clearly now that this was more dangerous than threats or bluster or grimness. She was able to see their point of view, and why her death was necessary. It would be their belief that she alone could testify against them, point the finger at them. There was nothing to connect them with the theft of half a million dollars' worth of gems save only Columbine Pepper Drugget. If she were to disappear utterly and never again be seen, then they would have nothing to fear. If she were to be permitted to live, then she would speak, would point an accusing finger at them.

If she were a problem to them, they put it out of mind, and put her out of mind as well.

"It's light," Thumb said. "Let's take a look."

"A rewarding look," Martinus said. "We've planned enough and spent enough on preliminaries and travel." He smiled with satisfaction. "But it has paid off, partner, paid off plenty."

They were talking about their loot—about Madame Thistlebun's gems. That was clear to Columbine. Martinus walked to the altar and lifted the cloth to expose the drawers. From the top one he lifted a set of leather cases, jewel boxes, and placed them on the makeshift table. Thumb reached out an avid hand and snatched a red morocco container and worked its catch. Its contents fell out before their eyes, red, glinting in the morning sunlight that now beamed through the window. The professor made an animal sound and reached for the second box, and scintillating before their eyes were bracelets and a necklace and breastpin of deepest green. The third set of jewels, glinting more sharply than the others, were marvelously matched diamonds. Thumb bent over them, slavering, making incoherent, indecent animal sounds.

"The beauties! The lovelies!" he mouthed.

A beam of light in which danced dust particles fingered down from a hole high above in the roof and touched the heap of jems. Even Columbine, whose contacts with jewels had been few and remote, was awed by their beauty and by this double handful of concentrated wealth.

"Half a million!" chortled Thumb. "Half a million!"

Martinus had not spoken. He reached out a thick-fingered hand and lifted the diamonds and held them under his eyes. Then, with a strange deliberation, he went to a handbag and took from it a small object which he affixed in his eye. Columbine saw it was the sort of optical glass used by watch repairers. Still with the same tense deliberation, the phony priest lifted the diamond necklace and examined it in a still concentration. He took his time. He scrutinized the necklace stone by stone.

As Columbine watched him he seemed scarcely to breathe. And still he said no word. With equally meticulous examination he studied the rubies and the emeralds, stone by stone, facet by facet. Finally, with a queer gesture of incredulity, he dropped the emerald necklace on the bare boards. Then, for the first time, he spoke, and his voice, usually deep and mellow, was shrill and vibrant.

"Rubbish!" he said. It was a rasping cry, a sound that might have been wrenched from him by torture.

Columbine's slender body was tense; her eyes were big and staring. Thumb snatched the necklace and held it close to his eyes. Then he turned upon Martinus, dangerous as a cornered rat, and as hideous.

"You lie!" he almost screamed. "You lie!"

Martinus was strangely calm. "Glass. Paste. Bogus," he said. And then, the words weighted with such bitterness and venom as Columbine never had heard in a human voice, "The slut! The slut!"

"I don't believe you!" Thumb squeaked. "You're trying to swindle me! You ——"

"Shut up," Martinus said, and there was sneering in his steadier words. "Swindle you, you befuddled fool! What need! I tell you, Artemus Thumb, there's not a genuine gem stone in the lot. The old harridan's had duplicates made." He brushed the false jewels off on the floor. "Half a year's time, a ton of gray matter and thousands of dollars invested by us. And what do we get for it? A few hundred dollars' worth of bottle glass!"

So Madame had not been such an exhibitionist fool! So she had not been a senseless, ridiculous old woman when she so carelessly left her jewels in Columbine's inadequate safe! Thumb was slavering curses. Martinus sat, massive, on his hunkers, his eyes blank, his face a mask.

"If I burn for it," he said through his dominolike teeth, "I'll kill the double-crossing hag." It was, Columbine thought, grotesque. His rage, his craving for revenge were grotesque. As if Madame Thistlebun had cheated him, wronged him. "If it's the last act of my life," he whispered.

Something inspired Columbine. It might have been some juvenile malice learned from her youthful charges, or it might have been something more mysterious, surging up from her subconscious. The men had forgotten her in their tragedy, but now they looked at her with dead eyes as she spoke.

"But you have the other jewels," she said. "The first ones in the suitcase. Or is it possible they, too, are bogus?"

It was Thumb who sprang to his feet and shuffled to the altar. He snatched up the cloth with its cabalistic markings and jerked the drawer open again. The little chamois bag was there, and he lifted it and turned with it to the rough table. He snapped the shirring string and dumped the contents on the bare boards of the table. And then he screamed. It was a jungle sound, a sound from a madhouse, as he saw, not glittering gems but a handful of pebbles and bits of adobe. For an instant he stood crouched, unbelieving. Then he launched himself at Martinus, growling like some dog with rabies.

The lunge was explosive. It caught Martinus by surprise and upset him, with the lighter man on top clawing for his throat and screeching. Nails tore at Martinus' eyes, scratched his cheeks. Thumb bit at his partner with yellow teeth. Martinus only grunted and drew his thick neck down in his clerical collar. He rolled upon his back and embraced the maddened man, and Columbine, appalled, saw his neck muscles bulge as he hugged with bearlike pressure. His massive arms pressed Thumb to him and forced out his breath and threatened to crack ribs or break backbone. Thumb screamed and was limp, and his mouth gaped and a trickle of blood coursed down his unshaven chin. Martinus pushed him aside, got to his knees and then to his feet. He kicked the professor once and then shrugged his mighty shoulders. His eyes, tinged with red, rested upon Columbine.

"That," he said mildly, "was smart. Little girls shouldn't be so smart. For that, you'll have to stay after school."

Columbine was not deceived by his mildness. "You'd better not fuss with me," she said. "As Nonnie Peters said to Mary Norton when Mary threw a stone through a plate-glass window, you better pick 'em up and set 'em down fast while you got a chance. That, Pastor Martinus, is my advice to you."

The set smile did not leave his face as he took a step toward her—a slow, deliberate step. As he advanced with the deliberation of an avalanche, she retreated inch by inch. Her horrified eyes saw how he flexed his fingers. His eyes were upon the column of her throat. Her back touched the wall. She could retreat no farther.

She opened her mouth to scream, and she did scream shrilly, not once, but in a succession of screams. She could see nothing now but Martinus' avid, heavy face and his hands with outspread fingers. In another instant they would seize her, grip her throat and shut off her breath forever. She saw no movement behind him, where Thumb lay prone. She did not see the professor compel himself to rise to his knees, to his feet. She did not see him as he drew from its place under his arm, not a gun, but a knife with heavy, gleaming blade. Nor did she see when he drew back his arm and hurled the missile.

But she did see Martinus' eyes widen, and his body lurch, and his hands paw toward her. Instinct made her step aside, and he flopped blindly against the wall where she had stood, and slid down to the rubble-strewn floor, where he lay twitching. Then she heard Thumb laugh crazily.

"Not me!" the professor cried shrilly. "Nobody hangs the double cross on me!"

So saying, he swayed and his body crumpled and his face was among the bogus jewels on the floor.

Columbine gripped her hands into fists and drew air deeply into her lungs. Then she whispered a quotation, scarcely realizing what she said. "To a man up a tree," she faltered, "it looks like you'd put the bee on each other."

Then, swaying a bit, and flinching as her bare feet encountered sharp bits of rubbish, she moved toward the outer door and then was outside the ruin, leaning against the adobe blocks that framed what once had been a handsome doorway. She could go no farther. Her knees would not support her. She sat down on the sill and covered her face and shut her eyes against the rising sun. And then, after a moment, she opened her lids again and stared off across the desert toward the main highway. And there was a cloud of dust as a motorcar approached rapidly. It mounted the hill and came to a stop on the old-time parking space, and from it leaped a young, uniformed officer of the highway patrol and Madame Thistlebun and Barbara Green. And last of all, Sam Jones.

Columbine raised her eyes to his and was saturnine. "Well," she said tartly, "here you are. Arrived at the picnic grounds just after the balloon went up."

The highway patrolman, a nice young man with Methodist upbringing, was inexpressibly shocked by the sight of the impious chapel, more shocked than by the sight of Pastor Martinus with a knife in his back and Professor Thumb with crushed ribs. Thumb still breathed painfully.

The young man took charge competently. "Notify the sheriff's office," he directed. "Have (*Continued on Page 82*)

"Then you warned everybody in this block that the redcoats are coming."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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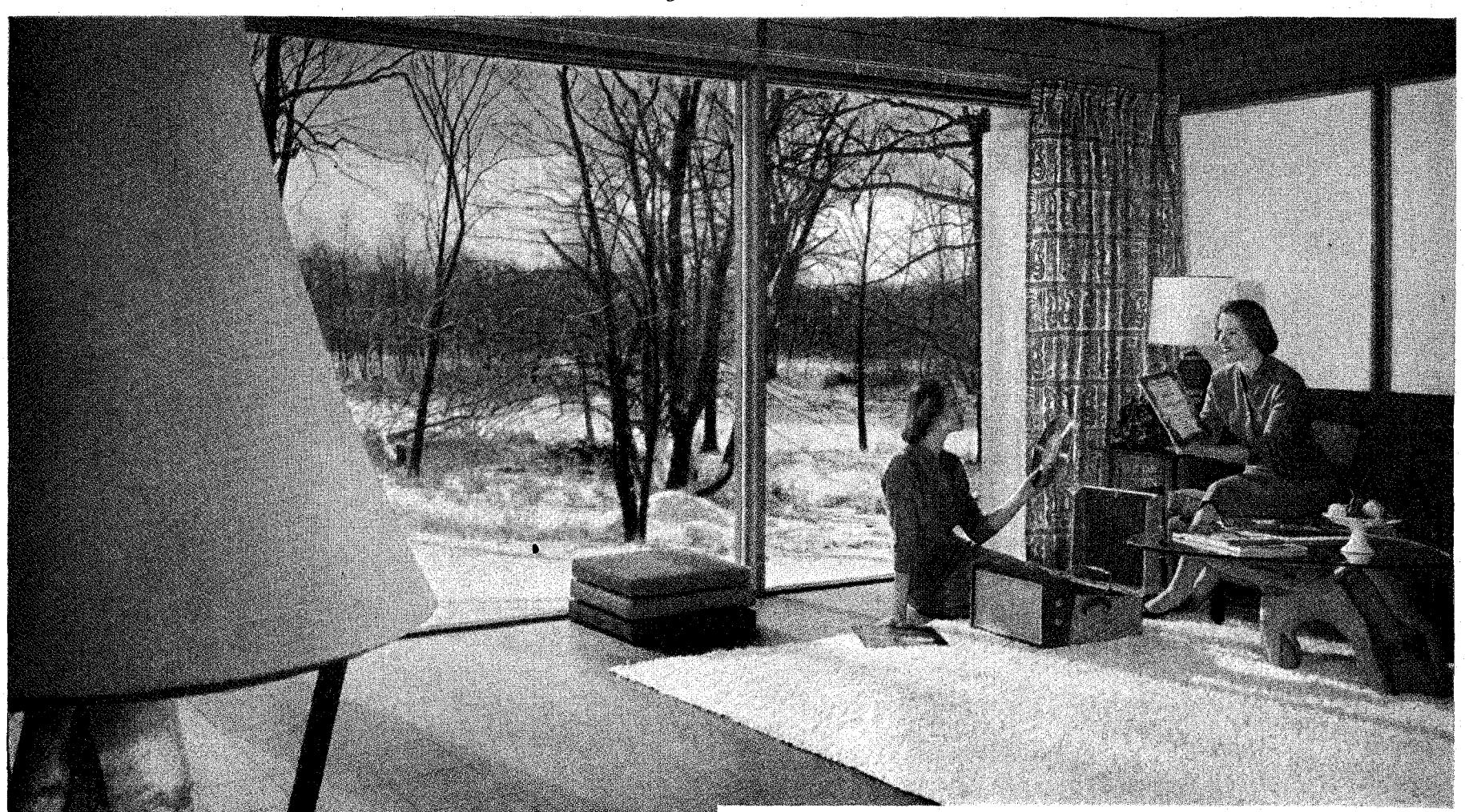

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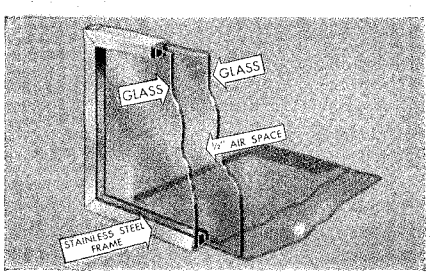
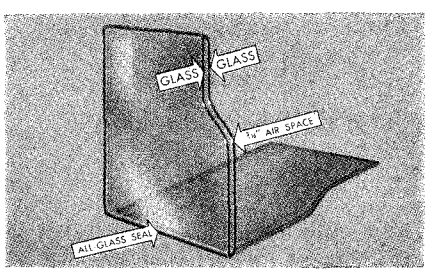


METAL EDGE. These units are designed for larger window areas and where maximum insulation is needed. They are constructed of two panes of ¼" clear-vision Plate Glass, with a ½" sealed air space between them. The exclusive stainless steel frame protects the glass against chipping, creating very strong units.



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(*Continued from Page 80*) an ambulance sent. Use the nearest telephone."

Sam Jones picked up Columbine and carried her to the car, where he plopped her down on the back seat. "You're lucky," he growled, "that nothing is lacerated but your feet."

Columbine, though her weight was only a hundred and twelve pounds, was surprised and pleasantly gratified to note how easily Sam Jones lifted and carried her. Being held in his arms was agreeable. In all her limited experience she could remember nothing quite so nicely exciting. She wished that the car were much farther away so that the ride could be prolonged. He stood scowling down at her.

"Look at your feet! Just look at them!" he snarled.

She was so drawn to him, even when he was making himself disagreeable, that she found it necessary to be disagreeable herself. She was actually grateful to Jones for being so gruff. Had he been gentle or sympathetic, she would have bawled on his shoulder, and if she had not snapped at him she knew she would have flung her arms about him and begged him to hold her close.

So she scowled as she looked up at him and said crisply, "My feet are none of your business. You are my lawyer, not my chiropodist."

Barbara Green sat beside Columbine. "What billing and cooing!" she exclaimed dryly.

"What," asked Madame Thistlebun, "set those two gangsters to fighting? Were they squabbling over you?"

"Oh, no," said Columbine, surprised at such an assumption. "Oh, no, indeed. They were not in the least interested in me. Except as—as a victim."

"Well, in that getup," Madame said critically, "you're not such a dish. What was it, then?"

"It was a shock to them to find your jewels were not real," Columbine said. "The professor was reluctant to believe it. He was suspicious of Pastor Martinus. He—he thought the pastor was—was thimblerigging him. And so it seemed a practical and efficient idea to sow additional seeds of suspicion."

"Which you did? And how?"

"Well, there was the original ——" She sought for a word. "The original swag. That forty thousand dollars' worth of gems which I abstracted the other day from their hiding place in the altar. So I called attention, and the professor investigated. When he found nothing but pebbles, he quite, as one of my little girls used to say aptly, went off his rocker and attacked Martinus."

"And then?"

"Pastor Martinus, after constricting his confederate, became quite lethal, and was advancing upon me to—ah—scrag me. Then Thumb upreared and threw a knife. It seemed," Columbine said, "like a very apt moment to make use of the old saying, divide and rule."

Sam Jones did not turn his head, but he spoke harshly. "Do you mean," he demanded, "that, situated as you were, in danger of your life, you hung onto your presence of mind sufficiently to ——"

"It was undoubtedly the instinct of self-preservation. A slick chick," she quoted, "always keeps a rabbit in a hat to jerk out when she gets in a jam."

"Slick chick! Slick chick!" Sam Jones said to himself in a strangled voice. "Oh, my second cousin's tortoise-shell tomcat!"

They reached the thoroughfare, stopped at a gas station and did necessary telephoning; then they drove on to the hotel.

"You," Columbine said to Sam Jones, "stay right here. Don't budge an inch while—while I fix my feet. Chiropodist!" she said bitingly.

Madame and Barbara Green escorted her to her apartment, drew hot water in the tub and saw that Columbine got into it. Barbara called the kitchen for food. Columbine luxuriated. When she emerged, Barbara had laid out on the bed one of Columbine's more attractive ensembles.

"To remove any false impressions," she said. "If you'd stand for it, I'd deck you out in a Bikini. That would make the lad forget that you looked like what a nonfastidious cat dragged in this morning."

"My interest in Mr. Jones' impression of me," Columbine said, "is negligible if not nonexistent."

Barbara raised her eyes at Madame Thistlebun. "She is in a bad way."

"It's pitiful," Madame said, and then, simpering romantically, "but it's kind of cute. Gosh, I remember how it was with me when I fell the first time. Before I got acquainted with the fact that cabbage leaves are more like to mean money than they are to cover up babes in the garden. The first man you go for always sticks in your mind, even if he's a gilt-edged palooka. It ain't that the fellow is so wonderful; it's the kind of sunburst."

Columbine was paying scant attention to these animadversions. She was thinking business. She was not even conscious of the delicious picture she made as she reached upward to a high shelf and retrieved the little packet of gems she had abstracted from the altar. They had sort of followed her around and she was eager to be rid of them.

"FBI," she said, "they pursue stolen property across state lines."

Looking not at all as if she had spent a dreadful night of suspense, she led the way down to her office. The only visible sign of her ordeal was a slight limp. Sam Jones was waiting in her office, which, when they entered it, was a bit crowded. She tossed the jewels to Jones.

"Get rid of them," she directed. "FBI or someone."

"Reward?" he asked.

"If there is one," she said without interest, "give it to the Community Chest. Have you seen the morning paper?"

He handed her a folded copy, to which she gave her attention. There was, as she had hoped, a follow-up story about the meat-packing plant and, by Maxine Swan, a feature story about Miss Stubblefield and how, at last, she had parted with a piece of the family real estate. There was an interview with Lucius Quentin, who used words like "outrage" and "injunction" and seemed to be in a state of mind.

"All right," Sam said. "You've brought him to a boil. What next?"

"Let him continue," Columbine said primly, "to stew in his own juice."

"How inelegant!" Barbara Green exclaimed.

"It is," replied Columbine pedantically, "the inelegancies of the vulgar which enrich our language. I quote a self-educated taxi driver whose stand was at our corner."

"It is published here," Sam said, pointing to the paper, "that the option to purchase is in my name."

"Therefore," Columbine said, "Mr. Quentin will be contacting you." She frowned. "I detest that word in that connection. The vocabulary of the world of business is made up of stupid clichés."

"And when," Sam Jones asked, "this man clichés me, what do I respond?"

"You will," Columbine said, "make an engagement with him, and notify me."

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am," Sam said, tugging at his forelock. "Whereupon you will take over?"

"Whereupon," Columbine said, "I will instruct you further."

"For this," he said, "I studied law and was admitted to the bar."

"I," said Columbine, "have matters here that require my attention. Doubtless your office requires your presence. I'm greatly obliged to you, Mr. Jones. Good morning."

With a somewhat baffled glance at grinning Madame Thistlebun and sardonic Barbara Green, the young attorney got to his feet, bent his body in a bow that was near to a genuflection. "I'd back out of the throne room," he said, "but we of the lower classes never learned locomotion from the crab."

When he was gone, Barbara Green lifted her plucked brows and said to Madame Thistlebun, "I wonder if he knows what ails him?"

"Probably," said the older woman, "he thinks it's something he ate."

Columbine stared at them, big-eyed, and shook her head in frustration. "You two," she said, "are always so cryptic. You might be speaking a foreign language for all I comprehend of it."

"It's code," said Madame.

"The tender language of love," added Barbara.

It was not until the next morning that Columbine heard from her lawyer. He had made an appointment to receive Lucius Quentin in his office at two o'clock that afternoon.

"I will arrive," Columbine told him, "at one-thirty to, as Gracie Bean used to say, put you hep to the jive. That signifies, if I am not mistaken, to apprise you of the inner meaning of what is taking place."

"You," he responded, "are so educational."

She lunched at the pool, and then Barbara drove her to the Security Building and accompanied her to Sam Jones' office. Sam received them at once. They seated themselves and, after a brief but awkward pause, Sam asked, "And now, what does the spider say to the fly, when he arrives?"

"You," said Columbine, "are noncommittal. You, in juvenile vernacular, clam up."

"And then?"

"Doubtless he will bluster. You will remain mute. Let him bluster until—until he runs out of soap."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then," she said, "you may ask him what he has in mind."

"Does he tell me?"

"Oh, without doubt. He will tell you how a packing house there will ruin his hotel. He will talk about suing to abate a nuisance. And you will ask him if he has an alternative to propose."

"I follow you so far."

"He will then," Columbine said, "ask you to set a price on the property."

"Which I will not do?"

"At which," she said, "you will laugh scornfully."

"Talleyrand couldn't negotiate better," he said.

"At any rate," she went on, "a moment will arrive when he will be compelled to make a definite offer."

"At which, again, I shall laugh scornfully?"

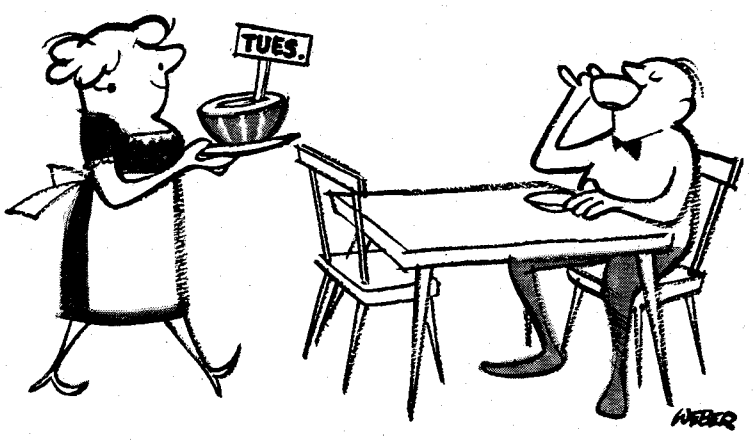
"Precisely. I think he will increase his offer."

"I snicker again."

She nodded. "But finally you reach a point where you make a counterproposition."

"Such as?"

"The option calls for the payment of five thousand dollars an acre, in cash. That amounts to—for fifteen acres—seventy-five thousand dollars. You will



The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Hazan, a woman who knew her wants and always voiced them loudly, walked briskly up to the produce section of the supermarket and immediately spoke up.

"I want a melon for my husband's breakfast tomorrow," she called to a clerk, who was busy weighing fruit for another customer. "I want a ripe melon, but I don't want it overripe."

When the clerk didn't respond immediately, Mrs. Hazan raised her voice, "Did you hear me, young man? I don't want a half-ripe melon, and I don't want one that was ripe yesterday or one that will be ripe next week. It must be just right for my husband's breakfast tomorrow morning."

The clerk paused, sighed, and spoke. "What time," he said with polite interest, "does your husband eat breakfast?"

David H. Snyder

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inform him that, considering the circumstances and the hardship it will work upon him, your principal has agreed to accept the total sum of one hundred thousand dollars. But to be paid in cash forthwith. In cash."

"That I do not understand. Why cash?"

"That," she said, "is the object of the whole transaction. Your offer is final, not to be abated or altered. You will glance at your watch. You will say that your principal is spending money on his project. That there has been considerable outlay. That, in short, you give him exactly five minutes to give his answer. At the end of that period the price goes up at the rate of one thousand dollars per minute."

"But you think he will accept?"

"I am sure of it."

"But has he sufficient funds?"

"I think so, or can get them quickly. Otherwise he would not have tried to buy the Daphne, knowing it would have to be a cash transaction."

"You," he said, and not without admiration, "have made yourself clear. Will you step into the library? You may leave the door ajar so that you can hear. Mr. Quentin is due at this moment."

The girls withdrew, and promptly at two o'clock Mr. Quentin was announced and entered. The girls, behind the door, were able clearly to hear what transpired, and Barbara shook her head and raised her brows as the conversation between Quentin and Jones followed almost exactly the pattern Columbine had foreseen. In three quarters of an hour they had arrived at Columbine's ultimatum of a hundred thousand dollars cash. Quentin wriggled and protested. He uttered outraged cries; he cried trickery; he fought like a hooked tarpon, but at last his struggles abated.

"It's an unconscionable thing," Quentin said, "but you've got me on the hip."

"In that case," Jones said, "you will give me your check for the total sum, to be held in escrow pending examination of title. Which, of course, I shall have certified."

Sullenly Quentin wrote the check. Jones pressed a button summoning his secretary, whom he sent to the bank with the check for certification. When it came back, when Quentin and he had signed the required papers, he got up and, excusing himself, stepped into the library.

"You win," he said in a low voice to Columbine. "It's all tied up."

"No wriggling out?"

"He's hooked, gaffed and in the boat."

"Then," she said, "I see nothing to be gained by, as one of the girls said, doing a Tarzan."

"Doing a Tarzan?" he asked.

"Thumping my chest and screeching in triumph. I would prefer that he never finds out I was a part of the transaction."

"But why?

"Because," she said, "I might want or need someday to wrestle with him again. And it would be better, to mix a metaphor, if he didn't know I was able to deal off the bottom of the deck."

He returned to his office. Lucius Quentin departed, not graciously, and Sam called to the lurking girls that they might safely come in.

Barbara was admiring. "Ain't she just?" she demanded.

"The rookie of the year," Jones answered. "Speed, change of pace, knuckle ball, slider—and if the umpire isn't looking, a spit ball."

"More tender and passionate words a girl never heard uttered," Barbara said in her crackling voice.

"But why, I'm still wondering, all cash?" Sam asked.

"Because," Columbine said, "it almost surely exhausts his funds. He won't be able to think of buying my hotel. He'll have to leave me alone. I've—I've—as Ermingarde Peters once said after a successful stratagem—I've glommed onto his bridgework so he can't bite."

Barbara Green got suddenly to her feet, wrinkling one eyebrow until the eye almost was closed.

"The spirit," she said, "moves me to go down and sit in my car."

"Without me?" Columbine asked.

"Definitely," Barbara said, and made for the door.

"Now," asked puzzled Sam Jones when the door closed behind her, "what was the idea of that?"

Columbine sat silent for a moment. Her friend's abrupt withdrawal was incomprehensible. But then came a glimmer of understanding. She stood up, very slender and graciously made, very young and alluring and desirable. Very much alive, and deliciously receptive. She looked across the desk at him out of expressive eyes, and his fingers tightened on the arms of his chair.

"She went out because," Columbine said a bit tremulously, "and I quote my grandfather, the time has come for you to fish, cut bait or get out of the rowboat."

Sam Jones blinked. His hands loosened their grip on the arms of his chair. He stood up, still blinking, and edged around the corner of his desk toward her. She did not retreat.

"One more step," she said breathlessly, "and you—you're on the flypaper."

And so he took that ultimate fatal step, and it is quite possible that they will live happily forever after. THE END

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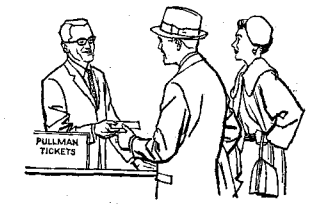

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Untamable (Continued from Page 24)

cub started for the woods, Sharbee was rolled along in a cloud of dust, and by the time he got things under control the girl had caught up with him again. She seemed to be surrounded by a nimbus of sparks; her bosom heaved. Sharbee stared, stricken; the sparks received scant attention from him at the moment, although he recalled them later and was vaguely puzzled.

"Well," she said, with a sudden and ominous calm, "it's done now, and you can't undo it, but you better make it up to him. If I hear of one single action that will hurt him in the least, you had better look out." She gave him one more look and turned and walked off. She was still breathing very deeply.

Sharbee stood and watched her go in some confusion. There had never been anything like this before. There had never been much of anything. Something new had been added, and even in his rather demolished condition he realized that suddenly he had had some attention. There was only one answer to it, and that was the bear. He had stumbled on the discovery that she liked young things, babies, and wanted to protect them, and this discovery opened up a beautiful plan of campaign in his mind. He began to grin, and took up his way again.

Twenty yards farther on, he was stopped again—this time by Alfie Beggs, the president of the village council. There was an expression of concern on Alfie's face, and he planted himself in the middle of the street and waited.

"Hi, Alfie," Sharbee said, coming up.

"Hi, Sharbee. I hope and trust, boy, that you ain't plannin' to keep that varmint around the place."

"Why," Sharbee said, "lonesome as I am in my house, I thought he'd be right good company."

Alfie's expression of concern deepened. "I was afraid of it," he said. "Look. Look, now, Sharbee. You know and I know how much influence you got with the young around here. You're the best hunter and the best scuffler and the best schemer; and they all want to do what you do. You just pull up a minute and give your brains a chance, you'll see, if you keep this bear, that pretty soon the village will be full of bears." He shuddered. "Bears all over the place, runnin' in and out, bustin' up everything and stealin' all they can reach. I tell you, boy, we'll have to move out."

The cub gave a squall and a heave, and Sharbee took up a little slack. "Shucks," he said. "I don't think they'll bother, Alfie. They got brothers and sisters and folks to talk to, and I haven't got anybody."

"Yeah," Alfie said. "But a dang bear ——"

"It won't be that way," Sharbee said. "Not with me, it won't. I reckon I'll have this varmint washing the dishes and going to church in a boiled shirt in a week or two."

Alfie wiped his brow, which had grown damp. "Boy ——" he began in a pleading tone, and changed his mind. "Tarnation take it!" he burst out. "I won't have it! I'll get a ordinance passed! I'll ——" Words failed him; he started to turn away, but Sharbee laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Alfie," he said, "you saw Miranda? You know how long me and everybody else has been courting her, and how far we get. You saw what she did to me. Alfie, it was this bear. She likes baby things, and maybe it'll get me far enough to sort of talk her around. You let me have it a little while, Alfie."

Alfie stared at him. "Well," he said finally. "Well, now. I ain't a hardhearted man, Sharbee. You know that. I been watchin' you and everybody else with that girl for a long time, and besides the trouble it kicks up, it makes me sad. She ought to get married, but she done got soured on it on account of her ma and pa is always arguin' and fightin'. You're smart, Sharbee, maybe you got somethin' there, but a dang bear ——"

"Alfie," Sharbee said craftily, "you know the scuffling goes on all the time on account of her. Now, you let me have this bear and it swings her around and I pick her off, you got peace. The boys'll go for the other girls and get married, and —— Great day, Alfie, you think of it."

"I am thinkin' of it," Alfie said, wavering, "but ——"

"Everybody married. Peace and quiet."

"All right," Alfie said. "Maybe it's worth a try."

He turned away, and it was about then that the cub decided to take off again. Sharbee braced himself and pulled it up to him hand over hand, and when the dust settled, it could be seen that he held it at arm's length by the scruff of the neck. It went round and round like a black pinwheel, with a clamor that had to be heard to be believed; and so he marched with it to his house at the end of the street. The door slammed and for a time the house rocked on its foundations and bulged occasionally here and there, but finally there was a pregnant silence.

For several days Sharbee was invisible, and then he appeared again. He had suffered some lacerations and there was considerable wonderment as to the appearance of the inside of his house, but he had come to an understanding with the cub. At least it followed him with every evidence of a lively affection, and when it got above itself, he cuffed it good-naturedly, as its mother would have done. Bouncing about like a rubber ball, into everything, it was a most engaging creature; it was bright-eyed, full of tricks, and as irresistible as a happy, mischievous little boy with a disarming grin.

After Sharbee showed it around he took to walking up and down in front of Miranda's house with it or standing nearby in plain view while it went through its repertory. For several days this produced no more than an occasional twitch of the parlor curtains. But Sharbee hung on, and presently the girl came out, just as he knew she would. She sailed down the path to the gate, carrying a market basket as though she were going to the store, and looking everywhere but at him. He moved a little closer, as though unaware of her; and as she came out the gate he spoke in a low tone to the cub.

The cub looked at him and then ran over to the girl. It sat down in front of her, cocked its head to one side and ran out its little pink tongue. She had to stop and notice it, and when she did, the cub stood up, raised a paw, and holding the basket by the edge, looked hopefully into it. Miranda began to smile, and Sharbee moved in.

"Whoa, now," he said, extending a hand to push the cub away. "Whoa, sonny.... I'm right sorry if he's bothering you, Miranda. I'll get him out of the way."

"Please," Miranda said. "Couldn't you let him be just a minute, Sharbee?"

"You wanted to get to the store," Sharbee said, and leaned over to take the cub by the scruff of the neck.

He knew what would happen, and it did. The cub wrapped its forelegs around her, and she had to sit down. Thereupon it climbed into her lap and snuggled there, and then her arms were around it. Suddenly there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Sharbee," she said. "He's such a precious little thing."

For a moment Sharbee was much moved, and then he steeled himself. Things were going better than he'd expected, but he had just begun.

"You're awful pretty, sitting there holding him," he said, and added guilefully, "Just like a young one." He dug into his pocket, and as the cub peeped around her arm, he showed it the piece of candy.

The cub scrambled off her lap and ran around her; Sharbee popped the candy into its mouth before she could turn, and then carefully helped her up. "We didn't mean to keep you from the store," he said. "Maybe you wouldn't mind if we went along part way."

So they all set off together down the street; the first time she had ever walked anywhere with him. Now that the cub was out of her arms, she grew a little distant again, but not so distant as before. Part of this, Sharbee felt, was preoccupation; she was remembering the little warm body that she had been hugging a moment before. He walked a foot or two from her, as if he were walking on eggs, and answered only when she spoke; and he left her before they reached the store. There were certain situations, he well knew, in which it was better to leave too soon than to leave too late.

Sharbee's march to the store hadn't gone unnoticed in the village; far from it. The word got around rapidly among the other young men, and there was some speculation; pretty soon there was more. For now that Sharbee had thawed a little of the ice that held his lady's heart, he went manfully to work to thaw some more, and the results were soon evident.

There were several walks to the store which didn't seem so accidental as the first one, and then it was noted that there were lights on in Sharbee's house late at night. This was looked into, but all that could be seen through a small hole in one of the drawn shades was a candy jar on the table with Sharbee's hand in it occasionally and once or twice the cub moving around, apparently by command.

This was disquieting, and the gloom deepened when Bud McNichol, that great player of angles, remarked darkly, "Maybe, could we see more, we'd find out he dresses up in girl clothes when he hands the candy out."

This was bad, but the clincher came one fine day when Sharbee and the cub met Miranda at her gate clearly by appointment. She carried the basket, as usual, but this time it wasn't empty. It was full and covered with a napkin, and Sharbee hung it on one arm and the three of them walked amicably out of town together. After the young men got their breath back they sent a spy out, who returned with the shocking information that the party had gone to Deer Leap Falls, where they all sat down in a friendly way and seemed to be preparing for a picnic.

"They was even a pie," the spy said unhappily. "A whole big pie, and the way he took on over it, she must have made it herself."

It was then realized that the situation had deteriorated beyond all bearing and possibly beyond repair, and a number of desperate expedients were put forward. None of them made much headway until Juke Moncure took the floor.

"What I say is," he said, "we get some of Sharbee's clothes and put 'em on somebody, and after the varmint smells 'em good, the man can beat the stuffing out of it. That ought to sour it on him for sure."

"Yeah," Bud McNichol said. "If you don't get caught at it. Maybe you want to be the one, and then Sharbee comes up and you get your head beat in. O.K., it's your head."

"Now wait a minute ——"

"We got no time to wait a minute. Now you listen to me."

They listened.

"Now that's a thought-provoking question."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The upshot of all this was that the young men began to disappear. They left their spring plowing and their other chores and took off for the woods. They were gone for days on end, and in the fullness of time some returned battered and empty-handed, but some of them returned with cubs. Their intentions were good, but none of them had Sharbee's hand with a varmint, and the cubs were refractory little devils, bursting with vitality and ideas of their own, and after their original wildness was dispelled they were hard to handle. In spite of this, young men with cubs began to pile up in front of Miranda's house until one day there were four youths and four cubs there together, all belligerent and lively; and after a bit, things got so confused and out of hand that one swain kicked another swain's cub, either by accident or design, and a fine free-for-all ensued. At this point Miranda appeared with a broom and dealt with them impartially and with impressive vigor, and scattered them all. After this, enthusiasm seemed to lag, and the cubs' captors began to sneak off and leave them to their own devices.

Their devices were various, and pretty soon a man didn't know whether he would be swarmed over in daylight, tackled in the street after dark, find several of them hungrily taking his kitchen apart or discover that his bed was no refuge. There would be cubs in it or under it—or almost anywhere else, for that matter.

This horrid state of affairs soon became infinitely amusing to the younger generation, for there was always a riot of sorts, actual or potential, going on somewhere. The word got around, and alien visitors began to appear in cars to see the fun. The older generation wasn't amused in the least. It was in a state of unquiet desperation, and called a closed council meeting. They met in the largest room of the three-room school on a Wednesday night, and several of them had suffered on the way. Mrs. Benson tearfully held up the remains of a hat which had comforted her for many years and Jonas McGraw profanely exhibited four ham bones, gnawed and bare.

"M'summer's ham!" he said, dancing about. "And there ain't no bones to show for the bacon!"

Alfie came late, with one leg of his pants in tatters. Just after being snatched and finally repelling the snatcher, he had encountered Bud McNichol, who had asked, with an appearance of innocence, what the lights in the school were on for.

Alfie knew better, but he had been sorely tried. "For a meetin' to get rid of your dang bears!" he'd snarled, and gone on. Just as he came in the door, Jonas was leading the group out.

"What's this?" he asked. "What's goin' on here?"

"We had a vote. We're goin' out and shoot these triple-asterisk bears right now."

Alfie blocked the door. "Oh, no, you ain't," he said. "There has got to be some other way."

This produced a great uproar, which Alfie had some difficulty in calming down. "Look, now," he said, when quiet fell. "You get to shootin' bears, and somebody's goin' to knock Sharbee's over. How you goin' to tell 'em apart? Sharbee's right shatterpated about this bear, and anybody crosses him up is goin' to wish his mother never borned him." He paused to let this sink in, which it did; for everyone was well aware of Sharbee's capacities. "Seems 'if," Alfie went on, with sudden inspiration, "that Miranda had a hand in this. Maybe we better talk to her."

Someone ran out and presently returned with the girl, who smiled noncommittally at them.

"Miranda," Alfie said, with an attempt at a twinkle, "we're in a tight, and you got to help us. We're being et alive by bears, and if you could sort of work around to askin' Sharbee to help us get rid of 'em ——"

Miranda's face became very still. "I don't think I should," she said.

"You don't think you ——" Alfie asked, with a rising inflection. "Why not? Great balls of fire, girl, it's your duty. These bears is gettin' bigger every day, and soon we'll all be stove up."

"No," Miranda said, and there was an ominous mutter.

"You got to. I order you to."

"I won't do it," Miranda said, looking like Joan of Arc at the stake. "The cubs would be orphans, and starve. And besides, I don't intend to ask any favors of Sharbee or anybody."

There was a rising uproar and some stirring about.

"M' winter's ham ——"

"My hat ——"

"My root cellar ——"

Suddenly the meeting rose to its feet and started for the girl like a breaking wave, and it might have gone hard with her if a wild-eyed, gasping man hadn't suddenly burst through the door.

"Ghosts!" he screeched. "They're after me! Hide me!"

The wave gave back, and then a low, horrid white shape came rushing, at seemingly supernatural speed, into the room. The council stared and then scattered like a covey of quail. The shape rushed on, bounced off the end wall, gave a blood-curdling wail which drowned out the council's shrieks, and began leaping in all directions. It banged into things and thumped about, and all the time a wail came out of it that built up like a siren's. Then there was a loud ripping sound; the ghost collapsed and a cub emerged from the ruins of it, gave the room a terrified look, and went through the nearest window with a final crash, taking the sash with it.

Alfie had a fleeting thought of his unfortunate meeting with Bud McNichol, who must have produced the ghost, but had no time to consider it. Miranda had taken advantage of the confusion and disappeared, and all cohesion and order had gone with her. Mrs. Benson, still holding the wreck of her hat, discovered that the ghost had really been her best sheet—saved, like the hat, from her far-off honeymooning days—although it hardly resembled a sheet any more. Everyone was up and baying, and for a moment it seemed that they were all going immediately to Miranda's house, drag her out and turn her over somebody's knee or burn the house down. Alfie got that stopped, and then they turned furiously on him.

"It was you let him have that varmint in the first place!"

"We should 'a' lynched you then! That very day!"

"You got it started; now you get it stopped!"

"Quick!"

"Or else!"

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They glared collectively at him, and then went out in a body, for protection.

Sharbee was climbing into his big four-poster when there was a knock on the bedroom window sill. "Go away," he said. "I'm going to bed."

"It's me; Alfie. Don't play horse with me, boy. We're in trouble, and likely your girl is too."

Sharbee got up and went and opened the back door. Alfie came in, somewhat the worse for wear, and told his melancholy tale. "And," he finished up, "she said she wouldn't ask you no favors."

"Ah, me," Sharbee said. "I thought things were better than that. Just when I was about to take him back to his ma, too, and could quit sitting up every night teaching him to be cute and going broke buying candy. Well, I reckon I'd better take him back anyhow, and then we can run the others out of town."

"Wait a minute," Alfie said. "Hold up. You'll be ruint for good. She also said somethin' about 'em all starvin' to death if they was run out."

They stared at each other.

"So that's it," Sharbee said finally. "If I do take him back, she'll ruin me, and if I don't, everybody else will. What am I going to do, Alfie?"

"What are you goin' to do? Look, now, how about me? You only stand to lose a girl, and they's plenty of them. But I ain't got but one neck, and it ain't used to bein' stretched."

They stared at each other again, in anguish and apprehension. Presently Alfie licked his lips, and this slight gesture called something to Sharbee's mind. He went out and soon returned carrying a jug and two glasses. Alfie licked his lips again.

"I'm agin it," he said. "You know that. I seen some right strange things happen on account of this here giant killer. I call to mind ——"

"Leave your mind alone," Sharbee said, pouring two stiff ones. "This here is a emergency."

"Anyhow," Alfie said, "I done said I'm agin it, and this is a emergency if I ever saw one."

They drank, stood a moment while the jug's contribution settled; then they both reached out for the jug again.

"You're agin it, remember," Sharbee said. "You better let me pour it. Half measures won't get us anywhere."

After the fourth one Alfie began to grin, and then he grew philosophical.

"It's a right odd thing," he said, "but my mind, she's agettin' clearer all the time. I seen some funny things in my day, but the funniest is this thing that done happened to you with this here mother love. You had a good idea about mother love that was hid down deep in Miranda, and you got it close to the top with that varmint, like a man tolling up a fish didn't even know it was hungry. So it sees the bait and comes up, not interested much, on account of—of —— Anyhow, it comes up, and before it knows what's what, it bites, and then —— Um. Where was I at? What are you lookin' at me like that for?"

Sharbee was certainly staring at him. "This here—I mean, mother love," he said. "Alfie —— Great day in the morning! Those old she bears got as much mother love as anybody." He got up in great excitement and began to move around the room. "Bacon!" he exclaimed. "That's the thing! That'll toll 'em close enough!"

Alfie stared owlishly at him, and suddenly it was clear to Alfie too. He got more or less to his feet, and a great grin split his lined old face. "Holy Lazarus!" he said. "That's it! Boy, you are a smart one! It'll likely break us both and take all the bacon between here and tidewater, but it'll work. If I can only hold off Jonas and the rest until it does ——" He sat down again, and contemplated that happy day with delight. He got up again. "Well, I better go now, and we can get started in the mornin'." He patted the jug and started for the door, but his feet wouldn't obey him.

Sharbee finally put him to bed, and for a time he could be heard crooning happily to himself; then there was silence.

For the next few days Sharbee and Alfie were so busy that they were practically invisible. They spent all their money and all they could borrow for sides of bacon, which they put out for miles around, from far, far out to within half a mile or so of the village. Then they sat down to wait.

Several days later Sharbee was on hand for the first revelation. He had just come out of his house at the end of the street when he heard a thing approaching that sounded like a banshee who had stumbled into a hornet's nest, and then Old Man Ramsey came leaping out of the woods. Sharbee caught him, seeing that his eyes were shut, held him up until his legs stopped moving, and then gave him a shake or two. The old man opened his eyes, gasped, stared, gasped again and shuddered.

"Help me, Sharbee, help me!" he said. "Don't let her get me."

"Don't let who get you?"

"The bear! The bear, you plague-on fool. I was out there in them fields about half a mile from town gettin' some poke greens, and I walked around a hemlock and there she was, big as a prairie schooner and groallin' at me. I thought I was et for sure."

"You don't look et to me," Sharbee said, and grinned. At least one of them had followed the bait far enough in to smell her cub, and was hanging about, screwing up her courage to appear. As the wind shifted about, there would be more. "You go home and rest yourself," he said. "You've had enough excitement for one day."

There were no more incidents for a day or two, and then Sharbee took a walk around the perimeter of the village. "Things are looking up," he told Alfie when he got back, "and they're getting restless. It won't be long now."

"How soon?" Alfie asked. "How soon, boy? Jonas and them are beginnin' to push me."

"I reckon," Sharbee said, "I'll give 'em another day or two to get really warmed up, then I'll pull the string. You better pack and go for a visit, Alfie."

"Tell me what you aim to do, boy. I got to know."

But Sharbee grinned and shook his head, and that was all Alfie could get out of him.

Two days later, in the morning, Sharbee shut the cub in the house and walked to Miranda's and knocked on the door. Miranda opened it, started to smile, and then thought better of it.

"Hi, Miranda," Sharbee said. "You going to be here for a while?"

"Why," she said, "it's possible. Do you want me for something? Is this the day you run the cubs out of town?"

"No, indeed, honey. This is the ——"

Miranda grew an inch or two. "I told you not to call me that," she said. "If you ——"

Sharbee interrupted her, "Like I was about to say, this is the day we run out the people. They're beginning to interfere with the bears."

"Sharbee!" she said, in a warning tone.

"Look, now," Sharbee said calmly. "I heard you were right handy with a broom. Don't start for the kitchen to get it yet."

"And I heard that you put Alfie up to asking me to get rid of the cubs through you. I thought all the time ——"

"Miranda," Sharbee said, even more calmly, "I didn't put anybody up to anything. I wanted to do it my way. Cubs are pretty things, but you can't go around dodging behind 'em forever. You've got to trade 'em for people and grow up, and I'm going to see to it." He looked at her, and she fell back a step; for suddenly he seemed to have grown larger and rather overpowering and somehow right. "You wait here," he said. "I'll be back."

She didn't reply and he turned away and hurried home. He let the cub out, went into the house, and returned with a huge hunk of candy on a string. The cub followed, drooling and whining. He threw the string over a branch of the tree in the yard, and letting the candy dangle over the cub's head, he began to pull it up and down.

The cub stood to reach it, and he pulled it up, and so the game went on until the cub was wailing with frustrated fury loud enough to wake the dead. Then Sharbee gave the string a final twitch which set the candy swinging, and started for Miranda's. He had timed himself very well, for just as he reached the door the first old bear came roaring into the village.

The second wasn't very far behind it, and then the place was crawling with bears; they seemed to come from all directions. The cub was still wailing and they ran about, looking for it at first. They ran through back yards and into all sorts of odd corners, flushing people as they went; the village dogs recalled their responsibilities and joined the melee as people ran wildly about, climbed trees and dived through windows.

Two cubs emerged yelling from the store, with the storekeeper—who was a little deaf—yelling behind them and swinging a pick handle, and while the center of action swung in that direction a shotgun went off somewhere and the bell in the town hall began to ring wildly. People, dogs and bears swirled about like wind-blown leaves in a cloud of dust as the cubs were sorted out, and while this was going on three of the old bears fell into disagreement and added to the confusion by pitching into one another on Alfie's front porch. It was sad that he wasn't there to see it.

Sharbee and Miranda stood transfixed at the parlor window until the dust began to settle again, and watched the last cub being hustled past by its mother, who gave it an occasional boost to help it along.

They watched the big bear and the little one amble down the street, which now resembled a street in a ghost town that had been visited by a hurricane.

"It might be Sonny," Miranda said pensively. "I'll miss him, Sharbee."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, and eased an arm around her. She didn't seem to mind. "So will I. They tore the place up a mite, but it was the only way I could do it. Cubs raised up too long by people won't go back to the woods, and someday they get too big to handle. They've all got their mammas back now, and they'll stay where they belong and get along fine."

"Did you really do it?" she asked.

"Why, sure. I said I would, didn't I? Only don't tell anybody it was me."

"All right," she said. "It was good of you, Sharbee. Only it will be a little lonesome for a while with him gone."

"I reckon a girl ought to have something little and warm and helpless that needs her," Sharbee said. "But maybe we can get that fixed."

He grinned, and then he kissed her; and she kissed him back. THE END

"... then we pinned the tail on the donkey ... then we ate ... then we played tag ... then I threw up ... then we all went home."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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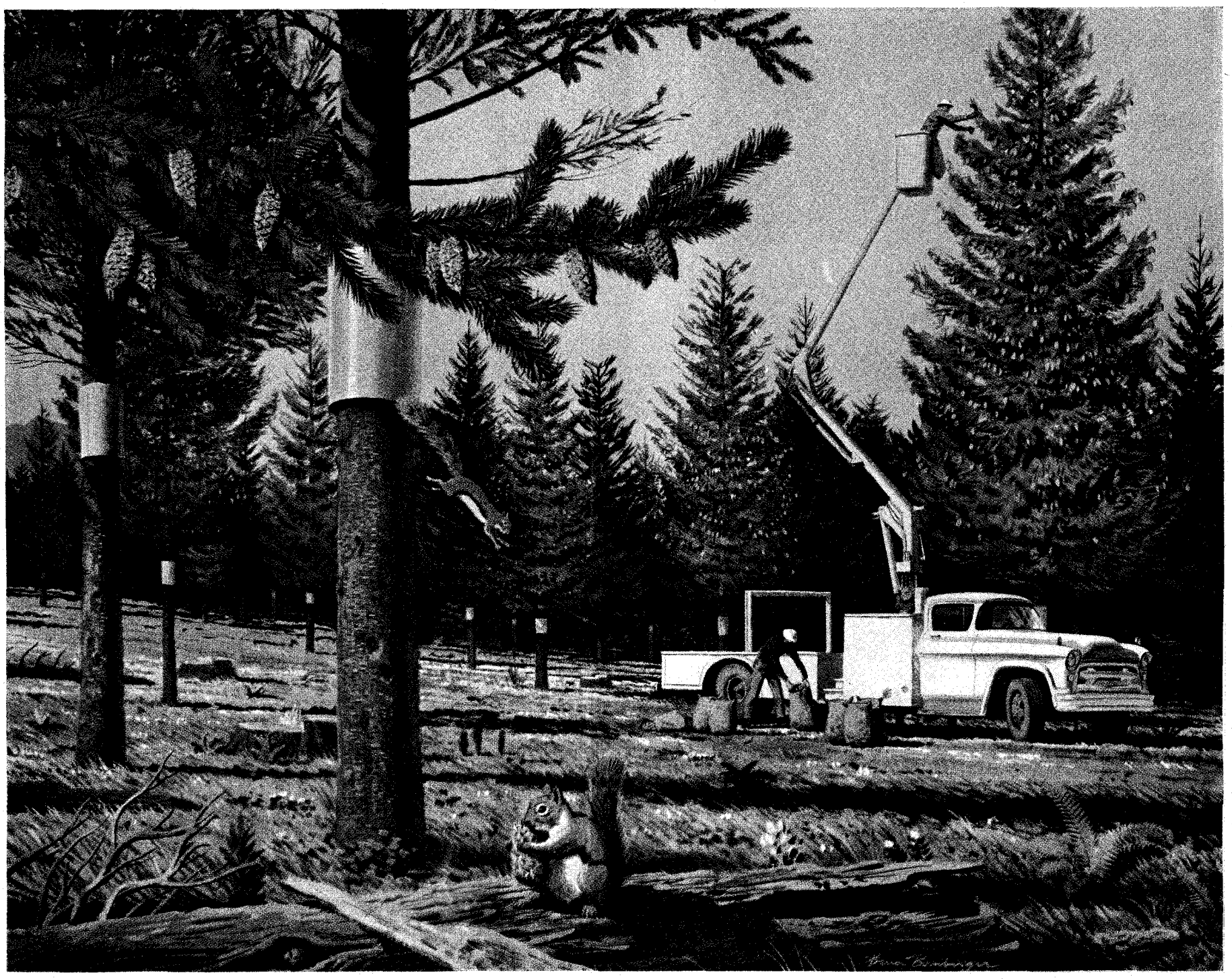

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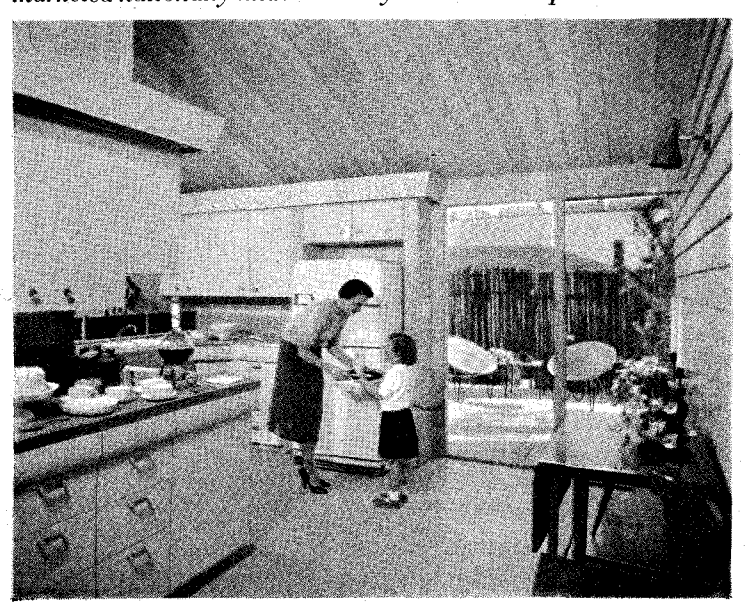

Today, on tree farms in the Pacific Northwest, foresters trained in research are working to improve the quality and quantity of future timber crops. One of their current objectives is to increase the productivity of tree-growing lands through more intensive artificial reforestation of harvested areas. This program requires millions of selected tree seeds to augment the normal natural supply.

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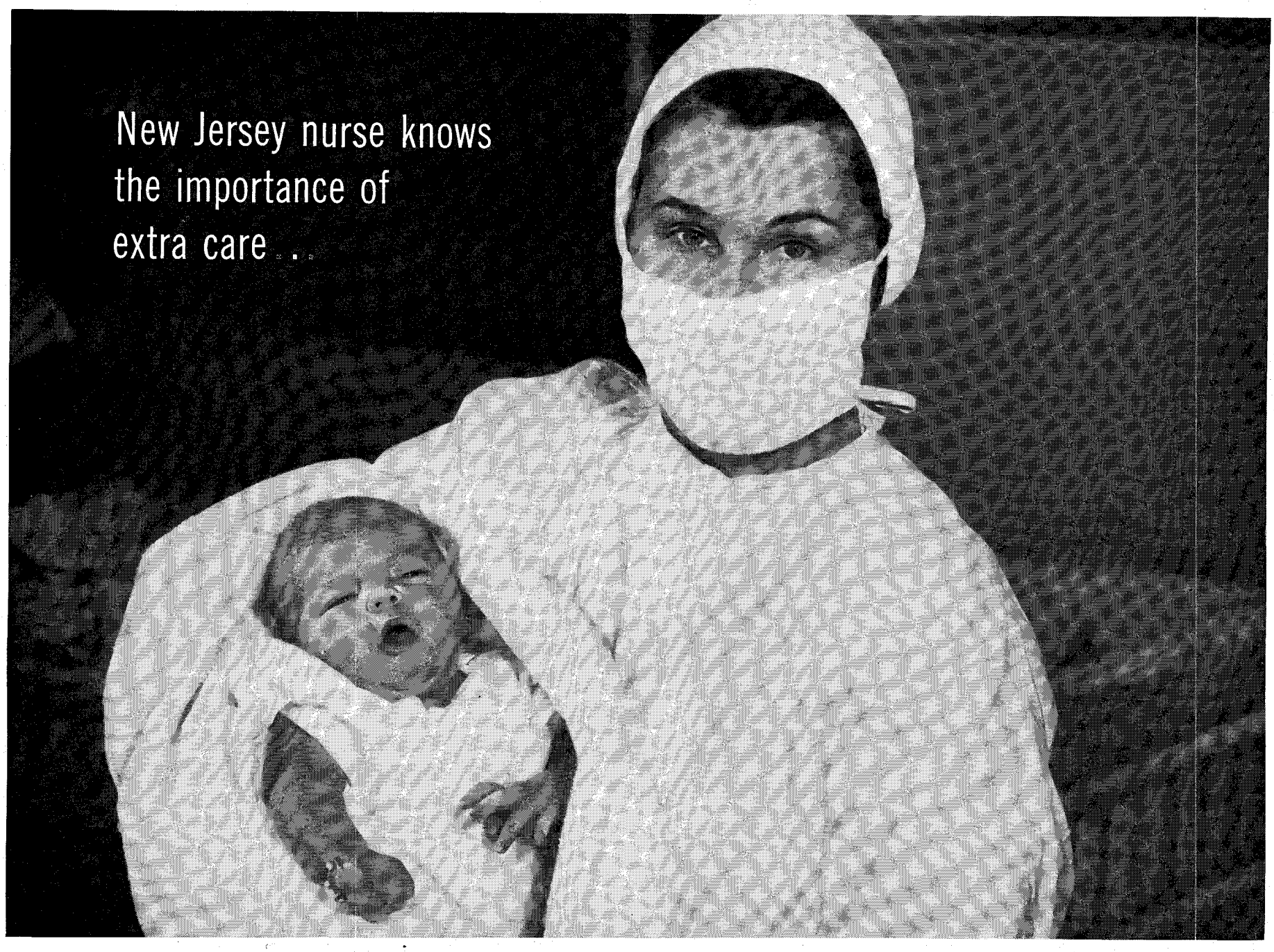

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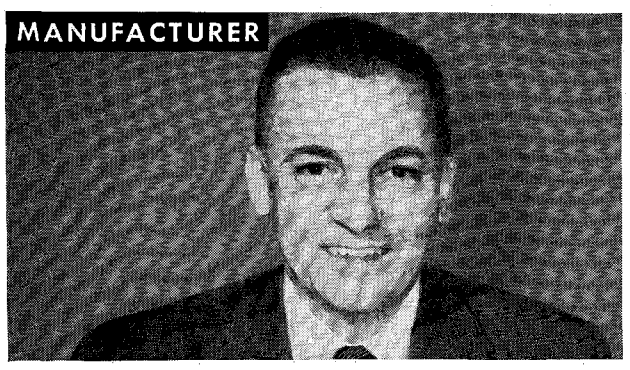

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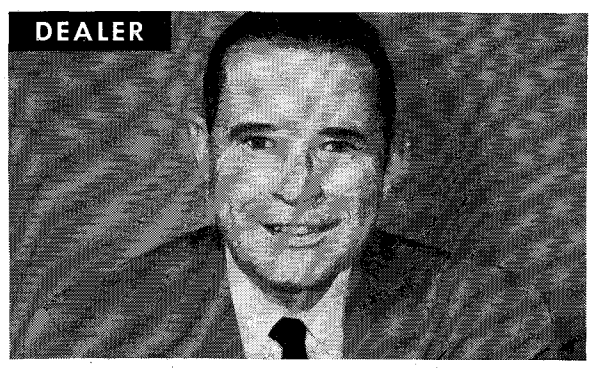

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The Care and Eating of Lobsters

(Continued from Page 23)

advertised simply as "lobster." The American lobster approved by the FTC has two front claws almost as long as its body, and with the pinching power of a second mortgage. The smaller claw is a cutter, capable of slicing open a small fish. The larger claw is a crusher, strong enough to break open clam and mussel shells and to bruise a human finger to the bone.

Despite many vain efforts to transplant it to other parts of the world, the American lobster is found only in cold coastal waters of the North Atlantic between New Jersey and Labrador. Species such as the appropriately named *Homarus vulgaris* inhabit the less favored of the seven seas and are not equipped with menacing front claws. The FTC requires that *vulgaris* be sold as "spiny lobster" and "rock lobster," and no hanky-panky in labeling "spiny" and "rock" in smaller letters than "lobster." Even this stern admonition isn't strong enough for State-of-Mainers, who recoil from these lesser crustaceans with as much loathing as an Arab from a pork chop. A few years ago, the Maine legislature, with the fearlessness of a Kansas editor defying the man-eating shark, passed a law with fines as high as $1000 and jail terms as long as ninety days for anyone selling "rock lobster" or "African crawfish" within the state.

Years ago, lobsters were so plentiful that seaside farmers spread wagonloads of them as fertilizer on their fields. They were so common along the Maine coast that folks were ashamed to be seen eating them. Many an old-timer heard his grandsir tell about waiting until dark, so that neighbors wouldn't see him lugging home a mess of lobsters. In Plymouth Colony, the Pilgrims apologized for being so short of food that they could offer only lobsters as the first shore meal to a boatload of newly arrived settlers. Parson Higginson of Salem confided to his diary that he was sick at the sight of them.

After all, the lobster isn't a pretty creature. Although one romanticist likened him to "a knight in armor," his body silhouette resembles a cockroach's. When in motion, he looks like a self-propelled Stillson wrench. Out of the water, he's clumsier than a turtle, but in his natural home he is so buoyed up that he walks on the tips of four pairs of smaller claws as lightly and sprightly as a ballet dancer. A whoosh of his tail can shoot him backward twenty-five feet in a second, a speed faster than a four-minute mile.

When surprised or cornered by an enemy, he rises on the tips of his "legs," rests on his tail, and lifts both big claws above his head like a ham wrestler or an old-time bare-knuckles boxer. Either through battle or accident he may lose a front claw; if both claws are gone, fishermen—for some forgotten reason—call him a minister. The lobster is one of the few living creatures which can replace a lost member, an ability made possible by the curious custom of shedding his shell. A lobster sheds his shell for the same reason a small boy gets a new overcoat; he has outgrown the last one.

For more than a quarter century this ugly, nasty-tempered, stupid, delicious-tasting creature has defied predictions of extinction. The number of lobster fishermen has more than doubled since just before World War II, while the Maine catch, which is more than four fifths of the domestic total, has trebled.

Even so, the wonder is that there are any lobsters left. Some waters of the Gulf of Maine are so thick with traps that no lobster could proceed in a straight line without encountering one; but lobsters seldom move in a straight line. Maine has some 2500 miles of shore line—and 500,000 lobster pots. Proportionately, that's 200 pots to the mile, all of them provoking bad tempers. When a lobster-pot buoy line catches around a motorboat's propeller or between a sailboat's sternpost and rudder, the resulting language would scorch an asbestos shingle. A familiar sight in summer months in New England coves and small harbors is a man or a boy hanging almost by his heels over a boat's stern, jabbing and yanking with a gaff or a boat hook at a fouled lobster line. A well-worn excuse of yacht skippers for losing a race is, "We'd have come in first if we hadn't fouled that damn lobster pot."

Although tony New York bars had piles of "short" lobsters on their free-lunch bars as late as the 1930's, alert law enforcement—and co-operation by lobstermen—has helped to keep the lobster from extinction. It is illegal to take spawning lobsters and under-mature "shorts," and Maine also has a maximum legal size. Females bear every two years. A five-year-old matron hatches about 10,000 eggs, and older lobsters may hatch as many as 100,000. Recently hatched lobsters prefer one another for food, and most of those surviving their brothers' appetites are gobbled by fish and gulls. One of every 10,000 hatched lobsters probably reaches maturity and ultimate entry into a lobster pot, thus making the female lobster one of the world's most frustrated mothers.

It seems unlikely, under present laws, that lobsters will be wiped out except by disease. But unless size limits are raised, most lobsters in the future won't have a life span of more than five years or weigh more than a pound. None would be bigger than those now sold as "chicken" lobsters. But, like most young things, these are the tenderest.

In the state of Maine Congregational parsonage where I was gently and frugally raised, my introduction to this delicacy was at the age of six or seven. Lobster meat—even the rubbery but tasty innards of the crushing and cutting claws—was deemed "too rich" for my tender young stomach. I was given the smaller claws—all eight if I was a good boy—to chomp on and extract a microscopic quantity of meat and a few drops of delicious juice. A couple of years later I was graduated to the larger claws, and finally to the body. Yet no whole lobster I have enjoyed since then ever equaled the nectar I greedily sucked from the little claws when I was a small boy.

Lobster meat is rich in phosphorus, and is close to being the highest of all ocean edibles in food iodine, which keeps the tricky thyroid gland in order and prevents goiter. It's low in calories too. One cup of lobster meat has less than double the calories of a cup of milk and merely half those of a ham sandwich.

The lobster is one of the few edibles which even a bad cook can't spoil. Anyone who can boil water can cook a lobster. Just grasp him firmly by the top middle of his armored shell and thrust him headfirst into a big pot of boiling salt water. Salted water is all right, but sea water is just right. Cover the pot and continue boiling for fifteen and never more than twenty minutes, then eat the lobster either hot or cold, with melted butter and a slice of lemon nearby. There are other ways of cooking lobsters, for which I have some dandy "receets," as down-Easters say, but the favored way to eat lobster is boiled; it's quick and easy.

Tender-hearted persons who shrink from the "cruelty" of boiling lobsters alive probably suffer more than the victim. The lobster has so few nerves that he can't feel much pain, although obviously he isn't particularly pleased to be boiled. However, law-abiding cooks in Maine and Massachusetts have no choice in the matter. These states have laws—ten-dollar to fifty-dollar fines, ten to sixty days in jail—against cooking dead lobsters.

More things that aren't so are commonly believed about the lobster than about any other creature of the sea. Lobsters and ice cream at a single sitting used to be considered one-way tickets to the grave. Eat all you want of both. Lobsters and milk were supposed to bring the doctor arunning. Yet lobster stew, a tasty, nourishing dish when properly prepared, is made with milk.

The way some people carry on, the more colorful innards of a lobster are as deadly as potassium cyanide. They throw out the coral-colored roe, which is the female's unfertilized eggs. They discard the greenish tomalley, which is liver, or lobster butter, and should be mixed with the coral for a stew or a baked stuffed lobster. And they are mortally afraid of a black thread-like substance running through the meat. That is merely the intestinal tract—neither dangerous when left in nor missed when taken out.

The only time a lobster is poisonous is when its meat has spoiled. Spoiled fish of any kind is dangerous to eat. Many lobster handlers used to be pretty careless. They cooked lobsters long after they were dead, a particularly reprehensible practice with any shellfish. Canning methods were sometimes neither clean nor careful. Today the lobster trade is regulated by a flock of Federal and state laws with rows of big, strong teeth. Almost no American lobster meat is canned in the United States. Canned lobster comes from Canada and must pass rigid inspection before it is passed through Customs.

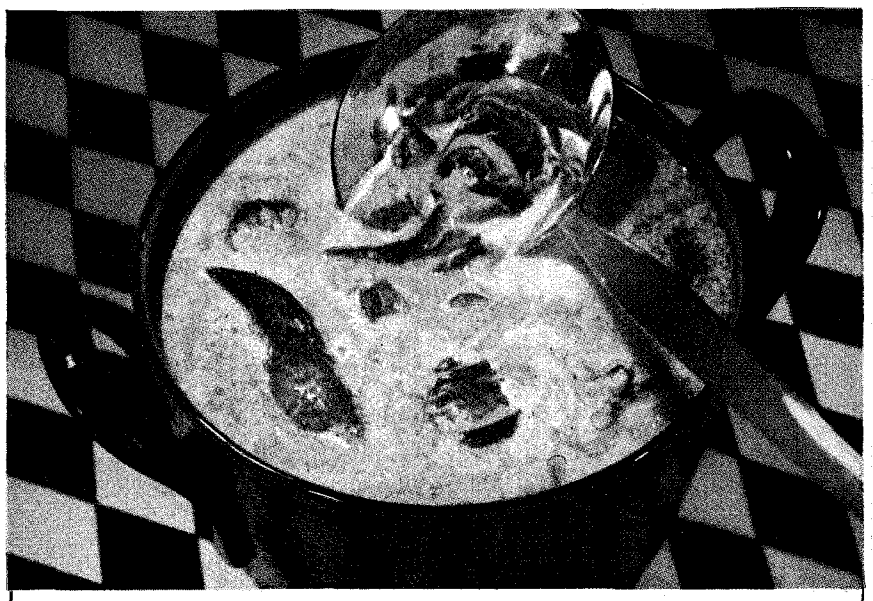
No one should be afraid of lobster in places which observe common kitchen cleanliness. It is possible for housewives to forget and restaurant chefs to ignore how long cooked lobster or open cans of lobster meat have been in the refrigerator. However, there's a sure way of warding off ptomaine poisoning from spoiled lobster—if a piece of lobster meat tastes bad, don't eat it.

It's against Maine and Massachusetts laws not only to cook dead lobsters but also to buy and sell them or even give them away. When buying cold boiled lobsters, look at the tails. If the tail curls, the critter was boiled alive. If the tail spreads out flat, the lobster was dead when cooked. Some characters who think it's smart to be shifty try to palm off dead lobsters by curving their tails and snapping rubber bands over them.

Don't swallow the fable that lobsters from some waters are tastier than others. It all depends upon freshness. Lobster just out of the water in Long Island Sound is better eating in that neighborhood than one shipped all the way from Maine or Nova Scotia. And vice versa, if State-of-Mainers and Bluenoses can imagine a Long Island Sound lobster being sent to them. The criterion of a good lobster is not so much where it is caught but how long it has been out of the water.

For shipping long distances, however, Maine and Canadian lobsters are best. Their shells are harder, they are more used to cold water, and so keep better on ice. Lobsters kept moist on ice may remain alive for ten days or two weeks, although they won't be so perky as when first packed and shipped.

Another overrated idea is broiled live lobster. Don't crack a live lobster open, then broil it. That's why so much "broiled live" tastes like a woolen mitten. When a freshly slit lobster is laid over the coals, the tenderizing juices run out and the meat becomes dry and tough. The secret of a moist, satisfying broiled lobster—



How to Make a "Down-East" Lobster Stew:

Boil two one-pound lobsters, preferably female, for fifteen minutes. Slit the lobsters open on a flat pan so as to save the juice. Remove tomalley, any coral roe and all meat, including that from the big claws. Squeeze juice from each small claw. Put meat, juice, tomalley and roe in a pan with one-third cup of melted butter. Stir so that each piece is buttered, cover and let stand for about four hours. Heat a quart and a half of light cream in a double boiler to just below the scalding point, then add buttered lobster meat and juice, a quarter teaspoon of sodium glutamate, one teaspoon Maggi liquid flavoring, and, if extra coloring is wanted, a quarter teaspoon of paprika. If necessary, salt to taste, although in most cases the butter and salty juice should be sufficient. When the mixture is cool, put in refrigerator for at least twenty-four hours. Reheat before serving, adding a couple of tablespoons of sherry if desired. *Serves six.*

largest share of responsibility for completely reshaping the whole gigantic,

laxations of Czarist tyranny. The masters of the Kremlin were shocked to hear the

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and a baked one too—is to boil him first for not less than five minutes, enough to tracts from or restrains the joy of eating. The table should be small enough for

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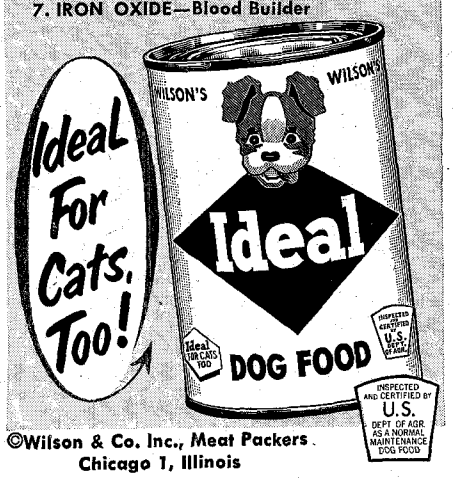

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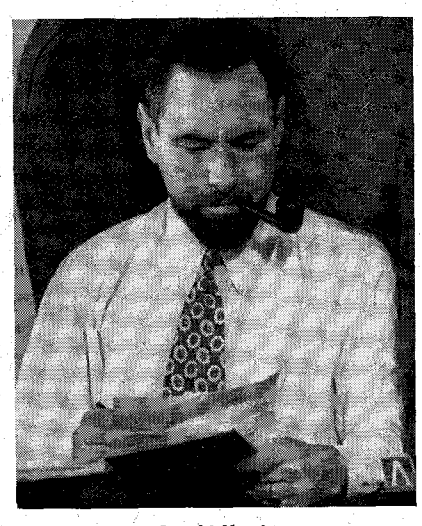
Keeping Posted

Saved by a Lobster

Samuel Williamson states that after trying to break into the Post since Benjamin Franklin's time, he decided his subjects were too frivolous; so at sixty-six he made page 22 with a thesis on lobsters. "My preparation for this scholarly work involved a Harvard degree, combat service in World War I, New York Times special correspondence, five years as editor of Newsweek, World War II bureau chief in OWI, and a few books." The origin of the lobster article was a lobster. Williamson met and consumed it while a boy in Augusta, Maine, and has studied the subject faithfully ever since—including 200 lobster-pot buoys visible from his home at Rockport, Mass'chusetts (his spelling).

Regarding the artful cooking of lobsters, Williamson speaks of his wife. When the lady was Cora Chase, Metropolitan Opera Company star, she had never boiled an egg—"but since she became a Williamson, lordy, lordy!"

Who Started This? Khrushchev or Kersh?



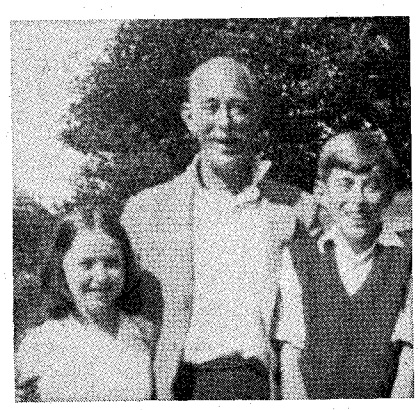
Gerald Kersh

Maybe the Russians don't *always* invent things first. Take Nikita Khrushchev's claim (quoted May 30 in the Polish press) that Russia has a nuclear weapon she doesn't dare test—"If we set it off at the North Pole," quoth he, "it would melt the ice cap and send the oceans spilling over the world." Take also Gerald Kersh's Post serial (November, December, 1952) in which some evil scientists plotted to melt the polar ice, flood much of the world, and run the rest of it from prearranged positions on mountain tops. "My villains," Kersh points with pride, "were smart enough to know that no single bomb could be manufactured to melt at one go more than a few million cubic feet of Arctic ice—which is just a spit in the ocean." So the villains schemed to use many "megatopic silicon bombs" to cut submarine channels from the Atlantic and Pacific into the ice cap, allowing warm sea currents to rush north, melt the ice, etc., etc. Before this was done, the villains were done in.

To return to real life, Kersh gravely suspects that the Russians swiped the ice-melting notion from him; and Ballantine Books, which published this science-fiction novel as The Secret Masters, wishes to say Russian reprint rights are available.

Life Among the Authors

Geoffrey Household reports from London that an antique dealer left his shop one afternoon carrying a Greek drinking bowl, stopped in at a pub for a quickie, and his buddies there suggested filling up the bowl. So they also filled her up at pubs 2, 3 and 4, and the outcome is talked of to this day. Household wasn't along on this expedition; he *does* quaff an occasional pot of wine with the antique dealer; and there you have the substratum for what's on page 20.



Geoffrey Household and two of his youngsters.

Bill Worden and son working on their boat.

Bill Worden, of Bellevue, Washington, says that the jet age is bringing his beloved Pacific Northwest (page 34) only a few hours from anywhere else important. "And yet I bet my well-armed Eastern friends still will come here toting tents and sleeping bags, sternly ready to protect themselves from wild Indians." Bill likes Easterners—just can't get over how provincial they are.

Peter Lyon, forty-one, has his first Post opus on page 26, but he sold his first story when he was eight; author Clarence Day, a family friend, bought it for all the change he had on him, 56 cents. Later the boy got his story published in his school paper—and Day bawled him out for committing a crime, said *he* owned first serial rights. Scribner will publish Lyon's next book, a life of editor S. S. McClure; Lyon no longer disposes of things twice.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Call on Alfred Hitchcock"

Now Pete Martin exposes the tricks of TV's master of suspense (above), who makes your flesh creep with his gruesome practical jokes.

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